THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly
Founded by Benj. Franklin

MAY 6, 1911 — 5c. THE COPY

Phillip Boileau —

More Than a Million and Three-Quarters Circulation Weekly

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Jimmy—"How can you tell?"
Dolly—"Because I smell the nice, fresh, green mint leaves."

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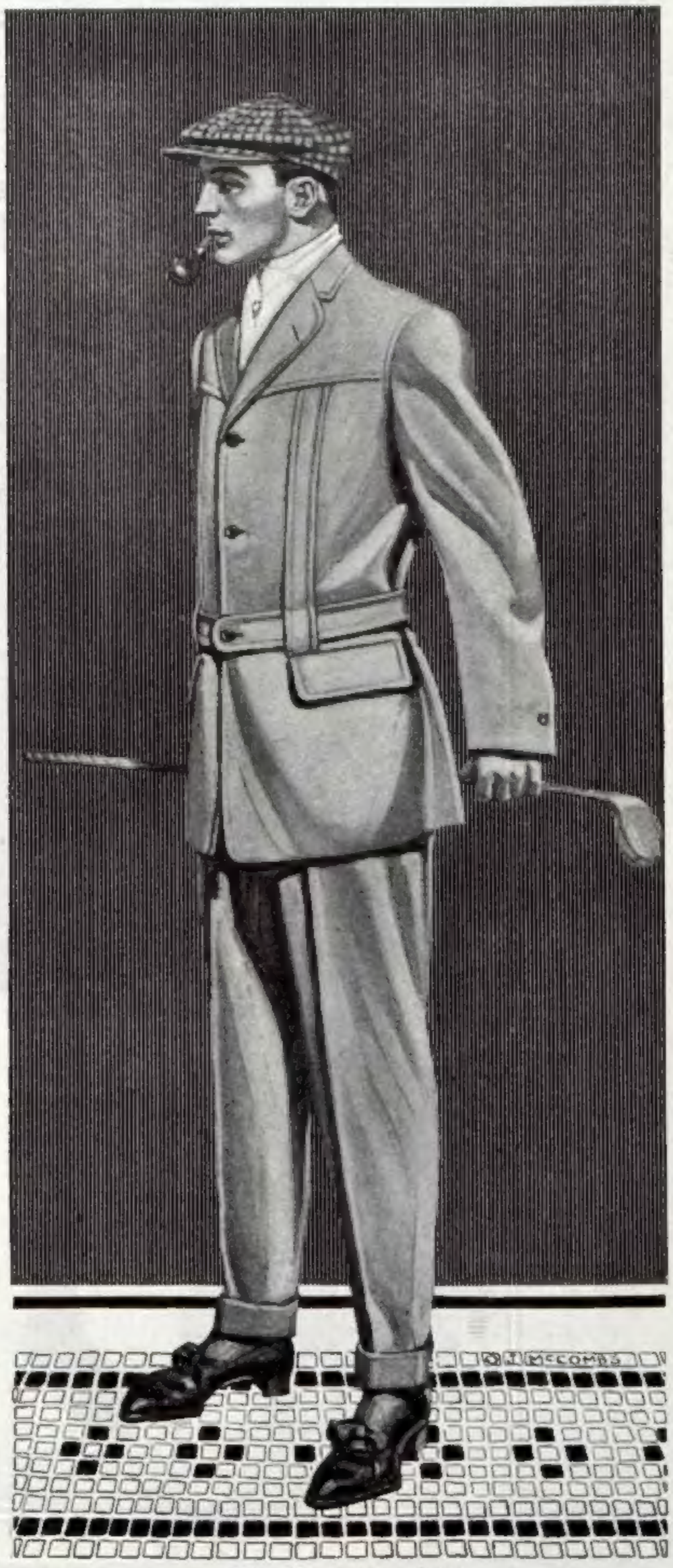

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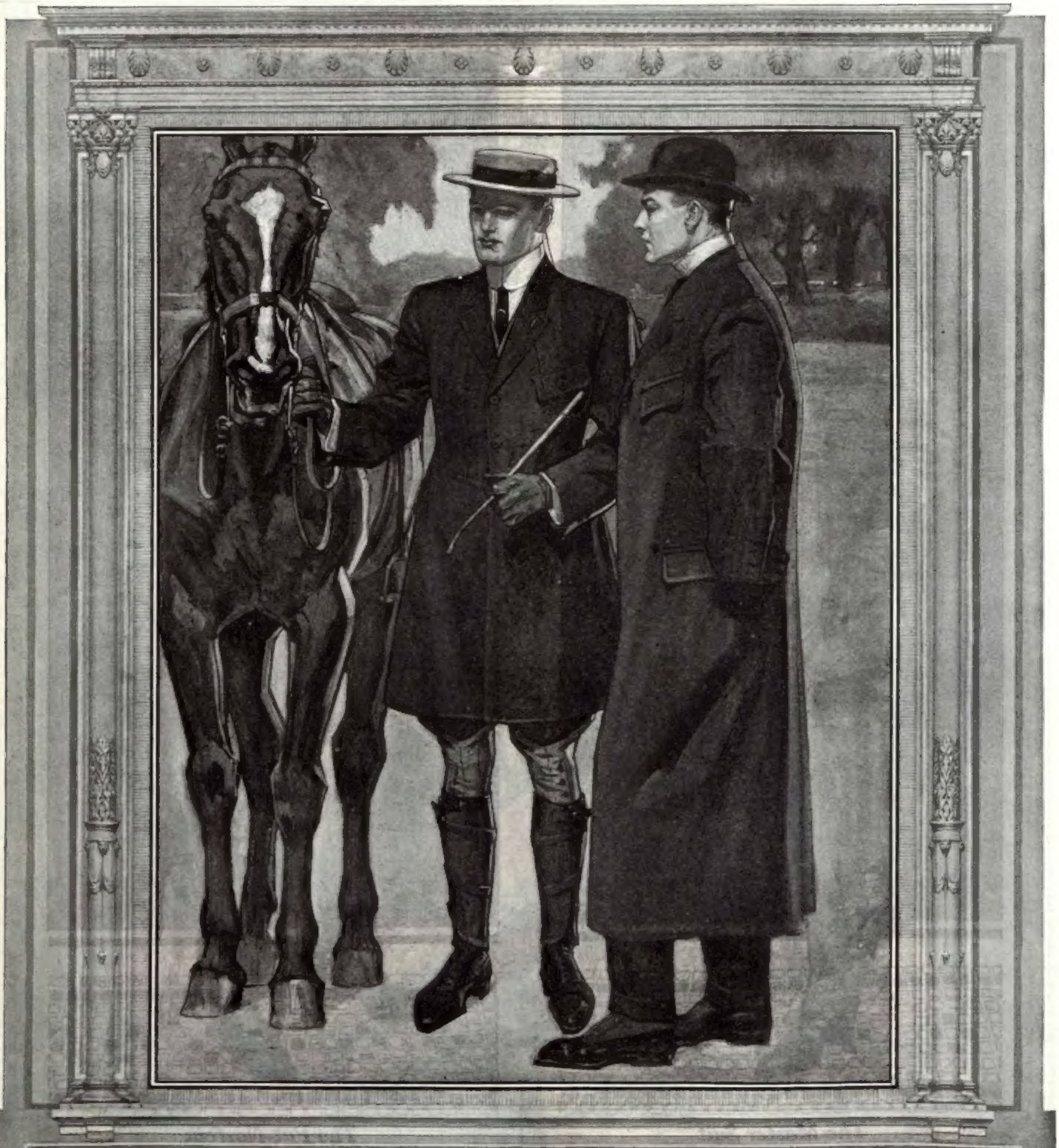

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THE GIRL IN THE SANTEE

By GOUVERNEUR MORRIS

ILLUSTRATED BY STANLEY M. ARTHURS

I'VE never known exactly what my parents died of, but they went just an hour apart; and from the damp sheets and burning vinegar with which their room was quarantined from the rest of the house, and from me, I have judged that it must have been of some malignant disease. They had just returned from a pleasure voyage to the West Indies, and perhaps it was the terrible yellow fever itself that they brought home with them. If so, our old Doctor Chestleton, with the connivance of the Charleston authorities, hushed the matter up. And the disease, whatever it was, spent itself in our house and went, soused in spirits of wine and sealed in lead, with my parents to their grave in St. Michael's churchyard.

At this time I was but five years old, an orphan without female relatives and potentially very rich for those days. It is very bad to be an orphan, and to be a rich orphan does not help matters much. At five years of age I should have been as well off in the poorhouse as in my Uncle Rutherford Sangree's great plantation house in the Santee; and at ten years and at fifteen—but when it comes to what was best for me at twenty years of age let my children and grandchildren, to whom this true account is addressed, decide.

Uncle Rutherford came into generous prominence at the funeral of my parents and at the reading of my father's will. Of the latter he was named joint executor with Doctor Chestleton, of Charleston; and between the two and the world at large it seemed a very natural arrangement. It was concluded that I should go to live with my uncle. I was to be accompanied by my old nurse, Mammy Mannee, my red setter, Rupert, and the whole of my toys. No one could have been more considerate and affable than Uncle Rutherford. I remember his saying to Doctor Chestleton, while I stood round-eyed and pitcher-eared: "It takes a bachelor, doctor, to love children." And Doctor Chestleton, himself a bachelor, nodded and sighed.

Two things impressed me most at this time—my uncle's cheerful, ruddy face and the indecent mourning for my parents of old Mammy Mannee.

I do not believe in haunts, devils or witches, or in the idea that in all Nature there is any real power for evil—or good—except in the heart of man; but to this day I cannot think of old Mammy Mannee without being a little shaken in my Christian beliefs. If she was good as gold she was queer as sin. She was seventy if she was a day—some think older. She was active as a cat, strong as braided wire, eagle-eyed—they said there was Indian blood in her—and a deep student of voodoo. You could never persuade her that she hadn't hobnobbed with the Old Nick himself, smoked a quiet pipe with him and exchanged the passes of the day. All that, of course, was balderdash—bluff, as you young people say. But it had its uses. There was never a negro in Charleston but held Mammy Mannee in profound honor and respect. Where she was in charge, neither spoons, ribbons nor tea were subject to mysterious vanishment. And her real powers were so magical as to give the ignorant good reason to believe in those impossible powers to which she pretended.

I have heard some good mimicry in my life. When I was in New York the other day I was privileged to wonder at the marvelous impersonations of Miss Cecilia Loftus; but I remain obstinate in the belief that the world has never seen so capital a mimic as Mammy Mannee. Of Indian and negro blood, uneducated, neither able to read nor to write, yet she could, if she pleased, speak as white people speak—as the most learned speak and the best born. Man voice, woman voice, child voice, dog or cat voice—they lurked, perfect and ready for use, in the old woman's memory and vocal cords. She had much dramatic power, an incomparable control of her facial muscles, and a God-given sounding-board of even white teeth. She had seen General Washington in her youth; and so perfect was her mimicry of others that it is only fair to suppose that her imitations of him must have been equally perfect—I have always felt that I used to know the father of his country personally, no matter how many years before I was born he may have died. But Mammy Mannee's magic did not stop at imitations; she was a ventriloquist as well. And she could make words come from behind you.

It was this gift of ventriloquism coupled with genuine savage sorrow that made her mourning for my parents so outlandish and horrible. In the midst of the burial service she broke from a group of the house servants and flung herself on my mother's coffin. You could see from the contortions of her face and body that she was groaning and howling, but the groans and the howls did not seem to come from Mammy Mannee. They seemed to come now from the Mayor of Charleston, rigid and dignified in his pew, and now from the frozen and statuesque Bishop of South Carolina.

It was horrible. I was only five years old, but I knew that it was horrible.

II

HOW was it that all my family's good friends in Charleston were so deceived as to the true character of my Uncle Rutherford? I answer that his stays in that city had always been of the shortest; that as a man for the good of his health will refrain for a time from smoking or drinking, so my uncle had always refrained during these transient occasions from showing the evils of mind and habit that were his true nature. In short, wishing for deep purposes of his own to stand well with the world, he played the hypocrite. Naturally of a sudden and thundering temper, he assumed a disposition that had all the hallmarks of blandness and gentlemanly humility. He avoided argument. He avoided whisky. If he made up to the ladies it was to those who had passed middle age and were full of church affairs. Doctor Chestleton would have died sooner than turn my parents' little son over to the keeping of a monster. But even he was deceived. And, unless Mammy Mannee had her doubts, I was generally thought to have fallen into the best possible hands.

"You will find me," said Uncle Rutherford—before witnesses—"a just guardian to you according to your deserts. You have inherited the instincts of a Southern gentleman. I shall look to see you build upon them by application to your books and by practicing kindness to those who will be your servants."

Solemn words to address to a child of five. But such was the old-fashioned vogue.

We sailed, bag and baggage, for the Santee in my uncle's sloop, the Salome; and no sooner were we under way than the hypocrite dropped his mask and called for cigars and brandy. For a drink or two all went well. He even took the trouble to explain himself, saying that his constitution played him tricks in rough water, but that a little brandy enabled him to sail the seas in as great comfort as the next man.

He drank and drank, as if to make up for the time he had lost over my parents' funeral, until the lines of his forehead stood out in a strained, red bas-relief and his eyes darkened oppressively and moved stiffly.

As you have seen a storm, cold and furious, fall roaring and snarling into the midst of blue summer weather, so, for no reason that a man—least of all a child—could guess, an unconscionable and murderous rage began to gather in my uncle's countenance. The Salome was showing a pretty foot, with a strong wind off the quarter; but my uncle began very sonorously to abuse her for a tub. By no means a clever sailor, he began to interfere with the management of the sloop, damning his black boatmen for lubbers and even making threats of death.

Mammy Mannee and I sat close together, with a rug over our knees. And presently we came in for our share of the drunken squall. Me he called to him and began to question with terrifying solemnity, punctuating each question with a twist of the arm that reduced me gradually from the stoic heroism of infancy to screams of terror and anguish. He flung me from him, then, with a terrible word and turned his unreasonable, damned fury on Mammy Mannee.

He did not touch her—he gave reasons. But he called upon the black crew to look at her and upon Heaven to witness; and he hung epithets and histories upon her faithful old neck that must have been almost intolerable, even to a woman descended from generations of slaves. Whatever she felt, she met his black look with a show of white teeth and a simpering giggle; but to me, who had crept back to her side, the swift, furious beatings of her heart were as patent as if I had held that organ between my hands. She was in fear of her life. We all were.

The black crew were ashen in the cheek; and I have since learned that it was nothing out of the common for my uncle, during one of his brandy bouts, to do a murder. Some of his old slaves are still alive and they whisper terrible stories of him across their cabin fires; and in

It Was There I Found Her

the old garden back of the plantation house grows a Marshal Niel rose, which he is said to have planted with his own hands to mark the grave of one of his victims. And the old men and women, sinking their voices almost to inaudibility, will hint further that she was buried while she was still alive.

My uncle dashed the empty brandy bottle to the deck, sprinkling the cockpit with ugly fragments of broken glass. He recovered a large fragment, tested it with the ball of his thumb and ordered me to come to him. His design upon me may have been genuinely sinister. I think not. I think his intention was to fill me to the brim with the extremest sensation of terror possible. If so he succeeded; but his success was not for long. A miracle happened.

My uncle was sitting in the stern-sheets, his eyes balefully upon me. I felt Mammy Mannee's skinny claws tighten upon my forearm; and then I heard, loud and clear and cheerful, the voice of my late father. It came from directly behind my uncle—and he leaped to his feet and whipped about and stared in a great awe at the empty sky and sea. There was no passing boat from which the voice could have come—nothing. My uncle collapsed back into his seat. The red was gone out of his face. It was ash and blue. The savage piece of glass fell from his hand. And then suddenly a great nausea overwhelmed him and he fell forward thunderously upon his face into the bottom of the cockpit.

The voice had said:

"Don't be afraid, Stephen. If that dirty coward ever lays his hand on you again, that minute he'll die!"

The crew, however relieved in mind, were almost as terrified as my uncle had been. The sloop came into the wind and for five minutes all was wonder and disorder. Then they dragged my uncle into the cabin and closed the doors on him; and one old darky whispered to Mammy Mannee that "ol' master" wouldn't be up to any devilments for a week. And Mammy Mannee showed her white teeth and simpered—albeit she was shaking all over like one in ague.

Presently her arm that was around my waist tightened and she said:

"It's time fo' yo' nap, honeybug; so res' yo' haid in ol' mammy's lap."

Accustomed to obedience and a forenoon nap at that time, I obeyed orders; and, childlike, was soon sound as a log.

III

SANGREE HALL was a mansion built of brick in the glorious good taste of 1750. A great central block, delicately porticoed and of exquisite proportions, was supported at each end by a windowed passageway leading to a pavilion only less just and beautiful than the main house itself. It must have been a lovely pile, even surrounded by the débris of building, on that day long ago when the builder said, "It is finished," and asked for his pay; but forthwith the ladies of the house, as was their prerogative, began their plantations; and when we landed at last from the Salome and walked up the shell path to the house it was between double rows of broadleafed magnolias that towered eighty feet and shone with a warm, green richness against a baby-blue sky. A huge rectangle of box-edged garden had the whole lengthway run of the house on its north side, but this was so hidden by the deep green of camphor trees and holly that only the fluted, graceful portico of the central pavilion showed in its entirety.

It was early spring. Here and there cascades of roses tumbled out of shadows into full sunlight. Fruit was already setting on the peaches and the almonds. The evergreens, broadleafed and conebearing, shimmered all over with the lighter green of the new growth. There were, it is true, chances for the shears here, and there was overcrowding, but I have never seen a lovelier garden.

If the confusion, even dilapidation, of untended riotous growth is nearly always lovely, that ensuing upon man's neglect of his own works is nearly always hideous. Upon entering Sangree Hall a houselover must almost have wept. Except for the proportions and detail of the shell itself, little of the good, even lordly, old-time state remained. There was mahogany enough, but broken, scarred and uncared-for; the floors had fallen upon evil days. Paint hung in curling strips and fell in flakes from rotting woodwork. The plate, mirrors and pictures were dense with flyspecks. In some rooms there was matting on the floors. If you had tried to lift it, it would have fallen to pieces. My uncle's dogs, savage brutes—half hound, half wolf, they looked—came and went as they pleased. Even the puppies had the run of the house, unchecked and uncorrected. Of my uncle's possessions, those made of wood were rotting and those made of iron and steel were deeply bitten with rust. He owned neither a shining key nor a clean gun. Dust was in the glasses out of which he drank; dust was on the mirror at which he shaved. And, at that, he had slaves in plenty.

Mechanically Reading—Droning—Nodding—Drowsing—Coming to With a Start—and Reading—Reading!

The quarters were north of the plantation house. A street a hundred yards wide, in which grew live-oaks, the gray moss hanging from their branches and sweeping the ground, was bordered on each side with one-chimneyed cubicles built of logs. In each cubicle slept six to eight negroes and there were eighty cubicles—enough service, you will say, to have kept a palace spick-and-span; but my uncle was in the estimable business of rice growing and in the beastly business of breeding negroes for market. And such hands as could be spared from the vast ricefields were strengthened, groomed, fattened and sold to the highest bidder. So that he got his money, my uncle never cared a jot into whose hands his people fell. And at Sangree such happy romances as may have occurred among the negroes were under the moon and the rose. There were no marriages.

In that place only those too old to work or to sell were happy. Sadness is the rarest of all expressions to which the negro face is subject; but here were hosts of sad faces—hosts of brooding, introspective eyes and broken hearts.

My uncle's practices were enough to have damned the whole institution of slavery out of hand; and they were enough to have got himself hanged or, at the least, run out of the state if they had been known—but he dwelt in a kind of chaotic isolation. The distances from his nearest neighbors were so vast as to be almost splendid. He was seldom visited; he never entertained. His company at dinner was Mr. Greeg, the general overseer of his rice plantations, and Mr. Blunt, a veterinary, who lived in the house with us and was my uncle's intimate in all that was underhand, wicked and vicious.

Mr. Blunt, too, was a rubicund, full-blooded man, a little run to stomach, but prodigiously quick upon his short, narrow feet. He had made his way in the world by methods quite the opposite of my uncle's. He never showed the least cruelty of word or deed until his plans were mature and he felt that he could with safety unmask himself and strike home. My uncle, on the other hand, was always, so to speak, striking before he was ready. Of the two, when you got to know them—well, Mr. Blunt was the more sinister.

And what were these two precious knaves after? Wine? Women? Only as incidentals. Money? Yes; and not incidentally. But I believe their cruel courses had no definite goal, even to themselves. They were two weak natures gone wanton through isolation and opportunity. My uncle, for instance, a delicate child, terribly spoiled, had come into absolute power over five or six hundred human beings at the early age of eighteen. At twenty he had formed his intimacy with Mr. Blunt and they had been co-dwellers in the old house ever since. Opportunity and the unlikelihood of any earthly redress first tempted them; brandy, violence, and perhaps the devil himself, had finished the corruption.

They were bad men—and for no great aim; they were bad, I must think, for badness' sake. It had grown upon them until it became a kind of insatiable mania. Often, for the pure joy of wickedness, I have known them to injure materially their own best interests.

IV

YOU will ask why my uncle should have taken me to live with him. It was many years before I became sufficiently versed in worldliness to answer that question for myself. Yet it was from the beginning plain as daylight to Mammy Mannee. I have said that I was heir to a very handsome property. Well, my uncle himself stood next in the line of inheritance; and, to be plain, it was his intention to get me in his power and to do away with me at the first convenient and plausible opportunity. That I did not die in extreme youth must be attributed to a sound constitution and to my uncle's growing fear of the supernatural. The scene aboard the Salome—the voice, as he must have believed, of my father's ghost prophesying death to him if he touched me—was enough to have altered indefinitely the first tenor of his plans. He growled at me often enough and showed his teeth; yet, even in the rage of liquor, he had not the bravado to lay hands upon me.

But in those regions of our good south country, where the first greening over of the swamps spells fever, it ought not to be difficult for a determined man to rid himself of a little child. He had but to let me run wild, to neglect me if I fell sick, to give me the use of a boat, to allow me to run barefoot. Sooner or later I must shake to pieces with malaria; lose myself, boat and all, in the waterways of the amphibious Santee country; drown myself or, in the midst of some barefoot shore-adventure, tread full upon the fatal and horrid coils of a cottonmouth. To be surmounted, however, by any such fate were a constitution naturally robust, the gift of landing on my feet, and the watchfulness, wisdom and intriguing cleverness of Mammy Mannee. Her powers of mimicry and ventriloquism she hid away from the very first. They had served us well on one occasion and she did not propose to squander them. A miser could have been no closer with his coins.

"Don' yo' tell nobody, honeybug, dat ol' mammy kin tu'n to and raise de debbil—'cause she cain't; en if yo' does de debbil himse'f gwine kotch yo'. Don' yo' go fo' to praise up en make no show of ol' mammy's gif's—'cause if yo' does she gwine put the haunts on yo'."

Little as I was, I understood perfectly that Mammy Mannee had saved me from my uncle and that much depended on the secret of that sudden saving being kept. It was hardly necessary that she should impress this upon me. The logic of five years is often sound, if inexpressible; and staunchness in secrecy is not uncommon.

We were lodged in two bare, high-ceilinged rooms on the south front of the east wing. They were damp and mildewed with long vacation; but mammy kept woodfires going, despite the heat of the season, and hung our bedding out in the sun until it was dry to the core; and she got down on her thin bones and scoured the old floors until they once more took on a dull shine. Through the night she was up a dozen times to watch over me and to see how I fared. I must be clean; I must be dry; I must come in before dark; I must have my nap o' mornings. If chance brought me face to face with my uncle I must look him in the eye and speak up boldly and without fear. "He ain't gwine lay no hands on yo'!" the old woman would say, with a smug simper, in which there was a certain something of the diabolic.

The room in which I slept had four windows upon the south. It was up a tall flight of stairs, but the tops of two camellia trees were on the level of my eyes when I stood at a window to look out. And in the season these "thundering" shrubs were starred—the one with double white blossoms and the other with single blossoms of a thrilling shell-pink. My catalogues tell me that camellias require a shaded position; but these grew in full, blazing sunlight and were the largest and most vigorous I ever saw. Twenty varieties of birds had their homes in them. The leaves were so rich and well-nourished as to be almost black. If I have dwelt on them at some length it is because of a remark of Mammy Mannee's, which subsequently bore a sort of fruit.

"Chile," she said one day when nothing seemed more unlikely, "when dis ol' mansion kotches fiah we-all kin up en shin down dem camellia bushes." And always afterward I thought of them as ladders in case of need; and such in the event they proved themselves, or one of them did—the shell-pink.

Life has two requirements—a place to sleep and food. We ate where we slept or out-of-doors. We lived by

forage. There was no one to wait on us, nor was I ever invited to grace my uncle's scarred mahogany except in preparation for and upon the occasion of a brief visit by Doctor Chestleton—to see how I was getting on and to discuss some details of their joint management of my estate with my uncle.

V

IT WAS two years before this visit of the good doctor occurred. And we—that is to say, Uncle Rutherford, Mr. Blunt and myself—consciously and unconsciously did a deal of rehearsing against his coming. We might have been a road company preparing to play before a metropolitan critic.

To begin with, there was a great refurbishing and repainting of the old house itself. Oil was rubbed into the floors; the mahogany pieces were waxed and rubbed till they took on a dullish reminiscence of former beauty. Cleanliness was the order of the day. The tailor, an ancient slave named Crape, was had in to make us suits of thin duck; my rebellious hair was taken in hand by the barber, was cut, coaxed with bear's grease and made to part genteelly on the side. Mr. Blunt, with great gentleness and precision, trimmed my fingernails with his own knife and taught me how to clean them with a sharpened twig of sour-orange wood. I took great pride in this new accomplishment and spent the better part of several days in exercising it.

"Now, mind you, Stephen," said Mr. Blunt when he had finished his demonstrations and pulled my ears for me—all very friendly—"your other guardian, Doctor Chestleton, will find room for improvement in you. He'll wonder that you haven't learned to read and write among us—and the elements of grammar. Well, sir, you just speak up and tell him that we all agreed among us that you were too young; but that, from now on, education—light among the shadows, fruit among the leaves—is to be our end and aim."

I wish I could reproduce his silvery Southern intonation. He had it in the most engaging perfection.

"He will ask you," he went on, "if your Uncle Rutherford has been kind to you. Would it be kind of you to say that he has not? Your uncle is a hasty man, an unhappy man; but not a heartless man. I've just been telling him that he has neglected you and he has promised to amend. 'Blunt,' he said, 'is the boy old enough to come to table?' And I answered: 'He surely is; and I don't know a better-mannered boy!' So here you are, Stephen, on the threshold of manhood! Think of that!"

Forthwith I breakfasted, dined and supped with my elders; and from then, until Doctor Chestleton had come and gone, even my uncle was kind to me. I sat upon his right; and often enough he would help me to a titbit with his own hand. Two years of sour looks and brutal speeches were soon effaced by these exemplary privileges and attentions; so that when Doctor Chestleton came among us, fresh, cheery and genuinely kind, I was ready to say that I found myself monstrously well and happy in my uncle's house. And when my uncle spoke deliberate falsehoods—and was abetted in them by Mr. Blunt and Mr. Greeg—I, too, abetted with silence.

My uncle's most notable lie was on the question of temperance. It was the afternoon of Doctor Chestleton's arrival, and the gentlemen were sitting late at their madeira. All were hearty tasters, it seemed, except my uncle. To him—he said so himself—drink was anathema. And the wry look that a raging thirst lent the man's face only seemed to bear out the plausibility of this statement. He sat thus upon his best behavior—a little wry about the mouth, but smiling, joking, suggesting toasts, cracking pecan nuts and passing the bottle. If an abstainer can know anything of a drunkard's thirst the man was in torture; but he meant to have my fortune for himself and he did not mean to have my death—whenever it should occur—laid at his door. So he mastered his brutal nature for the occasion and played masterfully upon Doctor Chestleton's noble impulse to believe well of all men.

I have a notion that Mammy Mannee got the doctor aside and whispered truths in his ear and dreadful warnings. If so she got herself put down for a crazy liar, an imagining old fool, who ought in the natural order of things to have been long since in her grave. Why should he have believed her? In Uncle Rutherford he saw a temperate, kindly man; in Mr. Blunt a man less temperate, but more kindly. And from me he had it repeatedly that I was happy and well treated. The slaves lied to him; Mr. Greeg, the overseer, lied to him; the cleaned house, the sound wines, the black havanas, the high state of cultivation in the ricefields—the delicious aspects of Nature in that wild, amphibious country; the hot, slothful, delightful days; the cool, delightful nights, with their breezes smelling of salt and box and roses—all these things lied to him.

"But," said he—we were at the wharf to see him off, and a little red in the face he was, with too much madeira—"But don't let the dear child grow up in ignorance of books." He hugged me to his side with an affectionate arm. "Learn to read and write, Stephen," he said. "For your dear father's and mother's sakes, I should treasure any letter you might care to write me."

"Stephen," said Mr. Blunt, "tell the doctor that lessons begin tomorrow!"

VI

IT WAS not, I must believe, because he had made the promise that my lessons began the next day with Mr. Blunt; rather it was because the morning broke with rain falling in bucketfuls and time seemed a little heavy on his hands. My uncle, of course, after his period of feverish abstinence had begun to spree directly Doctor Chestleton's back was turned and now lay, a sick and sorry man, in his great, battered fourposter. Mr. Greeg was off in the rain to see to the patching of a bursted dyke and Mr. Blunt had nothing in the world to do. However, it happened that lessons began; it was a lucky day for me. The first session amused Mr. Blunt far more than he could have expected. He discovered in me, as he himself said, a pupil "precociously pertinent and polite." A is an Indian tent with a belt on. B is a snake climbing a pole. C is half an orange with the pulp gone; and D is the other half with the pulp left in. E is a piece of broken ladder with three rungs; F is another piece with two. And so on. He was very patient and drew really elaborate pictures of each of the half-dozen letters that I was to master that day. His B's were especially illuminating.

The next day he taught me more letters—and the next. Then came days of neglect and then lessons again. Until all at once—oh, many months had elapsed, for I was by no means precocious—the knowledge that I could read dawned suddenly upon me. All at once the letters meant something—became themselves keen instructors, playmates, messengers of the gods! I was eight years old, robust, with strong eyes. In the old library was a mass of literature—mouldy, glorious and inglorious. There were golden books, there were indecent books. I fell upon them without discrimination; and at ten years of age I was mightily well read. Mr. Blunt professed to be very proud of me. We had long discussions upon favorite novels. He made me read aloud to him, and coached me to deliver my author with proper accent—and even gesture. In this way I read the whole of Tristram Shandy to him and wondered why it made him laugh so often, so loud and so long.

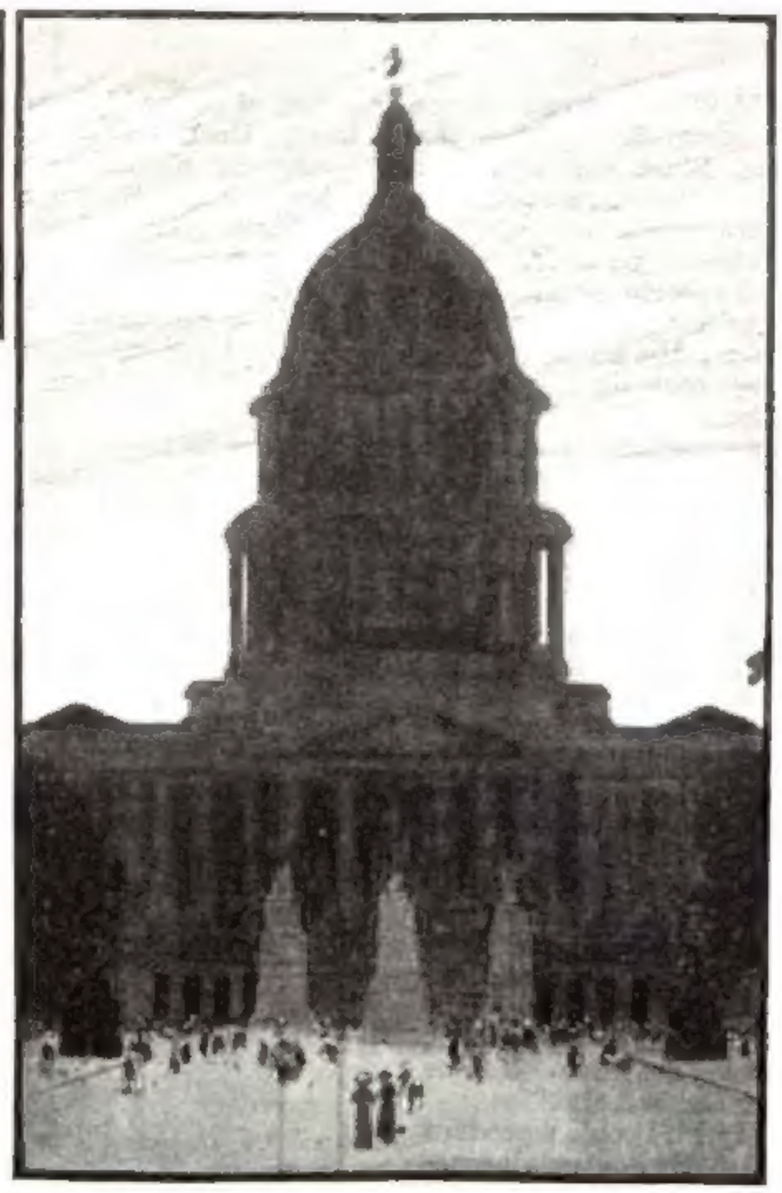
Once for a month or more my uncle suffered from insomnia and I was employed night after night to read him to sleep. Often I had to go to him from the midst of loglike sleep in my own warm bed; and I cannot describe to you the torture it was to keep awake, mechanically reading—reading—droning—nodding—drowsing—coming to with a start—and reading—reading! How hopefully I used to glance over the top of the book in hand to see if I had not yet had the proper soporific influence upon my uncle! And how awful it was to find that his eyes were still glassy and glaring with wakefulness!

Perhaps he hoped in this way to break my health. He hated me and still, I believe, clung to the hope that I should die young of natural causes. For all his brutality and for all his crimes, he had a certain cautiousness or slothfulness and was deeply superstitious. He was, for instance, monstrous careful never to touch me; since the day of his great drunkenness in the Salome, he had never so

(Continued on Page 67)

There Was No Passing Boat From Which the Voice Could Have Come—Nothing

THE SENATE AND THE PEOPLE



By

Samuel G. Blythe

In a free country a man is guaranteed freedom of thought. Hence there can be no criticism of the men in the Senate who are responsible for the distrust of the people, not only so far as themselves are concerned but as to the institution of which they are members, except the criticism that is based on proved disregard for patent facts—and that isn't criticism; it is pity. If you come to analyze the Senate you will find there is a good reason for the presence of each of the men who comprise its membership—even for Jeff Davis. Not many of them were picked haphazardly. There is cause for nearly every one, especially for the men of long service who have been returned by their constituents. And as very few men ever leaped to command of the Senate without apprenticeship to those who took years to get into their places of influence, the whole distrust of the Senate must inevitably rest at the doors of those who have directed that body, who have been there longest and who are responsible for every action that invoked popular condemnation.

As in every other body, there are weak men and strong men in the Senate—always have been and always will be. The mere fact that a man is a Senator proves nothing as to his equipment for public service or political prominence or his strength as a statesman; although, as I have pointed out, there is a reason for the presence of each of them. Naturally the strong men dominate the weak men and naturally the weak men consent to and accept that domination. If, in past Congresses, the Republican majority had been made up of men all equal to Aldrich for organization, finesse and in qualities of leadership, there never would have been a determination on any subject at any time. Hence Aldrich gradually grew in power, as there were no other Aldriches present, until he overshadowed everybody and was accepted as the unqualified leader.

Other men, not so strong in qualities of leadership, but stronger than the average, grew up with Aldrich; and presently the Senate was in the grip of these men because they were the strongest, because they had the faculty of leadership, of boss-ship, of direction; and the weaker men followed meekly behind and did what they were told to do. This does not mean that these leaders always were successful in getting what they wanted. It does not mean there have not been times—and plenty of them—when individuals and groups have not won advantages as opposed to the bosses. Such occasions have been reasonably frequent. What it does mean is that in a broad, general way, in almost all of the essentials, these men used the Senate as they saw fit. They were masters of compromise. They never demanded less than they wanted, but always more, thinking to get what they had determined upon by appearing to concede what they really had put in to trade with.

Government by an Oligarchy

THEIR success was extraordinary. Where they lost once they won fifty times. They manipulated appropriations, maneuvered policies, manufactured issues with such ease and facility, it is no wonder they became oligarchic in their relations to the public, and not surprising they lost touch with the thought of the people. Their own thought was dominant in the Senate. They were supreme there. Really, what the people thought concerned them very little, for the people had for years taken what had been handed to them and felt obliged. At that, they were good politicians. None was so adept as Aldrich in picking out what might be a popular campaign issue and none so arbitrary in refusing to make that issue good when the Senate came to act upon it, if he did not want to make it good—for whatever reason he may have had.

Aldrich's manner of thought became the manner of thought of his subleaders. The subleaders held the privates in the ranks in line; and presently the Senate came to be the closest of close corporations, absolutely overshadowing and overwhelming the House of Representatives. Not once in a dozen times did the House gain in a contention with the Senate, as led by Aldrich, in a pending measure. The Senate originated in most instances and the House accepted; or, if the House originated, the Senate changed the House proposition to suit its lordly pleasure—and the House accepted again. The House was and is the popular branch of the Government. Its slavish obedience to the whims and direction of the Senate intensified the growing sentiment among the Republican leaders of the Senate; and, in due time, that sentiment denoted the exact thought of the men who handled affairs in the Senate.

With that sentiment came the increased molluscness of the leaders. Every reformer who appeared was labeled a crank. Every movement for more direct and more popular government was termed Populism until that term grew threadbare and Socialism took its place. They did not attempt to inform themselves as to what was going on throughout the country; and when anybody tried to tell them they scoffed at the teller and treated his information as a joke. What could touch them? They were supreme in power. They controlled the Senate. They had the votes of the timid, blind followers of the organization. They were prodigal with pap and patronage to hold their voting strength in line. They were good to the boys. They used the fetish—"the organization"—constantly, waving it before the eyes of restless ones and beating them back into line with threats of party punishment.

In these pleasant and powerful circumstances it was of little importance to them that there was revolt in Kansas, in Iowa, in Wisconsin, in California, in many of the other states. They set it all down to unrest and Socialism—if they condescended to inform themselves on what was going on at all. Mostly they grandly refused to listen, classifying all stories of the discontent among the people as old wives' tales, and were smug and secure in their power. Nor is this astonishing. When you think that for many years the legislation affecting the tremendous West in the Senate was controlled by a handful of New England Senators, most of whom had never set foot in the West and did not want to, and those western states still voted the Republican ticket and sent in men to help and vote with these leaders, it should surprise no one that this handful of New England Senators and such allies as they had considered western sentiment and western opinion of no avail—mere mutterings, without logic or reason and backed by nothing substantial.

They saw legislature after legislature of these states send in men who voted with them and followed them. They boasted their immunity from criticism. They were arrogant, arbitrary, avaricious of power; and they were contemptuous of every evidence of popular condemnation. They were blinded by their own exaltation, misled by the supineness of the House of Representatives, counting the

NO PERSONS are more at a loss to explain the popular distrust of the Senate of the United States than those men who have been longest in the Senate themselves and most important in its deliberations and determinations. The new Senators, fresh from the people, understand, and the people understand. But those of the ruling combination who remain and the numerous members of that combination who retired on March fourth last, because of that very distrust, do not comprehend why the Senate is under suspicion and never will; for their habits of thought—their archaic ideas as to political duty, the smugness that grew with their continued power, and the whole fabric of their definitions of what a Senator of the United States should be and can do—prevent.

Suppose, at the beginning of the final session of the Sixty-first Congress, last December, you had gone to Nelson W. Aldrich or Eugene Hale and said: "Gentlemen, the Senate, of which you two men have been the controlling factors for several years, is distrusted and condemned by a majority of the people of the United States"; or, suppose you should go now to Boies Penrose or Murray Crane or Francis E. Warren or Doctor Gallinger, or whomsoever else you choose of the men who have inherited the remains of the remarkable organization Aldrich built up and maintained, and say the same thing. The answers would be identical: "Why? What have we done?"

If you knew the situation you would expect no other answer, for the simple reason that the ideas, practices, training, conceptions of political and senatorial duty, habitual disregard of popular demands, trends of mind, inspirations for action and lack of touch with the thought of the people make it impossible for them to conceive, even dimly, that the Senate, as they have controlled and conducted it, has not been controlled and conducted in exact accord with the precept of the greatest good for the greatest number—except the greatest number of themselves.

You couldn't make them see it in a year. Their sole and self-satisfying explanation of the phenomenon that overturned the Republican majority in the House of Representatives last fall by generally defeating men of the same temper of mind as themselves—the phenomenon that demands the election of Senators by the direct vote of the people; that refused to take as honest their revision of the tariff; that is insistent for a greater degree of popular government—is that it is all due to the spread of a wave of Socialism—they roll that word Socialism out with terrifying emphasis—throughout the country. They hold that the people are chasing strange gods; that it is but a temporary aberration of the popular mind, and that presently they will be hailed as statesmen and patriots who held fast to old principles and old customs, who refused to be swept from their feet by the clamor of the masses and who will be reviewed in history as wiser than their fellows.

people as a negligible quantity—necessary, perhaps, in the general scheme of population, but of no particular consequence in shaping their destinies and not effective in protest. They gayly refused to see what was coming. They laughed when they were told a political revolution was on the way. It was a joke. How could they be dislodged—these masters of the destinies of the Senate—these custodians of the rights and makers of the laws for the masses?

They were smarter than the rest, knew a little more, had no fears of a reckoning—smug, self-satisfied, secure. And they went on in the same old way, until the Senate became an obstructive body instead of a constructive one. They Bourbonized that organization, setting themselves up as aristocrats in legislation, wiser than the people who made them, and better qualified to evolve out of their own minds or through their schemes what the people should have instead of listening to what the people wanted to have. Granting that the people, as a mass, may desire wrongfully in the way of legislation at times, they are right oftener than they are wrong, know what they want oftener than imagine what they want; and any statesmen who set themselves up as omniscient in this regard, who refuse to listen or to inform themselves concerning popular demands or popular thought, are sure to land exactly where some of these statesmen have landed and where the rest of them eventually will land—indeed, where they will probably land as soon as the people can get at them.

An Unexpected Autumn Deluge

THEN, within the past ten years, there came definite talk of "interests" that were protected by Senators. To be sure, Senators have protected interests since there have been any Senators; but publicity has developed greatly in the past decade and the theory in the old days was that what was not known would not hurt. There was basis enough for this sort of talk and basis enough for the direct charges that were made. No matter when the charges were made or what was developed in the past, there never has been a tenth of the truth developed—not a hundredth. Big business and some big Senators have always been in alliance. Still, this was not always so plain to the people as it became latterly. And the fatuous Senators who were so allied, grown careless in their continued power and indifferent and contemptuous, took less pains to conceal those alliances, which was curious and is true.

Twenty years ago the House was stronger, more virile, more effective and more aggressive than the Senate; but, with the growth in power of the leaders in the Senate, there grew up in the House a set of men who attached themselves to these Senate leaders; and these men, being leaders in the House, forced the House into the position of being a mere appendix to the Senate in order that these House leaders might reap their individual benefits through the Senate oligarchy. These House leaders saw how easy it was and they wanted their shares. They played the game and the weak-kneed House majority acquiesced and picked up the crumbs. In their turn, the House leaders became as intolerant and arrogant and contemptuous and ill-informed as the Senate leaders; and right there is where the people began to break through.

An occasional Insurgent appeared in the House and an occasional one in the Senate, sent there by people who had figured out for themselves just what the situation was and just what remedy was demanded. Even these premonitions had no effect on the leaders. The term "Insurgent" was synonymous with joke or lunatic with them. It was but a feeble demonstration of unrest, similar to the Populism they had weathered, and amounted to nothing. They laughed and talked of "the uplift" and "the pee-pul"—and it was a fine jest. What could harm them? They were entrenched. They had control of the Government. They had unlimited power. They were willing to play politics whenever needed and do such placating with the individual protestant, mind you, as was demanded; but no placating or promising to the people! The people were merely swayed by a temporary emotion. That was all.

More Insurgents came into the Senate and the House—and more. Then there was a Presidential election and Mr. Taft was chosen by an overwhelming vote. The seven years of Roosevelt had vexed the leaders, had tangled them somewhat, had made their schemes more difficult at times; but now Taft was in and all would be plain sailing again—and a fig for the people! They hated Roosevelt and mostly blocked him, but they had to give in at times and they once again felt secure.

All this time the revolution had been gathering strength. It had spread rapidly. News came from many quarters of the unrest, not only in the West, but in the East. They scoffed and took up the work of revising the tariff, following out the pledge made in the Republican platform on which Mr. Taft was elected. The cost of living increased immoderately. The people demanded a real revision of the tariff in order that their burdens might be lessened in this regard. What they got was a juggling with the schedules that satisfied and protected almost every interest.

The cloud broke. There came that election in Massachusetts, where Foss was sent in as a Democrat and tariff reformer by several thousand votes, and from a district that had gone Republican by fourteen thousand at the election just previous. There was an election in the Rochester district, in New York, that was as significant. Other signs multiplied. And the Senate leaders gazed wild-eyed at the returns and exclaimed: "How is this possible? What has happened? What will become of the country? What will become of us? Why didn't somebody tell us what was going on?"

At about the same time Senator Aldrich, the great Republican leader in the Senate, took to the woods. He was coming up for reëlection in a year. He saw far into the future. The time for laughing had passed. Aldrich saw a Senate that would not obey him, a period of infinite trouble, a possible loss of prestige—and he quit. Then came the elections of last fall—and a lot of others quit, most of them unwillingly, but quite definitely for all that. The revolution had arrived, or the vanguard of the insurrectos had appeared, at least; and what had been a joke to the contemptuous and arrogant Senate leaders turned out to be a very serious matter.

Still, there was another session of the Senate before these patriots went into private life. Did they learn anything by what had happened? They did not. Were they instructed any by the full knowledge of what the future held in store? They were not. Just take a look at that last session of the Senate: Perfectly, flawlessly, it shows exactly why the people distrust and condemn the Senate; just why, instead of one or two, there are now twenty Insurgent Republicans in that Senate and more Democrats than for years; just why there is only an unstable Republican majority of eight; just why numerous men who were always complaisant, always voted right, always organization, went out on March fourth, repudiated by their states and by the people, whose ideas they did not discover, whose intentions they did not trouble themselves to fathom, whose disaffection they laughed at and whose earnestness they joked about.

It was the last stand, the last time for years when the Old Guard would have things in their control, and they went at it in quite the old way. They did many of the things that caused the distrust, the suspicion, the uprising among their constituents. It wasn't, as they are accustomed to claim, a protest against the Senate as an institution. It was a protest against the Senate because it has become the kind of an institution they have made it. The people, except among the most radical, are content to have a Senate; but they want the right kind of a Senate—a Senate that shall represent them instead of representing a varied accumulation of special and selfish interests.

One of the commonest schemes to hold themselves in power, to gain political advantage, to pay off debts and to foster their various manipulations was what may be termed the appropriation-bill trick. Every Congress, at the end of its session, has seen a congestion of appropriation bills, but of late years this congestion has become more marked; and it never was so marked as at the close of the Sixty-first Congress on March fourth last. To be sure, there was an excuse for this, for the Senate was debating important matters and the debates had caused delay; but, even admitting that, the old game was worked. That is as simple as it is effective. It merely entails the holding up of appropriation bills until several of them are bunched toward the close of the session, working over them leisurely in committee and then throwing them out rapidly, one after another, with the threat that they must be passed hurriedly, without any consideration worthy of the name, if a special session is to be avoided. Money bills originate in the House. They go to the Senate and are sent to the appropriate committees—the army bill to the military committee, the navy bill to the naval committee, the agricultural bill to its committee, and so on; many go to the Committee on Appropriations.

The Inside of the Lorimer Case

HOW easy it is! Merely hold them up, fill them with whatever items are needed and throw them in, with an hour or two for consideration of a great mass of appropriations, with a total of one or two hundred millions of dollars—or whatever the sum may be—and the dread of an extra session if there is no action. For years the close of each session of the Senate has seen just this jockeying with appropriation bills. Hundreds of millions—yes, billions—have been appropriated under the lash of these Senate leaders without anything like mature consideration—without half of the Senate knowing what the items are about. There is where and how the Senate leaders have retained their power. They hold up these bills and then shove them through, always knowing they can get what they want in conference, where, of late years, the House conferees appointed by Cannon have been tried and true Senate assistants. Not every appropriation bill is held up thus, of course, and delay is sometimes unavoidable. That isn't the point. The point is that this is the way they have worked it. This jockeying of appropriation bills with items included that they need has been a part of the plan of the Senate leaders to keep themselves in power; and it is one of the things that helped to bring about the progressive movement in Republican politics.

Take the Lorimer case, where most of the Old Guard lined up and voted that Lorimer should retain his seat. Primarily, of course, Lorimer was the basis of the contention; but Lorimer, in reality, was not the issue at all. His seat was involved, to be sure, and there had been much discussion both for and against him. What really happened when that vote was taken was this: The majority of the Senators of the Old Guard who voted for Lorimer were not voting for Lorimer at all. Most of them did not care a whoop whether Lorimer was in the Senate or out of it, although he was always superserviceable to the Old Guard. They were voting and did vote to sustain one of their committees—the Committee on Privileges and Elections. That was all there was to that. The subcommittee of the Committee on Privileges and Elections had been to Chicago in the fall and had made a half-baked, desultory, inefficient investigation into the Lorimer business. It had just scratched the ground. No matter why, but that is what it did.

Then the subcommittee made a report to the whole committee, exonerating Lorimer from complicity in bribery, although it was admitted that votes had been bought and a lot of distinctions were drawn and quibbling done; and the whole committee, with the exception of Senator Beveridge, adopted the report and presented it to the Senate. Then the row began. It lasted for weeks; and all the time the question uppermost in the minds of the Old Guard was not whether Lorimer was guilty or innocent, but the question of sustaining the committee. That is what it amounted to; and after weeks of scurrying about, of pressure to stand by the organization, of pleadings not to throw down the ever-reliable Burrows, who was not only chairman of the whole committee but chairman

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THE BARRED DOOR

And That Welcome on the Doormat

By Eugene Manlove Rhodes

DECORATIONS BY WILLIAM HARNDEN FOSTER

SWINGING round the circle has become a fixed Presidential habit. It is an innocent and harmless amusement—strikingly like the merry-go-round of blessed memory, both as to motive and result. The children have a good time and the cost is trifling. As a slight drawback a merrymaker sometimes gets dizzy; but that is not serious—quite the contrary.

In October, 1909, President Taft, swinging round the circle, paused for refreshments at Albuquerque, New Mexico. There was the inevitable sound of revelry by night: New Mexico's capital had gathered there—also her voluptuous swells and some few rough-riders—and bright the electric lights shone over the usual thing. Among the inevitable speakers was the only A. B. Fall. Ever hear of Fall—Fall, of New Mexico—cowboy, miner, lawyer, judge, gunfighter, able editor, rough-rider, farmer, private, chevalier and brevet-captain of industry? Well, you will; in fact, you shall.

Fall is unique in one respect. He can, with equal ease and nonchalance, carry a safe Republican county for the Democrats or a safe Democratic county for the Republicans. And then do it all over again. From this you will infer that he is not a bigoted partisan. You win. He is simultaneously a Roosevelt-Democrat and a Fall-Republican. He has no acquaintances. Every New Mexican is either his steadfast friend or his bitter enemy; and they are all his admirers. Perhaps his best claim to distinction, however, is that he is the only rough-rider who has never been garnished with the decoration of the double cross for conspicuous carnage on the field of battle.

Pardon this digression and we will go back to our banquet, where all went merry as a marriage bell until Fall rose to say his little speech. Then there was—or were, when the construction calls for were—hurrying to and fro, and gathering tears, and tremblings of distress, and cheeks all pale which but an hour ago blushed at the praise of their own loveliness; for Fall wandered from his welcome to our fair city and tactlessly referred to the late passionate promise of immediate statehood for New Mexico. "Perhaps," said Mr. Fall, "this time the promise will be kept." Whereupon, says the associated press dispatch of that date, Mr. Taft "rebuked him."

An Invitation With a String to It

TIME has shown that the rebuke was richly merited. That promise has not been kept. Mr. Fall should have known better. There was no excuse for such credulity.

In 1888, 1892 and 1896 the Republican national conventions adopted indefinite resolutions favoring statehood for the remaining territories in a vague, fish-eyed manner.

The Democrats took stronger ground, mentioning New Mexico by name in 1888 and condemning the course of the Republican party in refusing statehood. In 1892 they included Arizona in their plans and specifications, adding Oklahoma in 1896.

In 1900 and 1904 the Republicans favored home rule and "early" admission for these three territories. The Democrats came out for "immediate" admission in 1900; and, from mere condemnation of the party in power for failure to carry out its pledge to grant statehood, they "denounced"—which was a step in the right direction. The Democratic zeal may require explanation. They were viewing with alarm, you see, and this was a favorable spot for that kind of view. In 1904, joint statehood having become an issue, the Democrats declared for the immediate admission of Arizona and New Mexico as separate states.

Finally, in 1908, both political parties unequivocally declared for the immediate admission of Arizona and New Mexico as separate states.

It is quite fair to point out that there have been few years since 1888 in which, voting solidly together—voting as they "resolved"—the Republicans and Democrats might not have admitted these territories; as is shown by the fact that the enabling act of 1910 passed both houses unanimously. "Come in," they said; "the water's fine!"

Yet, as you know, the Senate, at the fatal psychological moment, voted to reject the states they had so unanimously invited to come in. Evidently the majority looked upon that invitation and the solemn pledges of 1908 as given in merely a Pickwickian sense.

No blame attaches to President Taft, who has acted throughout in entire good faith. I hereby cheerfully quote, as just praise of Mr. Taft's attitude, the following paragraph, written—not since March 4, 1911—by ex-Governor Prince, of New Mexico:

"President Taft has taken the highest ground as to the obligations of a party and its official representatives to carry into effect the pledges of its declaration of principles. Finding in the Chicago platform this unequivocal statement regarding 'immediate admission,' he insisted that a Republican Congress was bound to carry it into effect. Without this conscientious construction of party honor and party duty on the part of the President it is more than doubtful whether the statehood bill of 1910 would have been passed. Without this clear-cut plank he would not have felt obliged to insist on its fulfillment; so that, though so many platform declarations above recorded have been without effect, the very important influence of the last one adds new dignity and respect to the solemnly adopted pledges of great parties."

However, there is still a certain distinction between a political promise and a certified check.

Let me interrupt the graceful continuity of my strange story here to reassure you, O reader, mild or turbulent in your disposition, as the case may be. I know what you think. You think I am going to make a plea for New Mexico and show cause why she should be admitted. I am not going to do anything of the sort, for the sufficient reasons that you shall have in a moment. I am going to plead for something essentially and radically different—something that concerns you directly and personally; but first, let us get together, we two, and arrange for a few verbal short cuts.

Will you allow me to say "New Mexico" rather than "the territories of Arizona and New Mexico"? Arizona and New Mexico are indeed in the same sad case, but the phrase is cumbrous and awkward. Also, Arizona was part of a New Mexican county until 1863.

For similar economical motives, admitted—or admission—will be better than "admitted"—or admission—"to the glorious sisterhood of free and sovereign states."

In lieu of "citizens of the territories of Arizona and New Mexico" I shall say "denizens"—not only because it saves time and because it will be easier for you, as unambiguously representing your thought of us, but also because it is more accurate. We have never been citizens. When you call us that, smile. We are aliens in the land of our birth.

Such minor abbreviations as "p. m." for "psychological moment" are self-explanatory.

You may also note that I speak of "we" and "us" as one having a signed and sealed commission to speak for the New Mexicans. This is not thus. I speak for only one New Mexican—that excellent man, myself.

Some people say "we" for that an excruciating modesty forbids them to say "I"; but the motive that impels me to say "we" is that which actuated Mrs. Cobb's cook.

"Was the grocer's boy impudent to you again when you telephoned your order this morning?" said Mrs. Cobb.

"Yis, Mrs. Cobb, he was that; but I fixed him this time. I sez: 'Who the hell do you think you're talking to? This is Mrs. Cobb!'"

A Gray-Beard in Skirts

HAVING cleared the deck for action I will explain why I do not plead for New Mexico's admission. I am pained and grieved that New Mexico was not admitted. The small boy's benefit in the change from skirts to knickerbockers is less from the actual and potential service of the new garment than from his own pride and pleasure; but to keep a boy in skirts for sixty-three years has a tendency to make him conspicuous. If you see a gray-bearded boy in skirts you surmise that all is not normal beneath the gray hair; you infer and say, in the classic phrase of Ambrose Bierce, that there are flitter-mice in his campanile. It does not command your confidence. You do not hasten to enter into business relations with such a one.

My grief is not all for New Mexico, however. Some of it is for you; just as I should have grieved for you had you straitly promised that you would not grant admission to New Mexico—and nevertheless falsely admitted her.

Again, I do not plead for New Mexico's admission because you are but slightly interested in that subject or I am the more mistaken; whereas the point that I do deeply purpose to make is of vital concern to you, or should be. Moreover, there is absolutely no reason why New Mexico should desire statehood other than those reasons for which all the other states have desired statehood. And I have no reason to believe that if New Mexico were admitted her people would be any better citizens than the people of your own state—or any worse.

I do not plead for admission, because I am not seeking controversy, but striving to avoid controversy. I would fain persuade, convince, and not argue and exasperate. I hope to put forward in this paper no proposition to which you will not readily yield assent.

Last—and stronger than any of the preceding reasons—I do not plead for admission, because I think—no, deem,

deem by all means—because I deem it unmanly to plead as a suppliant for what we may justly demand as a right; for, though the reasons for which we desire statehood are precisely those for which other states have desired statehood, there are reasons why we should have statehood, why we have a right to statehood, such as no other territory has had. I refer to the specific promises made to the people of New Mexico at the time of the acquisition of that territory—made by General Kearny, confirmed by the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo.

The other states were admitted because of inherent, undenied and self-evident right. We have not only that same inherent and self-evident right—albeit oft denied; we have the word of this nation—not from the plausible tongues of politicians but the solemn pledge of this nation as a nation, signed and sealed, that we should not be discriminated against, but should be admitted to statehood under the terms of the Constitution of the United States, on like terms with those accorded to other states, and on no meaner terms.

These are not the exact words of the treaty made with Mexico in 1848, when the United States acquired New Mexico; or of the treaty arranging the Gadsden Purchase; or yet of the business contract with the state of Texas, whereby Texas gave a quitclaim deed to what she had never owned: but that is the exact and unmistakable meaning of them. Therefore I scorn, in my haughtiest manner, to beg for what I may justly demand. "If reasons were as plentiful as blackberries I would give no man a reason on compulsion."

What I do plead for is that you shall stop, quit and cease to promise admission to us. Isn't that reasonable? Is it too much to ask? Remember, we do not ask you to tell the truth. Opinions vary as to the advisability of indiscriminate truth-telling; and, as I said before, I am striving to avoid moot points. Besides, to tell the truth in this case is quite unnecessary. What you think of us may be surmised any day, by any good surmiser, surmising only at odd moments. We merely ask you to quit lying to us. Consider that should you, in your state convention or even in your national convention, set forth these views, such a course may be attacked as novel or revolutionary; but no one is likely to point out the inherent impropriety of not lying.

Tribulations in Return for Contributions

YOU have made us three promises; you have not made these promises good. Remains to consider why these promises were not kept; and why the promises were ever made—made, not given; the lairds of convention got value received—no, more than that—they got something in the line of concession or support for each promise made.

Kearny at Santa Fe, like Otis at Manila, promised more than he could deliver. The tale of Sinbad the Sailor is not more curious or more interesting than this of Kearny's: but we have no space for it here. In his formal proclamation of August 22, 1846, he said—claiming authority from the President: "It is the wish and intention of the United States to provide for New Mexico a free government, with the least possible delay, similar to those in the United States." He was an optimist. Pass we on.

In his message to Congress, January 23, 1850, President Taylor said:

> I did not hesitate to express to the people of these territories—California and New Mexico—my desire that each territory should . . . form a plan of a state constitution and submit the same to Congress, with a prayer for admission into the Union.

Thus we were bidden to the feast—to be turned back at the door. Why? I quote once more from Mr. Prince's valuable and accurate work, The Struggle for Statehood. He is speaking of the constitution of 1850:

> Besides the section of the constitution forever prohibiting slavery in New Mexico, there was a strong paragraph on that subject in the accompanying address, showing that slavery had always been the curse of the communities in which it existed.
>
> It is an evidence of the courage and high principle of the convention which formulated the constitution that, at that time, when the debate on slavery was raging in Congress—when they knew that the slave power was determined to have a new slave state to balance California and that if they declared for slavery they would be admitted in a moment—they sacrificed their prospects of immediate admission to the higher duty of protecting their cherished land from the incubus and wrong of human bondage. It should never be forgotten that this first constitutional convention in New Mexico, in which native New Mexicans composed over ninety per cent of the membership, took this high ground and maintained it courageously, although by so doing they were placing in jeopardy their own right to self-government.
>
> The slaveowners were wise. Where mountains are there will you find freemen. There will be no Homestead tragedies in New Mexico.
>
> This constitution was adopted. In all that wide stretch of country—tush!—in all that vast expanse, in all that mighty empire, only thirty-nine votes were cast against it. Accordingly the Compromise of 1850 admitted California as a free state and rejected New Mexico because she sought admission as a free state, and for no other reason.
>
> You say you do not admit us because you think we are inferior. Nothing can be further from the truth. You think we are inferior because you have not admitted us. As you have just seen, you at first refused to admit us not because we were inferior or even because you thought we were inferior but because we were not timeservers.
>
> Do not misunderstand me. We are not pained to find that you consider us your inferiors, because we know that it is not true. We are pained because, for that fond belief, you withhold from us self-government and citizenship. We realize that your feeling of superiority is a natural feeling and we are not surprised at it. We frequently have that feeling ourselves.
>
> Nor did the New Mexicans confine their antislavery expressions to words. Let their deeds speak for them. During the Civil War, New Mexico supplied more volunteers to the Union cause, in proportion to population, than any state in the Union—sending 6561 out of a total population of ninety-three thousand. Oregon, Nevada, Washington, Montana, Idaho, Wyoming, Nebraska and the two Dakotas, taken all together, sent just 7261. Colorado, it is true, sent 4093, or nearly two-thirds as many as New Mexico; but it should be remembered that most of the Colorado volunteers were of that same Spanish blood which now so disqualifies for citizenship.
>
> When we consider that to a large extent the New Mexican volunteers paid themselves and supplied their own food, arms and equipment; and also that they delivered a rather neat article of plain, unfrilled fighting, giving to the invading column of very adequate Texans a licking just a trifle more thorough than any other recorded in history—counting all this, I think we may safely decide that the views expressed by them in 1850 were sincere.
>
> To skip weariful dates and details, fifty-four New Mexican statehood bills have been introduced in Congress since 1850, and seventeen have passed either Senate or House—always to perish of criminal negligence in the other chamber for reasons based on quantity, quality, latitude, longitude, altitude, attitude and platitude. Since 1890 no statehood bill has been defeated by a direct vote in either branch of Congress, until the Senate of the Sixty-first Congress welshed in 1911.
>
> I have before me all those omitted details and dates, the House and Senate numbers of the bills, dates of introduction, amendments, votes taken; in some cases the hour and minute of the rollcall. I spare you. They are confusing, amazing, incredible. They would make you long for despotism. To give them would serve no purpose save to display the profundity of my scholarship and the diligence of my research—both of which, if you will take it from me, are admirable, indeed, but uninteresting.
>
> Nevertheless, if you don't know how your own Senator has voted, if you will let me know—always inclosing a two-cent stamp—you shall be informed, in the hope that some Chautauqua and other engagements will be prejudiced thereby. They say "hell has no fury like a woman scorned." This case is along those lines. If these Senators think they can leave us waiting at the church and get off with it—no, no; I mean to say, if they think they can slight our charms with impunity they are entitled to hazard another conjecture.
>
> We sent up our cards with California in 1850. California was admitted, but we got "not at home" for ours. We knocked at the door with Colorado in 1874. Two years later, Colorado made it possible for seven resolute gentlemen to insert Mr. Hayes in the President's chair, but the door was slammed in New Mexico's face. We tripped up the steps with Washington, Montana and the Dakotas. The bouncer assisted us back down the steps, though the doors slipped ajar for the others. Thence arose the saying: "When is a door not ajar?"

A Tale of Two Territories

WE CAME up—Arizona also this time and henceforth—with Idaho and Wyoming. The welcome on the mat was not for us. The other territories got in. We tried again, with Utah and Oklahoma. One of the candidates got a spotless robe and learned a new song. That was Utah.

All this reminds me of a story: A man went to the ball up above Smith's store. The hall was filled too. They threw him out presently and he rolled downstairs; but he was not hurt and he was of a hopeful nature. He went back. This time they kicked him downstairs. Nothing daunted, he went up again and forced himself in. They dropped him out of the window. He sat in the street and looked long and earnestly at the North Star. His eyes filled with tears. Said he:

"I unnerstan' thish. Can't fool me! They don' wan' me at that danch!"

We tried to get in the dance again in more recent days, with Oklahoma. Oklahoma was admitted. Arizona and New Mexico were promised admission if they were willing to come in as one state.

Now it may have escaped your attention—as it has escaped the attention of many able journals that really could know such things if it were deemed expedient to know them—that New Mexico is Republican by a very large majority, while Arizona is Democratic by a very small majority; hence, that both together, as one state, would be Republican by a medium-sized majority. You may be sure that it did not escape Congress. That was not the only reason or the chief reason why Arizona and New Mexico did not desire joint statehood. Nor—nay, by no means—was that the reason, or any one of the reasons, alleged for trying to force joint statehood upon us. It is merely true.

The feeling against joint statehood was very strong, but was not due to any ill feeling between the territories. It was due to many small reasons all pulling the same way,

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A GODFATHER OF THE POOR

By John Fleming Wilson

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER TITTLE

BY INFINITE pains Chief Engineer Mickey O'Rourke, of Light Vessel No. 88, had fashioned a mug out of a brass valve fitting. He displayed this to us one stormy night, and we turned upon him with the unanimity of men long yearning for something to abuse.

"Who'll drink out of brass?" demanded the skipper, blowing scornfully into his soup.

"It'll poison anybody," said the mate.

"Silver or gold is the only metal you can use for such things," said the assistant engineer, careful of his English.

"'Tis for a poor lad," said Mickey. "He is widhout money, and his father lies awake nights thinking of new ways to economize. It is appropriate that the godfather of a pauper ahould presint him widh a brass mug. Nothing is so consistent as poverty. Me mother—may her soul rest in peace!—had but one spoon of silver, and it was dented be the first teeth of eight childher and at the ind wint to the priest for a mass. And little Mickey McCarthy, me own godchild, shall have but a brass mug. 'Tis all the godfather of the poor can afford."

The skipper looked up. "And who is little Mickey McCarthy?" he inquired.

"The son of Misther McCarthy, of the Blue and Gold Line," was the reply.

"Thomas McCarthy?" demanded the mate, spoon in the air. "Why, he is worth millions!"

"Thomas McCarthy is the father of me godchild," said the chief engineer firmly. "But the child is a pauper and I'm his godfather, and from me he gets a brass mug—and lucky he is to have that."

"Ye're crazy, Mickey," said the captain.

"I am not," retorted Mickey. "I am merely poor, which is not violent. 'Tis the rich which are dangerous. And to avoid danger Misther McCarthy made me the sponsor for his child. 'Twas during me last leave of absince whin I spent five weeks in Oakland.

"I had spent a week widh me sister, and me money burned in me pockets and under me hat, where I carried two paychecks. So I said to Mary: 'Mary, I am ould and me days of wickedness are past. But even the ould may spind their money with pleasure. Take one check and leave me the other for the sake of the poor bartinders I shall meet.' And she took both checks and let me have twenty dollars from the till. So that I reached San Francisco widh but a fiver, it being ten miles along the street from me sister's to the ferry train. Thinks I, I will go and see Tommy McCarthy, once an engineer in the ould City Line, but now rich and careless of what he says, having no superiors.

"In his office a young felley tried to tell me that Misther McCarthy was engaged. I said: 'Prayin' for thim that are not his equals? Stop him and tell him me bould Mickey O'Rourke is here and wishful to see him.'

"He would not and I kicked open the little gate and walked haughtily past six women and ten men widh pens in their hands, till I came to a big door marked 'Private.' There I stopped for a second and knocked. Hearing no answer I turned the knob and walked in, and Tommy McCarthy looked up across an immense desk to say, 'Get out!'

"'The poor have no shame, Misther McCarthy,' says I.

"'Ye will niver be lacking money while yer nerve is good,' says Tommy. 'What is it yez want, Mickey?'

"'A kind wor-rd,' I answers him.

"'I have none,' says he. 'I cannot afford to be kind to anny one since I have made me millions.'

"'Thank Heaven I am poor and can still use me tongue widh a friend,' says I. 'Me sister Mary took away me last paycheck and I need tin dollars to get back across the ferry.'

"'Tis but tin cints to Oakland,' he responds coldly.

"'What is tin cints between cities?' I inquired, and he laughed. 'Sit down a minute, Mickey,' says he. 'I am feeling good this mor-rning and yez shall have the benefit of me good humor. Misthress McCarthy presinted me with a son and heir at three A. M.'

"I felt in me clothes and pulled out the fiver. 'Had I known it I'd have come dhry to your city,' says me bould Mickey. 'But the coin will buy the lad a spoon.'

"Tommy looked at me money a minute and thin he reached for it and said: 'The boy will be poor. I'll take this fiver and put it in the bank for him whin he grows up. 'Twill be all he has.'

"'If yez need some for yoursilf I will go back and get it from Mary,' I answers.

"'I am rich,' he replies to me. 'But knowing the dangers of wealth I have determined that me son shall be poor. I was bor-rn widhout a cent mesilf, and look where I have got to!'

"And he explained in a few words that he had arranged that the child should be raised widhout golden spoons or rich rugs on the floor. 'He will niver know that he is not like the childher of the poorest people in the city,' said Tommy.

"'And his mother?' said I, cocking me head on one side.

"'She was bor-rn wealthy,' said he. 'And after all she married me.'

"'Twas a har-rd lesson for a woman,' I answers. 'Likely she will try to save her childher what she has suffered.'

"'Tis a boy,' he replies. 'I'll bet that he will yet lick the sons of me own imployees.'

"'Whin yez have no money the best yez can do is to throw a bould chest and scor-rn yer betthers,' I agrees widh him. 'What is me strong lad's name?'

"'No name at all yet,' he replies. 'He will be christened next week.'

"'See to it that his godfather does not presint him widh golden cups and silk blankets,' I says.

"Tommy thought a while and thin remar-rked: 'I believe yez would be a good godfather to him, Mickey.'

"'If my blessing will avail I am willing,' I answers.

"'I will speak to Julia,' he returns. So I left, widh two bits in me pocket and no more for the ferry and the car to me sister's house.

"The next day I wint again, and this time the young man at the door took me in like a tug docking a ship. Tommy McCarthy was beaming. 'Yez will be the godfather of me boy,' he says. ''Twill be a good start for him on a life of poverty and industhry.'

"'The two go together,' I responds. 'I am industhrious because I am poor and I am poor because I am industhrious. 'Tis a har-rd life for a bit of a child.'

"'He will star-rt right,' says he firmly. 'Come to dinner tonight and we will speak more of it.'

"So that night I borrowed back one of me paychecks, put it in the crown of a new hat and wint out to the palace where Thomas McCarthy lived. A flunky took me hat inside the door and I had difficulty in getting back me money from him. Thin I was shoved into a big room all fixed up widh plush and silk and pictures. In the middle of it I sat down widh me hands in me pockets for fear of souling anything. Whin Tommy came in he said: 'Will yez go up and look at your godchild?'

"'I will,' says I. 'But first let me wipe me mousers.'

"'Yez will not kiss him,' says he sternly.

"'Even the poor can be kissed,' I returns.

"''Tis unsanit'ry,' says he.

"'The poor are always unsanit'ry,' I retor-rts widh scorn.

"'He is too small,' he insists.

"'In that case,' says I magnanimously, 'he shall have the privileges of the rich.'

"So we wint up manny steps and through manny halls till we came to a small room and a cradle. In the cradle lay a small bit of a bhoy, the length of one's hand, curled up like a leaf. ''Tis your godchild,' says Tommy, pride breaking in his voice.

"And the memory of me har-rd life and me grimy hands seized hold of me and I shook. A voice came from through a curtain—a weak voice of a proud woman.

"'Isn't he lovely?' she said.

"'Not having yet seen yersilf, Misthress McCarthy,' says I, 'I donno whither he is as beautiful as I expicted. But 'tis thrue that yez must be a pretty woman.' And she laughed from the bed behind the curtain and Tommy swelled up widh the pride which has nothing to do widh money.

"''Tis Mickey O'Rourke that will stand his godfather,' says Tommy. ''Tis only proper that a poor boy should have a godfather widhout money.'

"'What is the money compared to the boy?' says the woman from the bed in a weak voice. 'Yez will love him, Mickey O'Rourke?' The tone of her sweet throat trailed off like a smell of flowers on a breeze.

"'I will love him,' says I. And the words choked in me gullet, for the little felley could have laid in the palm of me hand.

"So it came that me bould Mickey wint to the church and stood godfather for the boy, and he pulled me mousers widh one fist and spit into me eye as if he were me own son which I niver had! And whin we were back to the house, and his mother sitting in her soft chair had got him to her breast, Tommy said: 'And now he will be indeed a poor man's son. He will have to work for his bread and toil like a wor-rking man.'

"'Yez are a cruel parent,' says Mrs. Tommy. 'But till he is grown up he is mine. I will protict him.'

"Tommy drew me out of the door. 'The wife is still weak,' says he. 'But I will explain me intentions. The boy is poor. He has nothing in the wor-rld but the five dollars yez gave him yoursilf. And Heaven knows that is little.'

"'Ye will have to be charitable for a while and support the indigent one,' I remarks. 'He is too young to be put upon the street.'

"'I have sold the house,' says Tommy, sweeping his hand over the iligant furniture and the flunky at the door. ''Tis too fine a house for the poor. We move to Oakland as soon as the wife is able to pack up.'

"''Twill take more than one move to make yez a pauper,' I remar-rks.

"''Tis not that,' says me bould Tommy. 'I am reconciled to me riches. But me son will be raised

"And Little Mickey McCarthy, Me Own Godchild, Shall Have But a Brass Mug"

in a small house, widh an apple tree in the yard and dirt on his knees. I have decided it. In three weeks yez shall eat a frugal meal widh Misthress McCarthy and yer godchild.'

"So I wint down to San Pedro widh Hamma on the Hanalei and saw the wondhers of Los Angeles, and spint me first paycheck and returned; and whin I had thried to get me other paycheck from Mary and got a tongue's end instead of a full purse, I wint to Tommy's office. He greeted me coldly. 'Yez will come over tonight to three hundred and twinty-seven Eightieth Street, in Oakland, and see your godchild,' says he. 'Now get out, for I am rich and have no time for the poor.'

"'Lind me twenty dollars, so that widh money in me pocket I may stand up to you on an equality and tell yez me mind,' says I.

"'I will lend yez nothing,' he retor-rts. 'On twenty dollars ye would take liberties worth a million. I know yez, Mickey O'Rourke, and like the Irish yez are only decent whin ye are broke.' And he would none of me.

"That evening I knocked at the little door of three hundred and twinty-seven Eightieth Street and it was opened by Misthress McCarthy. 'I have come to see me godchild,' I remar-rks, not noticing the tears on her cheek.

"'I do me own wor-rk,' she returns quietly. 'The boy lies in his cradle.'

"And I knew that me bould Tommy had done what he boasted to do and that Mickey McCarthy was being brought up like a child of the poor. I took off me hat and walked through the little hall, and found the cradle setting by the fire, which was small and chilly like an ould man's heart.

"'Twas a poor room. And I looked around at its bareness and then at the woman who stood in the middle of it. She was lovely and her face was white. Yez could see widh an eye's lift that she was not used to poverty.

"'I used to help me mother—God rest her weary soul! and I can cook,' says I.

"'I do my best,' says she very softly. 'But I cannot do much. Yet it is for the boy's sake.'

"I took off me jacket and rubbed me hands. 'Show me the kitchen,' I remar-rks.

"'Never!' says Misthress McCarthy. 'I didn't mean to complain.'

"'I am poor mesilf,' I explains. 'And I am used to it, which you are not. I will cook.'

"Widh that we got down to the truth, and she cried over the cradle. 'Tommy says the boy must be brought up like a poor lad widhout money or friends,' she tells me. 'And I have never cooked and I can't sweep! Besides, I love the child!'

"So we sat be the small fire, widh the child between us, and I explained to her the miseries of wealth and the beauties of poverty. 'Yez are lucky,' says I. 'Nobody but a rich man like your husband can afford to be poor. If he had no money the child would now be sleeping in a gilt cradle bought on the installment plan and yez would set in a silver chair to be paid for at the rate of a dollar a week, while me godchild would chew on a solid-gold spoon presinted be the Knights of Forestry. There would be a dirty woman in the kitchen, breaking dishes yez had purchased widh manny pounds of tea which ye would niver drink. Being wealthy ye can be really poor. If yez were really poor yez would be living in luxury. Your husband has been to great expinse to be a pauper.'

"'It is for the child's sake,' she repeats.

"And at that the door opens widh a crash and Tommy comes in, pulling off a fur-lined overcoat. 'Mickey,' says he, 'how do yez like our poor home?'

"'I will be charitable,' I answered him haughtily. 'The fire, such as it is, bur-rns.'

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VOTES FROM WOMEN

Getting Them Back From the Co-Eds at Siwash

There are Worse Jobs Than That of Persuading a Pretty Girl to Vote the Right Way

By GEORGE FITCH

ILLUSTRATED BY G. C. WIDNEY

DO I BELIEVE in woman's suffrage? Certainly, if you do, Miss Allstairs. As I sit here, where I couldn't help seeing you frown if I didn't please you, I favor anything you favor. If you want the women to vote just hand me the ax and show me the man who would prevent them. If you think the women should play the baseball of our country it's all right with me. I'll help pass a law making it illegal for Hans Wagner to hang around a ball park except as water-boy. If you believe that women ought to wear three-story hats in theaters ——

No, I'm not making fun of you. I hope I may never be allowed to lug a box of Frangipangi's best up your front steps again if I am. If you want the women to vote, Miss Allstairs, just breathe the word, and I'll go out and start a suffragette mob as soon as ever I can find a brick. And I would be a powerful advocate too. You can't tell me that women wouldn't be able to handle the ballot. You can't tell me they would get their party issues mixed up with their party gowns. I've seen them vote and I've seen them play politics. And let me tell you, when woman gets the vote man will totter right back to the kitchen and prepare the asparagus for supper, just to be out of harm's way. His good old arguments about the glory of the nation, the rising price of wheat and the grand record of those sterling patriots who have succeeded in getting their names on the government payroll won't get him to first base when women vote. He'll have to learn the game all over again, and the first ninety-nine years' course of study will be that famous subject, "Woman."

How do I know so much about it? Just as I told you. I've been through the mill. I've seen women vote. I've tried to get them to vote my way. I've never herded humming birds or drilled goldfishes in close formation, but I'd take the job cheerfully. It would be just a rest cure after four years' experience in persuading a large voting body of beautiful and fascinating young women to vote the ticket straight and to let me name the ticket.

Oh, no! I never lived in Colorado, and I never was a polygamist in Utah, thank you. I'm nothing but an alumnus of Siwash College, which, as you know, is co-educational to a heavenly degree. I'm just a young alumnus with about eighty-nine gray hairs scattered around in my thatch. Each one of those gray hairs represents a vote gathered by me from some Siwash co-ed in the cause of liberty and progress and personal friends. Eighty-nine was my total score. Took me four years to get 'em, working seven days in the week and forty weeks in the year. I'm no brass-finished and splash-lubricated politician, but I'll bet I could go out in any election and cord up that many votes with whiskers on them in three days. "Votes for Women" is a fine sentiment and very appropriate, Miss Allstairs, but "Vote from Women" has always been the motto under which I have fought and been bled—I beg your pardon; that just slipped out accidentally. Of course there was nothing of the sort possible. Now there isn't the slightest use of your getting angry and making me feel like an Arctic explorer in a linen suit. If you insist I'll go out on the front porch and sit there a few weeks until you forgive me, but that's the very best I can do for you. I will positively not erase myself from your list of acquaintances. When a man has been hanging around the world in a bored way for thirty-two years, just waiting for Fate to catch up with its assignments and trundle you along within my range in order to give the sun a rest ——

Oh, well—if you forgive me of course I'll stop anything you say. Though really, now, that wasn't joshing. It came from the depths. Anyway, as I was saying, "Votes from Women"—excuse me, please; I fell off there once and I'm going to go slow—"Votes from Women" was the burning question back at Siwash when I infested the campus. The women had the votes already—no use agitating that. The big question was getting 'em back when we needed them. You see, the faculty always insisted on regulating athletics more or less and on organizing things for us—didn't believe we mere college youths could get an organization together according to Hoyle, or whoever drew up the rules of disorder in college societies, without the help of some skyscraper-browed professor. So they saw fit to organize what they called a general athletic association. Every student who paid a dollar was enrolled as a member, with a vote and the privilege of blowing a horn in a lady or gentleman like manner at all college games. And just to assure a large membership, the faculty made a rule that the dollar must be paid by all students with their tuition at the beginning of the year. That, of course, enrolled the whole college, girls and all, in the Athletic Association. And it was the Athletic Association that raised the money to pay for the college teams and hired the coaches and greased old Siwash's way to glory every fall during the football season.

Now this didn't bother any for a few years. The men went to the meetings and voted, and the girls stayed at home and made banners for the games. Everything was lovely and comfortable. The Athletic Association turned out bully teams and hung the Indian sign on Muggledorfer and Kiowa with proper regularity. Then one day in my Freshman year, just before the election, there was a crack in the slate and the Shi Delts saw a chance to elect one of their men president—it wasn't their turn that year, but you never could trust the Shi Delts politically any farther than you could kick a steam roller. They put up their man and there was a little campaign for about three hours that got up to eleven hundred revolutions a minute. We clawed and scratched and dug for votes and were still short when Reilly got an idea and rushed over to Browning Hall. Five minutes before the polls closed he appeared, leading twenty-seven Siwash girls, and the trouble was over. They voted for our man and he was elected by four votes. But, incidentally, we tipped over a can of—no, wait a minute. I've simply got to be more classical. What's the use of a college diploma if you have to tell all you know in baseball language? Let's see—you remember that beautiful Greek lady who opened a box under the impression that there was a pound of assorted chocolate creams in it and let loose a whole international museum of trouble? Dora Somebody—eh? Oh, yes, Pandora. I always did fall down on that name. Anyway, the box we opened in that election would have made Pandora's little grief repository look like a box of pink powder. The kind you girls—oh, very well. I take it back. Honestly, Miss Allstairs, you'll get me so afraid of the cars in a minute that I'll have to ditch this train of thought and talk about art. Ever hear me talk about art? Well, it would serve you right if you did. I talked about art with a calsominer once, and he wanted to fight me for the honor of his profession.

However, as I was saying, the women voted at Siwash that fall and I guess they must have liked the taste, for the first thing we knew we had the woman vote to take care of all the time. The next fall pretty nearly every girl in the college turned out to class meetings, and the way they voted pretty nearly drove us mad. They seemed to regard it as a game. They fussed about whether to vote on pink paper or blue paper; voted for members of the faculty for class president; one of them voted for the President of the

United States for president of the Sophomore class; wanted to vote twice; came up to the ballot box and demanded their votes back because they had changed their minds; went away before election and left word with a friend to vote for them. Took us an hour, right in football practice time, to get the ticket through in our class; and what with lending pencils and chasing girls who carried their ballots away with them, and getting called down for trying to see that everything went along proper and shipshape and according to program, we boys were half paralyzed when it was all over.

Now, I Don't Like to be "My Dear Boyed" by a Sophomore

But the girls liked it enormously. It was a novelty for them, and we saw right there that it was a case of organize the female vote or have things hopelessly muddled up before the end of the year. In the interests of harmony things had to be done in a businesslike manner. Certain candidates had to be put through and certain factions had to be gently but firmly stepped on. Harmony, you know, Miss Allstairs, is a most important thing in politics. Without harmony you can't do a thing. Harmony in politics consists of giving the insurgents not what they ask for, but something that you don't want. I was a grand little harmonizer in my day too. I ran the oratorical league the year before it went broke and then traded the presidency to the Chi Yi-Delta Whoop crowd for the editorship of the Student Weekly. That's harmony. They were happy and so was I. When I saw how hard they had to hustle to pay the association debts the next fall I was so happy I could hardly stand it.

No, Miss Allstairs, that was not meanness on my part. It was politics. There is a great deal of difference between meanness and politics. One is low-down and contemptible and nasty, and the other is expedient. See? Why, some of the most generous men in the world are politicians. Time and again I've seen Andy Hoople, the big politician of our town, pay a man's fare to Chicago so that he could go up there and rest during the last week of a political campaign and not bother himself and get all worried over the way things were going—and the man would be on the other side too.

Anyway, to—wait a minute; I'm going to hook over some French now. Look out, low bridge—to rendezvous to our muttons—how's that? In a good many ways there are worse jobs than that of persuading a pretty girl to vote the right way. Sometimes I liked the job so well that I was sorry when election came. But, on the whole, it was hard, hard work. We tried arguments and exhortation and politics, and you might as well have shot cheese balls at the moon. Never touched 'em. I talked straight logic to a girl for an hour once, showing her conclusively that it was her duty as a patriotic Siwash student to vote for a man who could give a strong mind and a lot of money to the debating cause; and then she remarked quite placidly that she would always vote for the other man for whatever office he wanted, because he wore his dress suit with such an air. I had to take her clear downtown and buy her ice cream and things before she could understand the gravity of the case at all ——

No, indeed, Miss Allstairs, I didn't bribe her. You must be very careful about charging people with bribery. Bribery is a very serious offense. It's so serious that nowadays it's a very grave thing to charge a politician with it. I think it will be made a crime soon. I bought ice cream for this girl because she could understand things better while she was eating ice cream. It made her think better. Of course you can't do that with a man in real politics. You have to give him an office or a contract or something in order to get his mind into a cheerful condition. You can argue so much better with a man when he is cheerful. No, indeed. I wouldn't bribe a fly. Nobody would. There isn't any bribing any more. Illinois has taught the world that.

But that was the least of our troubles. After you had persuaded a girl to vote right you had to keep her persuaded. Now most any man might be able to keep one vote in line, but that wasn't enough. Some of us had to keep four or five votes all ready for use, for competition was pretty swift and there were a tremendous number of co-eds in school. You never saw such a job as it was. No sooner would I have Miss A entirely friendly to my candidate for the editorship of the Weekly than Miss B would flop over and show marked signs of frost—and then I would have to drop everything and walk over from chapel with her three mornings hand-running, and take her to a play, and make a wild pass about not knowing whether any one would go to the prom with me or not. And then just as she would begin to smile when she saw me Miss A would pass me on the street and look at me as if I had robbed a henroost. And just as I was entirely friendly with both of them it would occur to me that I hadn't called on Miss C for three weeks and that Bannister, of the Alfalfa Delts, was waiting for Miss D after chapel every morning and would doubtless make a low-down, underhanded attempt to talk politics to her in the spring. For a month before each election I felt like a giddy young squirrel running races with myself around a wheel. Some college boys can keep on terms of desperate and exclusive friendliness with a dozen girls at a time—Petey Simmons got up to eighteen one spring when we won the big athletic election—but four or five was as many as I could manage by any means, and it kept me busted, conditioned and all out of training to accomplish this. And when election-time approached and it came to talking real politics, and the girl you had counted on all winter to swing her wing of the third floor in Browning Hall for your candidate would suddenly remember in the midst of a businesslike talk on candidates and things that you had cut two dances with her at the prom, and you couldn't explain that you simply had to do it because you had to keep your stand-in with a girl on the first floor who had the music-club vote in her pocketbook—well, I may get out over Niagara Falls some day on a rotten old tight-rope, with a sprained ankle and a fellow on my shoulders who is drunk and wants to make a speech standing up—but if I do I won't feel any more wobbly and uncertain about the future than I used to feel on these occasions.

Of course it was entirely impossible for the few dozen college politicians to make personal friends and supporters of all the girls in Siwash. We didn't want to. There are girls and girls at Siwash, just as there are everywhere else. Maybe a third of the Siwash girls were pretty and fascinating and wise and loyal, and nine or ten other exceedingly pleasant adjectives. And perhaps another third were—well, nice enough to dance with at a class party and not remember it with terror. And then there was another third which—oh, well, you know how it goes everywhere. They were grand young women, and they were there for educational purposes. They took prizes and learned a lot, and this was partly because there were no swarms of bumptious young collegians hanging around them and wasting their time. Far be it from me, Miss Allstairs, to speak disparagingly of a single member of your sex—you are all too good for us—but, if you will force me to admit it, there were girls at Siwash—ex-girls—who would have made a true and loyal student of art and beauty climb a high board—certainly, I said I wasn't going to say anything against them, and I'm not. Anyway, it's no great compliment to be admired for your youth and beauty alone. Age has its claims to respect too—oh, very well; I'll change the subject.

As I was saying, we couldn't influence all the co-ed vote personally, but we handled it very systematically. Every popular girl in the school had her following, of course, at Browning Hall. So we just fought it out among the popular girls. Before elections they'd line up on their respective sides, and then they'd line up the rest of the co-ed vote. On a close election we'd get out every vote, and we'd have it accounted for, too, beforehand. The real precinct leaders had nothing on us. It took a lot of time and worry, but it was all very pleasant at the end. The popular girls would each lead over her collection of slaves of Horace and Trig. and Counterpoint and Rhetoric, and we'd cheer politely while they voted 'em. Then we'd take off our hats and bow low to said slaves, and they would go back to their galleys after having done their duty as free-born college girls, and that would be over for another year. Everything would have continued lovely and comfortable and darned expensive if it hadn't been for Mary Jane Hicks, of Carruthers' Corners, Missouri.

No, I've never told you of Mary Jane Hicks—why? The real reason is because when we fellows of that period mention her name we usually cuss a little in a hopeless and irritable sort of way. It's painful to think of her. It's humiliating to think that twenty-five of the case-hardened and time-seasoned politicians of Siwash should have been double-crossed, checkmated, outwitted, out-generaled, sewed up into sacks and dumped into Salt Creek by a red-headed, freckled-nosed exile from a Missouri clay farm, and a Sophomore at that say, what am I telling you this for, Miss Allstairs? Honestly, it hurts. It's a tribute to your sex, I know, but I may have to take gas to get through this story.

This Mary Jane Hicks came to Siwash the year before it all happened and was elected to the unnoticeables on the spot. She was a dumpy little girl, with about as much style as a cornplanter; and I suspect that she bade her pet calf a fond goodby when she left the dear old farm to come and play tag with knowledge on the Siwash campus. Nobody saw her in particular the first year, except that you couldn't help noticing her hair any more than you can help noticing a barn that's burning on a damp, dark night. It was explosively red and she didn't seem to care. She always had her nose turned up a little—just on principle, I guess. And when you see a red-headed girl with a freckled nose that turns up just locate the cyclone cellars in your immediate vicinity, say I.

Well, Mary Jane Hicks went through her Freshman year without causing any more excitement than you could make by throwing a clamshell into the Atlantic Ocean. She drew a couple of classy men for the class parties and they reported that she towed unusually hard when dancing. She voted in the various elections under the protecting care of Miss Willoughby, who was a particular friend of mine just before the Athletic election, and that's how I happened to meet her. I was considerably grand at that time—being a Junior who had had a rib smashed playing football and was going to edit the college paper the next year—but the way she looked at me you would have thought that I was the fractional part of a peeled cipher. She just nodded at me and said "Howdedo," and then asked if the vest-pocket vote was being successfully extracted that day. That was nervy of her and I frowned, after which she remarked that she objected to voting without being told in advance that the cause of liberty was trembling in the voter's palm. I remember wondering at the time where she had dug up all that rot.

Miss Hicks voted at all the elections along with the rest of the herd, and as far as I know no rude collegian came around and broke into her studies by taking her anywhere. Commencement came and we all went home, and I forgot all about her. The next fall was a critical time with the Eta Bita Pie-Fly Gam-Sigh Whoopsilon combination, because we had graduated a large number of men and we had to pull down the fall elections with a small voting strength. So I went down to college a day early to confer with some of the other patriotic leaders regarding slates and other matters concerning the good of the college.

I hadn't more than stepped off the train until I met Worthington, the president of the Alfalfa Delts, and Sauders, of the Delta Kappa Sonofaguns, and Chickering, of the Mu Kow Mus, in close consultation. It was very evident that they were going to do a little high-class voting too. And before night I discovered that the Shi Delts and the Delta Flushes and the Omega Salves had formed a coalition with the independents, and that there was going to be more politics to the square inch in old Siwash that year than there had been since the year of the big wind—that's what we called the year when "Keg" Rearick was boss of the college and swept every election with his eloquence.

There were any number of important elections coming off that fall. There were all the class elections, of course, and the Oratorical election, and a couple of vacancies to fill in the Athletic Association, and a college marshal to elect, and goodness knows what all else to nail down and tuck away before we could get down to the serious job of fighting conditions that fall. I was so busy for the first three days, wiring up the new students and putting through a trade on the Athletic secretaryship with the Delta Kap gang, that I couldn't pay any attention to the class elections. But they were pretty safe anyway. It was only about a day's job to put through a class slate. The Junior election came first, and we had arranged to give it to Miss Willoughby. We always elected women presidents of the Junior class at Siwash. Little Willoughby had a cinch, because, of course, our crowd backed her hard—and we were strong in Juniors—and besides, she had a good following among the girls. So we just turned the whole thing over to the girls to manage and thought no more about it, being mighty hard pressed by the miserable and un-American bi-partisan combination on the Athletic offices.

School opened on Tuesday. The Junior class election came off on Thursday afternoon and a Miss Hamthrick was elected president. I would have bet on the college bell against her. It was the shockingest thing that had happened in politics for five years. Miss Hamthrick was a

conservatory student. Even when you shut your eyes and listened to her singing she didn't sound good-looking. Davis drew her for the Sophomore class party the year before and exposed himself to the mumps to get out of going. Not only was she elected president, but the rest of the offices went to—no, I'll not describe them. I'm sort of prejudiced anyway. They made Miss Hamthrick seem beautiful and clever by comparison.

It was a blow between the eyes. The worst of it was we couldn't understand it. I went over to see Miss Willoughby about it, and she came down all powdery and beautiful about the eyes and nose and talked to me as haughtily as if I had done it myself. She said she had trusted us, but it was evident that all a woman could hope for in politics was the privilege of being fooled by a man. She even accused me of helping elect the Hamthrick lady, said she wished me joy, and asked if it had been a pretty romance. That made me tired, and I said—oh, well, no use remembering what I said. It was the last thing I ever had a chance to say to Miss Willoughby anyway. I was pretty miserable over it—politically, of course, I mean, Miss Allstairs. You understand. Now there's no use saying that. It wasn't so. College girls are all very well, and one must be entertained while getting gorged with knowledge; but really, when it comes to more serious things, I never

All right, I'll go on with my story. The next day we got a harder blow than ever. The Freshman class election came off on a snap call, and about half the class, mostly girls, elected a lean young lady with spectacles and a wasp-like conversation to the presidency. We raised a storm of indignation, but they blandly told us to go hence. There was nothing in the Constitution of the United States to prevent a woman from being president of the Freshman class, and there didn't seem to be any other laws on the subject. Besides, the Freshman class was a brand-new republic and didn't need the advice of such an effete monarchy as the Senior class. While we were talking it all over the next day the Sophomores met, and after a terrific struggle between the Eta Bita Pies, the Alfalfa Delts and the Shi Delts, Miss Hicks was elected president by what Shorty Gamble was pleased to term "the gargoyle vote." I wouldn't say that myself of any girl, but Shorty had been working for the place for a year and, when the twenty girls who had never known what it was to have a sassy cab rumble up to Browning Hall and wait for them cast their votes solidly and elected the Missouri Prairie Fire, Shorty felt justified in making comments.

By this time it was a case of save the pieces. The whole thing had been as mysterious as the plague. We were getting mortal blows, we couldn't tell from whom. All political signs were failing. The game was going backward. A lot of the leaders got together and held a meeting, and some of them were for declaring a constitutional monarchy and then losing the constitution. My, but they were bitter! Everybody accused everybody else of doublecrossing, underhandedness, gum-shoeing, backbiting, trading, pilfering and horse-stealing. I think there was a window or two broken during the discussion. But we didn't get anywhere. The next day the Senior class elected officers, and every frat went out with a knife for its neighbor. A quiet lady by the name of Simpkins, who was one of the finest old wartime relics in school, was elected president.

Why, They Even Made Us Cut Chapel to Go Walking With Them

That night I began putting two and two fractional numbers together and called in calculus and second sight on the problem. I remembered what the Hicks girl had said to me the year before. That was more than the ordinary girl ought to know about politics. I remembered seeing her doing more or less close-harmony work with the other midnight-oil consumers—and the upshot was I went over to Browning Hall that night and called on her.

She came down in due time—kept me waiting as long as if she had been the belle of the prom—and she shook hands all over me.

"My dear boy," she said, sitting down on the sofa with me, "I'm so delighted to renew our old friendship."

Now, I don't like to be "my dear boyed" by a Sophomore, and there never had been any old friendship. I started to stiffen up—and then didn't. I didn't because I didn't know what she would do if I did.

"How are all the other good old chaps?" she said as cordially as could be. "My, but those were grand days!"

I didn't see any terminus in that conversation. Besides, she looked like one of those most uncomfortable girls who can guy you in such an innocent and friendly manner that you don't know what to say back. So I brushed the preliminaries aside and jumped right into the middle of things. "Miss Hicks," says I, "why are you doing all this?"

"Singular or plural you?" she asked. "And why am I or are we doing what, and why shouldn't we?"

"Help!" said I, feeling that way. "Do you deny that you haven't been instrumental in upsetting the whole college with those fool elections?"

"I am a modest young lady," said she, "so, of course, I deny it. Besides, the college isn't upset at all. I went over this morning and every professor was right side up with care where he belonged. And, moreover, you must not call an election a fool because it doesn't do what you want it to. It can't help itself."

"Miss Hicks," says I, feeling like a fly in an acre of web, "I am a plain and simple man and not handy with my tongue. What I mean is this, and I hope you'll excuse me for living—do you admit that you had a hand in those class elections?"

Miss Hicks asked me in the friendliest way possible: "It is more modest to admit it than to declare it, isn't it?"

"Certainly," says I; "and this leads right back to question Number One—Why did you do it?"

"And this leads back to answer Number One—Why shouldn't I?" she asked again.

"Why, don't you see, Miss Hicks," says I, "that you've elected a lot of girls that never have been active in college work, and that don't represent the student body, and ——"

"Don't go to the proms?" she suggested.

"I didn't say it and I'd die before I did," said I virtuously. "But what's your object?"

"Education," said Miss Hicks mildly. "I'm paying full tuition and I want to get all there is out of college. I think politics is a fascinating study. I didn't get a chance to do much at it last year, but I'm learning something about it every day now."

"But what's the good of it all?" I protested. "You'll just get the college affairs hopelessly mixed up ——"

"Like the Oratorical Association was last year?" she inquired gently.

"Oh, pshaw!" said I, getting entirely red. "Let's not get personal. What can we do to satisfy you?"

"You've been satisfying us beautifully so far," said Miss Hicks.

"Who's us?" I asked.

"I don't in the least mind telling you," said Miss Hicks. "It's the Blanks."

"The Blanks!" I repeated fretfully. "Never heard of 'em."

"I know it," said Miss Hicks, "but you named them yourselves. What do you say you've drawn when you get a homely girl's name out of the hat as a partner for a class party?"

"Oh!" said I.

"We're the Blanks," said Miss Hicks, "and we feel that we haven't been getting our full share of college atmosphere. So we're going into politics. In this way we can mingle with the students and help run things and have a very enjoyable time.

Said She Wished Me Joy, and Asked If It Had Been a Pretty Romance

It's most fascinating. All of us are dippy over it."

"Oh," said I again. "You mean you're going to ruin things for your own selfish interests?"

"My dear boy," said Miss Hicks—my, but that grated!—"we're not going to ruin anything. And we may build up the Oratorical Association."

That was too much. I got up and stood as nearly ten feet as I could. "Very well," said I. "If there's no use of arguing on a reasonable basis we may as well terminate this interview. But I'll just tell you there's no use of your going any further. Now we know what we have to fight we'll take precious good care that you do not do any more mischief."

"Oh, very well," said Miss Hicks—she was infuriatingly good-natured—"but I might as well tell you that we're going to get the Athletic offices, the prom committee, the Oratorical offices and the Athletic election next spring."

"Ha, ha!" said I loudly and rudely. Then I took my hat and went away. Miss Hicks asked me very eagerly to drop in again. Me? I'd as soon have dropped on a Mexican cactus. It couldn't be any more uncomfortable.

I went away and called our gang together and we seethed over the situation most all night. They voted me campaign leader on the strength of my service, and the next day we got the rest of the frats together, buried the hatchet and doped out the campaign. It was the pride and strength of Siwash against a red-headed Missouri girl, weight about ninety-five pounds; and we couldn't help feeling sorry for her. But she had brought it on herself. Insurgency, Miss Allstairs, is a very wicked thing. It's a despicable attempt on the part of the minority to become the majority, and no true patriot will desert the majority in its time of need.

I'm not going to linger over the next month. I'll get it over in a few words. We started out to exterminate Miss Hicks. We put up our candidate for the Oratorical Association presidency. The hall was jammed when the time came, and before anything could be done Miss Hicks demanded that no one be allowed to vote who hadn't paid his or her dues. Half the fellows we had there never had any intention of getting that far into oratorical work and backed out; but the rest of us paid up. There had never been so much money in the treasury since the association began. Then the Blanks nominated a candidate and skinned us by three votes. When we thought of all that money gone to waste we almost went crazy.

But that was just a starter. We were determined to have our own way about the Junior prom. What do wallflowers know about running a prom? We worked up an absolute majority in the Junior class, only to have a snap meeting called on us over in Browning Hall, in which three middle-aged young ladies who had never danced a step were named. The roar we raised was terrific, but the president sweetly informed us that they had only followed precedent—we'd had to do the same thing the year before to keep out the Mu Kow Mus. We appealed to the faculty, and it laughed at us. Unfortunately, we didn't stand any too well there anyway, while most of the Blanks were the pride and joy of the professors. Anyway, they told us to fight our own battles and they'd see that there was fair play. Oh, yes! They saw it. They passed a rule that no student who was conditioned in any study could vote in any college election. That disenfranchised about half of us right on the spot. If ever anarchy breaks out in this country, Miss Allstairs, it will be sure of college faculties.

We made a last stand on the Athletic Association treasurership. It looked for a while as if it was going to be easy. We threw all the rules away and gave a magnificent party for all the girls we thought we could count on. It was the most gorgeous affair on record, and half the dress suits in college went into hock afterward for the whole semester. The result was most encouraging. The girls were delighted. They pledged their votes and support, and we counted up that we had a clear majority. We went to bed that night happy and woke up to find that Miss Hicks

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A WOMAN PIONEER

Meeting the Old West—By Maude Radford Warren

ILLUSTRATED BY P. V. E. IVORY

Everywhere in the West the Gambling Spirit Is Strong

IF THE general public knew what was going on under the skins of a good many prim looking school-teachers it might be considerably surprised. I suppose the masculine part of the public does not think of us at all; it knows we are earning our living in a profession from which we are supposed to have crowded the men, but from which the men could easily enough crowd us if they would accept the salaries given us. The feminine public that is married perhaps bestows a fleeting thought of pity upon us because we have not husband and children; concluding, however, with the comfortable reflection: "At least they have a full life, plenty of congenial work and children to love."

Yes—other people's children, whose love we have to win in the intervals between pounding knowledge into inhospitable heads and policing! It's a wearing life and not a free one. The spirit is a bit cramped and starved; and yet it is in the spirit that we must find our compensations.

I grew up in a New England town where the young men were going away and the young women were staying home—to teach school. In church, at sociables and parties, you could look around and see a number of settled married men of all ages, from thirty up, and a number of callow boys of all ages, from eighteen down; and, all around these, billows of girls and women. West—that's where the young men went; and sometimes they came back with a spacious manner and looked quizzically at the Episcopal church and the high school, and heard our tragedies of wornout and mortgaged land, and expressed amazement at the number of old men and women who sunned themselves in the doorways. They told us stories of cattle and sheep, trails and wide stretches of prairie, ranches and mines and lawless men. And always they went away again, leaving lavish presents behind them; and leaving to me, at least, impressions of a larger life than could come to a New England spinster.

The Old Maid Migrates

FOR I felt I was foredoomed to be a spinster. When my father died I was eighteen, with my mother and eight-year-old Lucy to take care of; for he left us nothing but the house we lived in. I simply began teaching a little sooner than I ordinarily should have, at forty dollars a month. The years passed; I moved from school to school and at thirty was teaching in my home town at sixty-five dollars a month; and Lucy was beginning as I had in the country, at forty dollars.

I don't remember just what started my revolt, but it was probably connected with Lucy. Perhaps she sighed as she looked at some pretty, youthful summer visitor in church, with money enough for all sorts of gayety. I had schooled myself to starve my desires, to consider it a cause for gratitude that I could buy neat-looking clothes, could supply my mother with a few modest luxuries and could save a few dollars each year. But when I put my face beside Lucy's, as she stood before her mirror, I didn't want hers to change as mine had. For me, smooth hair, not a pompadour; a responsible teacher-expression instead of a smile; a stiff collar and prim black bow instead of a jabot—ah! no; why couldn't one in a family be enough!

Yet at thirty-five I was still a New England school-teacher; Lucy was twenty-five and was taking on that professional air that I hated in myself. Then our mother died. Unable to endure the old associations, we sold the house; and when our debts were paid we had a thousand dollars each. I began to think about my case. I couldn't save more than a hundred dollars a year, for yearly I had to pay a doctor or a masseuse. When I was sixty-five I should have in all four thousand dollars, on which I might genteelly starve for another twenty years—unless prices went still higher!

Perhaps my Mayflower blood came to my assistance. Puritan women had sailed over three thousand miles of sea, under the protection of their men, indeed; but, once arrived, they had themselves done the work of men. Times had changed; I had no man, but I had a thousand dollars and I could get on a Pullman and travel across three thousand miles of land—to the West. I took a year's leave of absence—for what woman ever made any plan without leaving for herself a path of retreat? Then I set forth on the day in September when Lucy took my place in the sixth grade of the grammar school. She hoped I would come back to her in three months; I vowed she should come to me within twelve.

Since I have been in the West fully a dozen women have come from my old home, or near it, to start their new lives with me as the vantage-point; but I was the first pioneer and I had no woman to go to. One of my former students, Johnny Clayton, a man now of twenty-six, had settled in Idaho; and, without warning him, I was going to where he was, to use him as a lever to something or other, I didn't care what, so long as it was not school-teaching and so long as it was something with a chance in it of real progress.

We had regarded the young men who returned to us for a little space as, after all, alien to reality—like stories, interesting, but rather too strong for a normal diet. So my first actual contact with the Western spirit came to me on my first day outward, after I had taken stock of the few passengers who I felt would get off at Pittsburgh or Chicago, or—at the farthest—Denver. A woman, who had escaped my observation because she had been shut up in the drawing room, opened her door and stood more or less frankly surveying the rest of us. I knew immediately that she must have Scandinavian ancestors not far behind her; only thus could have come those clear, calm, blue eyes, strong hair and magnificent body. She must have been five feet nine in height and she was broad to correspond. She came down the length of the sleeping car with a walk that had surely never been fostered on the neat, hard pavements of a New England town.

I found out afterward that Mrs. Jensen had made up her mind that I was not a sheep and that the other women in the car were. Wanting some society en route, she had selected me; and I was glad enough later on that she had. It may be forgiven to a schoolma'am that I first felt Mrs. Jensen to be "different" because her speech was rather colloquial. But, in fairness to my own powers of growth, let me add that I forgot such superficialities when we had stopped talking of the weather and whence we had come. Some one in the car made her think of a woman she used to know.

"Her husband," she said, "was a mining engineer, like mine. We were together in New Mexico, where our men were drilling a tunnel. We had lots of trouble with fellows who said that the mineowners had jumped their claims. One of them put some lead in Mr. Jensen's foreman and said he was coming up to put a bullet in Mr. Jensen. Of course all my husband could do was go looking for him in all the saloons in town and pull his gun on him first. Mr. Jensen and my friend's husband were both threatened a lot after that, but I never knew my husband to be anything but the first to draw if he had to; and I think she might have trusted her husband, too, don't you?"

Hetty Martin and Her Troubles

TRUST her husband! I had generally heard that expression of a man whose wife had gone to Europe, to educate the children, and left him alone to be absorbed in his work and presumably indifferent to the wiles of women who stood ready to solace him.

"She couldn't stand it," continued Mrs. Jensen. "One day, when we had brought in a lot of niggers to work and the white men had posted notices ordering them to get out within twenty-four hours or stay as dead niggers, and when my husband had torn down the notices and told the niggers he'd shoot them if they went, then my friend did some tall knocking; and the upshot was that her husband had to pull out and go to a place she considered safe. I'd not like to have it on my soul that I had broken Mr. Jensen's nerve. I can't understand some women—can you?"

I certainly wanted to understand her and I listened eagerly to all she said about the West.

"My husband wrote me a few days ago," she remarked on one occasion, "that a woman I know is in some trouble up where we're going. You'd like to meet her. Her name's Hetty Martin, and she used to be the cattle queen of her state. I met her in St. Louis, where she'd brought in a thousand horses she'd raised herself."

I could not have listened more attentively if I had realized then how closely I was going to be associated with Hetty Martin.

"Hetty's a type of the old West that's passing," said Mrs. Jensen regretfully. "Her father, Rufe Martin, settled in Idaho, I guess, seventy years ago; and he and his brothers took homesteads and squatters' claims and started raising cattle and horses. He had a couple of sons, but they were no good compared to Hetty. She grew

up and could rope a steer and brand a horse just as well as any cowboy the old man ever hired. She married, or I suppose she did; anyway, she added a man to herself, though she was always called Hetty Martin. Both of them carried on the business when the old man died, though her specialty was always horses. This husband was shot five years ago by a sheepherder that had orders to hold a spring of water at any cost."

"Shot over a spring!" I cried.

"Water was a mighty important thing around there five years ago," said Mrs. Jensen, smiling at me indulgently. "Besides, Hetty Martin's father and husband had shot down a good many people themselves. Hetty can shoot from the hip, like a man. I bet she'd have thought nothing of puncturing a cattle-thief. Oh, there are stories enough about her! But skill with a six-shooter hasn't done her much good since the underground railway."

I suppose I looked a question, for she explained.

"There are a number of operating horsethieves between Nevada, Oregon and Idaho. They have stations along the trails where they steal the horses. You know, they can travel a horse eighty miles a day if they must. A thief gathers in a bunch of horses with Idaho brands, takes them to Oregon or Nevada and brings back an Oregon bunch to sell. They cut Hetty's barbed wire and away go her horses. I guess she has hardly more than a thousand now—and I've known the day when she had ten thousand. She should have stuck to the cattle end of her business, for a cow can't travel more than fifteen or twenty miles a day. But she's obstinate—can't seem to get it through her head that she can't rule by main force, as her father did."

During the rest of our journey I threw away as much New England reserve as I could, and Mrs. Jensen and I talked freely of life in general and of our plans in particular. She was going to Jarbidge, Nevada, to join her husband.

"He's general manager of a big mine," she explained; "holds some of the stock as well as the contract for the engineering work; so you may know it's a pretty good thing. People are swarming up there to file claims and to mine. I always like, myself, to get in with the first rush. I go to Buhl, Idaho, take a stage for about sixty miles and pack the rest of the way. You say this friend of yours, Clayton, is in Buhl?"

I nodded and she looked at me consideringly.

"He'll probably propose that you take up a forty," she said; "and I'd do it this year if I were you; but, first, I'd come to Jarbidge with us and start a cookhouse."

Preparations for a Primitive Vocation

I WONDERED vaguely if she were proposing that I keep boarders—that last resort of a helpless woman in New England. "It would pay well," she said. "Mr. Jensen always sees that we have a large, comfortable shack. See here, I don't want to cook even for him this year, because I've some writing I'm interested in, and some studying. I'll give you the use of what you would call our living room and you can board us and as many of the miners as you'll take. A few of them will have their wives along and a few will board themselves. You'll make good money. At Goldfield tomatoes were a dollar a can and you couldn't get the simplest bite to eat without putting up a dollar for it. Things won't be like that, but they'll be dear enough; for, mind you, it costs to stage and pack grub. I can show you how and what to buy in Buhl; maybe I could get Mr. Jensen to take your stuff with the stuff he'll be packing for the mine."

I still looked at her—too astonished to speak.

"How would fifty per cent strike you?" she asked. "You know the boys only want the simplest things—beef and lamb, pork and beans, potatoes, tomatoes, canned peaches, bread and coffee. You can handle all that, of course?"

"Oh, yes," I stammered.

Perhaps she understood the hesitation on my face, and perhaps she remembered her own early Eastern training, for she said bluntly:

"You'll soon find out that you can do anything in the West without any sense of social degradation, for there is no such word as 'social'—at least, not in a new mining camp. You come to make good and, if the West thinks you are good enough, you stay; and if you stay you turn your hand to the first thing that comes along—and the more different things you can do, the more likely the West is not to pitch you back East."

From the Direction of the Town They Call Three Crick a Woman Galloped, Followed by Five Mounted Cowboys

"I'll go with you, Mrs. Jensen," I said firmly, little thinking that I'd change my plans once more before the week was out.

"Good enough," she said, and then added reassuringly: "You can always find one of the boys to kill a sheep for you, you know—or anything like that."

If I gasped it was inwardly; and during the trip from Ogden to Buhl Mrs. Jensen and I carefully computed what supplies I should need and what margin of profit I might reasonably hope to attain. The journey in itself, particularly the last part, was not agreeable, for it was dusty and hot and the train was late. There was no diner attached and at the towns where we stopped for meals I was annoyed at the indifference of the waitresses. My companion took it philosophically.

"Of course they are cheeky," she said; "they get ten dollars a week and everything found; and if they started to leave, their employer would go down on his knees and weep. You show a domestic in this country more consideration than you do your own mother. Mothers are common and domestics are not."

A Little Shooting, But No News

IT WAS about eight when we reached Buhl and all we could see in the dusk were little houses sitting up trimly under a few high-swinging electric lights. We expected Mr. Jensen to meet us, but he did not appear. His wife remarked that evidently the arrival of the train and the Jarbidge stage didn't jibe and that he'd turn up the next day. So we carried our dress suitcases ourselves to the hotel. We spent the following morning buying sides of bacon and salt pork, barrels of flour, sacks of potatoes and beans, coffee and salt and sugar, boxes of tomatoes and corn at two cans for a quarter, and peaches at twenty cents a can. We got dishes and cutlery, and a stove, which Mrs. Jensen almost broke by falling over on it weak with laughter when I suggested table-linen.

That afternoon we met the stage from Jarbidge; before it had stopped a big blond giant leaped out and as he took Mrs. Jensen in his arms he quite made her seem like a woman of ordinary height and clingingness. My presence was explained and accepted with what I was beginning to see was the Western lightning-like comprehension of fact and adjustment to it.

"Only," said Mr. Jensen, in a deep voice that had the least bit of a booming quality in it, "she'll meet competition. There's a man there now that has plagiarized her job by anticipating it."

"Never mind; she'll beat him to it," said Mrs. Jensen placidly. "Any news, dear?" she added as we walked toward the hotel.

"No; some claim-jumping out in the crater district. A man named Pope killed a man named Frenchie. Pope didn't do the necessary location work on his claim and Frenchie jumped him. Yesterday there was a little shooting in a blind pig at Jack's Hole, a camp just before you get to Jarbidge, but no one was hurt to speak of. The tunneling is going on pretty well and you'll be glad to know that most of our claims are on the side of the hills; so we'll not have to sink many shafts. The crusher has come and we'll pack it with us. But there's no news."

No news! A man killed and others shooting—and no news!

"What's the trouble about Hetty Martin?" his wife asked. "Is it her ranch in Bruneau Valley?"

"No; the Island. You must know," he explained to me, "that, while Hetty has a big ranch over in Bruneau, she has—or I ought to say she had—a place nearly sixty miles from here called Hetty Martin's Ranch or Island. It's right at the end of the stageroad, at the point where we begin to

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At Half Past Seven We Set Our First Table, And We Had Set Five Before the Night Was Over

THE PEOPLE'S PREROGATIVE

MODIFYING THE CONSTITUTION TO KEEP IT INTACT

By Senator William E. Borah

UNSETTLED questions have no pity for the contentment of mankind. The resolution providing for the election of senators by direct vote of the people will, it appears probable at this writing, be urged by the friends of the measure immediately after the opening of the special session. I am unable to state just what progress can be made during the special session, but I feel convinced that the measure will be favorably acted upon during this Congress. The vote that was given for the measure during the last days of Congress makes reasonably certain this prediction.

This matter has been discussed so much and so extensively that, perhaps, nothing new can be said upon the subject. Perhaps there is no reason why anything new should be said. It seems all has been said that is necessary in order to justify the adoption of the amendment. Some seem to think that it is in a measure an attack upon our present form of government.

Amendments that make more secure the principles upon which our Government was founded, more certain the realization of the purposes and objects for which it was founded, are not to be taken as expressing either lack of faith in, or a lack of respect for, our institutions. It will not serve any useful purpose in matters of such grave importance simply to criticise those who advocate such amendments as radicals, or as men desirous of ingrafting upon our Constitution new or untried theories of government. Progress can only be made and truth ascertained by a dispassionate examination of the question whether such amendments do, in fact, work fundamental changes; or whether, by meeting changed conditions, they serve only to accomplish precisely what our Government was, in its ultimate effect, designed to accomplish—clean, efficient and faithful public service. Our fathers understood the science of government as no other single group of men has ever understood it. It is altogether probable that if the plan upon which they built fails, with it will pass the hope of a democratic-republican form of government. But it will not fail if, studying closely the conditions brought about by our marvelous industrial progress and great economic changes, we make only such alterations and modifications in government as will prevent those industrial conditions and economic changes from themselves working, in subtle and silent ways, modifications and innovations in our institutions. We do not want to find ourselves in the attitude of a people who are satisfied with the shell of a government from which all real power has departed. We want the substance at all times, and not the shadow. We want the real power and the real responsibility to remain precisely where the fathers placed it—with the people.

Constitutional Amendments Foreseen by the Fathers

WE AGREE fully, too, with the proposition that the sober second thought is always safest in the important affairs of government. When matters of such vast moment depend upon human conduct, it is well indeed to have such checks and balances as will insure reflection and mature consideration before final action. This is simply transferring a wise rule of human conduct to affairs of government. In this the fathers showed great wisdom. No one would, in this respect, work a change. But, though the fathers wanted to have reflection and consideration, time for investigation and for passion to subside, though they wanted the sober second thought of the people, there could be no doubt but that they wanted action, when finally taken, to be the action of the people, and not the action of special influences or unfriendly forces. Though they wanted the people to be induced to reflect and consider, they wanted a form of government that would insure the faithful recording of the result after the people had reflected and considered. It was never their intention to leave room for some sinister influence or power to interpose between the people's deliberate judgment and its achievement and realization. If, by reason of conditions that they could not foresee, that is now possible, then it devolves upon those who have the great burden of preserving these institutions in their original integrity to modify our Constitution, if they can do so, in such a way as to prevent these things from happening.

The framers of the Constitution understood well that changes would have to be made in our form of government; that this would have to be true in order to keep the framework in its original integrity. In our Constitution, Article V, they provided for meeting these conditions. After they had written the Constitution and given it to the world as the best in them of heart and mind, they said in effect, in Article V: Though this is our work, we intrust it all to posterity, with full power to change every line and syllable as in its wisdom it may find it meet to do. Article V is the solemn declaration of the fathers' faith in the wisdom and patriotism of their children and their children's children. It is the first instance in all written constitutions of a double method of amendment. It will be said that amendments were made difficult. That is true. It was done in order to insure the most earnest investigation and the most faithful discussion before any amendment should be made—a very wise rule indeed. We find no fault with the slow process by which changes are to be made. In this the fathers again manifested the wisdom that was and is akin to inspiration.

No complaint can be made at this time as to haste or lack of consideration in regard to the amendment referred to at the beginning of this article. Mr. Wilson, of Pennsylvania, presented and urged the matter in the Constitutional Convention itself. As early as 1826 a resolution was submitted to Congress looking to this change in the manner of electing senators. It has been before Congress, session after session, for eighty-five years. It has met the approval of the first branch of Congress many times. It has received serious discussion there, upon different occasions, by some of the ablest men who have occupied seats in that chamber. At least thirty-two States have declared in favor of the amendment or the principle. It has for years been the subject of discussion by editors and publicists. Literature on the subject is very extensive. And now, after nearly a century of discussion and consideration, the sober second thought of the people, upon which the fathers so implicitly relied, is greatly in its favor. If government of the people, by the people and for the people has any bearing, this record ought to be made now, and the judgment of the people here entered in accordance with this earnest and long-standing demand.

How Voters are Made Unfit for Civic Duties

ONE of the most conclusive arguments in favor of taking the election of senators away from the state legislatures is that these lawmaking bodies may be relieved of an exceptional and unnatural and incongruous duty. Not only is it aside from any duty or function naturally attaching to legislative bodies, but it works to the great and almost constant embarrassment of such a body in its important and natural work. It has demoralized state legislatures more than any one single matter with which they have had to deal. The members of the legislature should be elected upon the sole question of their fitness for the duties of state legislation. After they are elected, they should be permitted to perform that important work with an eye to the moral and industrial interests of the state, unhampered by the purely political task of performing the duties of an elector. Our states are coming to be almost as important in the field of legislation, if they do what they should do, as was Congress in the beginning of the Government. When measured by their varied interests and population, their moral and industrial growth, individual states are now equal to the thirteen states when Congress first assembled. Unfortunately, and to the disturbance of every one who reflects deeply upon the question, many of the duties of the state are being shifted and subtly attached to the national Government. If there is a gospel of political salvation that ought to be preached in these days with the fire and zeal of Peter the Hermit, it is that of arousing the states to action in these matters of vast and purely local concern. They ought to claim the right to do that which under the Constitution it was expected they would do.

And then, having the right allowed them, they ought to perform their duty with energy and pride, with intelligence and courage, and with the support of every man who loves our form of government. Just in proportion as you withdraw from the people the responsibility of caring for and guarding matters of local concern, just in proportion as you take from them the right and relieve them of the duty of looking after those matters peculiarly belonging to local communities, just in that proportion do you unfit the citizen for the duties of citizenship, shut the door of the great school of experience in his face and deprive him of his training. When you do so, you are undermining the pillars of the Federal Union. The man who would see the states stealthily shorn of their

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THE RINGER

By ALLEN SANGREE

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

ABOUT three weeks before the Pioneers started South on their training trip Manager Barney McNabb instructed Outfielder Dan Bunts and Catcher Steve Big Steve Doyle secretly to take up quarters in the diminutive village of Atwater, South Carolina, for the single purpose of discovering whether Mr. Bunts could "come back" as a star pitcher in fast company, a position in which he had been eminent until spitball-throwing weakened his wrist, compelling him to play left field. The enterprise meant much to McNabb. If Bunts could acquire an underhand or sidearm-raise ball, to mix, in his masterly fashion, with other "hooks" and "smoke," then McNabb could afford to trade his ten-thousand-dollar youngster, Gifford, who in two years' opportunity had not made good. Manager Nichols of the Prunes, nevertheless, had vast confidence in this expensive fellow and was willing to give six thousand dollars and a shortstop for him. It was one judgment against another; but McNabb reckoned that he would far overreach his rival, provided solely that Bunts recovered his old-time form. The deal was open until March first, and muteness was the watchword enjoined by the Pioneers' general as Dan and Big Steve swung on the train at Pittsburgh.

"Play it safe, now!" ordered McNabb. "Don't let anybody know who you are. Nichols thinks he's going to weaken my pitching staff and put us out of the race. I c'n take that six thousand bucks an' buy Shadow Metzgar. He's got another good year in him; and with him f'r southpaw an' Dan back we'll have the swellest bunch of moundsmen in th' league. Besides, I want that shortstop. Hecker's ankle's gone back on him—busted it playin' handball. This kid of Nichols' is a wonder an' I'm going t' start him right away. Everything on the q. t., now, boys. If Nichols gets wise to this he'll call the deal off. You come through and there'll be a bonus f'r both o' you in October." A last glimpse of the Pioneers' manager showed him standing with a mutilated forefinger pressed to his lips, his heavy eyebrows in a warning pucker.

Messrs. Doyle and Bunts conducted themselves warily, eschewing all advances from fellow passengers; and, on changing trains at St. Charles, twenty miles from their destination, they sidled unobtrusively into the rear seat of the day coach. Their suitcases, among similar impedimenta belonging to a party of young men and women, were piled in the forward part of the car and the watchful Bunts after a while took a turn up and down the aisle to make sure no one had appropriated his parcel, which was recently bought and of excellent make. The initials "D. B.," executed boldly, reassured him.

"Seems t' me, Steve," he confided, "that I've run across that lad somewhere—one with th' sandy hair."

"Stranger t' me," returned Doyle. "He ain't in the big leagues swear to that. But, say, Dan, pipe the dame black-haired one; some class there, eh?"

Dan frowned. "Same old stuff, huh? You want t' cut that out. No mixin' up. 'Member what Barney said."

Mr. Doyle accepted the rebuke meekly, but did not remove his audacious eye from the company of five, whose tailoring indicated wealth and good taste. Big Steve, far famed as a shrewd and self-possessed catcher, was no ordinary observer of lights and shadows, circumstances, causes and effects. He concluded that the tall, freckle-faced young man, of cheerful and guileless countenance, though with the company, was not exactly one of them. The attention the young man received from the lady of the raven tresses was plainly displeasing to the stern, longish-faced man, who occasionally smiled sourly as he replied to a question, but for the most part gazed out the window. The plump, blonde girl prattled incessantly to him and to the stolid, well-set-up gentleman, who so sedulously caressed, curried and coaxed his long, drooping mustachios that Steve found himself imitating the movements. Doyle's final conclusion, as the conductor announced 'Atwater! All out!" was that the brunette really wanted to "sign up" with the sandy-haired youth and that she was not using the blonde "for a stall."

The party of five alighted first, sorting out their luggage, and stepped into a purple mammoth of a touring car, whose speed tallied with its size. Dan and Steve, learning that the hotel was "jes' up yonder," put their baggage on a tottering spring-wagon and walked, glad indeed to stretch their cramped muscles. A red February sun was dropping behind the distant hills. From far and wide one could whiff the rancid odor of frying bacon. Across the fields, from a low, shingled veranda, came the twang of a banjo; and presently a treble voice of strangely yearning flavor set up:

There'll be no dark places when Jesus comes,
There'll be no dark places when Jesus comes,
There'll be no dark places when Jesus comes,
To carry his loved ones home.

All about was the redolence of Southern springtime; and as they neared the hotel a hot breath of air, with its presage of warm weather, kissed the cheeks of Barney McNabb's two illustrious employees. Steve took a deep inhalation and squared his massive shoulders. "Peach of a place t' train, Dan!" he said eagerly to his friend. "I c'n see the Big Swede fannin' already on that sidearm-raise of yours."

"Knee Him—Give Him th' Knee!" Burst Forth Dan

Clerk Heinze, redhaired, long-nosed, rubbed his hands in relish and his porcelain eyes twinkled as he witnessed the approach of two substantial guests. Atwater was far from the beaten track of Northern tourist invasion—its hotel a frame structure consisting mostly of veranda; but Clerk Heinze assumed all the airs of a metropolitan host as he directed the negro help, welcomed the strangers and, with a flourish, displayed the register, simultaneously holding out the inked pen.

The matter of selecting assumed names had occupied a considerable part of the ballplayers' journey and it was Mr. Bunts who thought of the simple but adequate aliases: "J. Stevens" and "J. Daniels." While engaged in the labor of transcribing these, Doyle took occasion to enlighten the clerk that Mr. Daniels had come South on account of ill health. "Un'erstan'," he said; "particular friend o' mine; and I'm, as you might say, trainin' him."

The clerk had just begun to extol the climate when Mr. Bunts gave a startled cry. His athletic figure had a dramatic pose; his mouth hung open; his eyes were wide.

"Steve! Steve! Hey, Steve!"

Catcher Doyle was there with one bound; and as he looked from Dan to the clerk his amazement heightened, for there on the opposite page of the register, of a date one week prior, plain as could be, was the signature: "Daniel Bunts, Cincinnati."

Luxuriating for a full minute as one who represses a choice morsel of gossip, Clerk Heinze grinned covertly and then winked. "Ah, ha! gentlemen; I see you are baseball fans. Know who it is, eh? Well, you're right. Not much of a place this, but we get them from all over. Yep, that's the genuine article—Dan Bunts, of the Pioneers. H-s-h-t! Here he comes now'"

There was a flash of white flannel suit, topped by a freckled face, as the sandy-haired youth of the train passed into the dining room.

"Long as you're going to be here a while," went on the clerk, "I might as well tell you, gentlemen, that he don't care about having it known. Understand—he's down here ahead of the Pioneers, getting in condition. Pitches every day out on the field there. I'll introduce him to you. Sweller fellow y' never met. Just something—he don't want th' newspapers to get on to it. Ought t' see him pitch! Holy Christmas! maybe he can't sting 'em in! Be a good thing f'r you to exercise with him," the clerk volunteered to Dan. "D'you two gentlemen ever play ball?"

Bunts, still hypnotized by the familiar name, only gulped.

"Why, uh, yes," Steve answered vaguely. "We figured on doin' a little o' that ourselves. My friend, y' see, is goin' to college next fall, an' he wants——"

"C'ome on," broke in Dan; "let's get to our room." His eye blazed, his fists were clenched.

The door had hardly closed on the negro porter when Outfielder Bunts, by way of commanding attention, drove his fist into Catcher Doyle's kidneys with impetus enough to have disabled an ordinary human being for several days.

"What'd I tell yuh! Didn't I say I seen that lad somewhere! It must 'a' been in Newell's Cafe, in Pittsburgh, where Barney was talkin' to us. Nichols is on to us an' he's sent this mant' shadow me. He's a detective er something." And then, with another body blow: "But what's he taken my name for, heh? I say, what's he call hisself Bunts for?"

Catcher Doyle, with admirable nicety, parted his hair with a wetted comb.

"I'm no Sherlock Holmes," he confessed. "All I know is that I want eats and I want 'em quick."

"Steve," declared Dan, "what we'll do is to beat it out of here on the first train tomorrow."

Big Steve set his elbows akimbo and thrust out his jaw. "I didn't think that of you," he said. And then, tauntingly: "Well, if you can't take care of him I can; and we're going to stay right in Atwater. If this guy comes gumshoeing round where we work I'll——" Steve, catching the fragrance of fried ham, did not finish his threat.

The pretender gave not a look at his fellow guests. In high good humor he bandied jests with the waitress and the clerk. Even upon leaving the table he ignored his quarry.

"Foxy, all right," growled Bunts. "If he ever breaks into the league there'll be a good one for the book, take my oath."

"Fresh, all right," proclaimed Mr. Doyle, whose overtures toward the waitress met no response.

Clerk Heinze, strolling from office to dining room, tried to ingratiate himself and learn more of the newcomers, but had little success. Marveling at the dexterity with which the invalid, Daniels, cleared his plate he remarked:

"You're getting well fast."

"Change of climate," explained Mr. Doyle curtly, rapping for more corncakes.

Heinze reëntered the office and it was thence that the ballplayers presently heard hot words, accusings, denials,

mention of "suitcase," "train," "mistake." Some typically real American epithets followed; and then, in a twinkling, sounded the smack of a blow, the capsizing of chairs, breaking of furniture.

Messrs. Doyle and Bunts methodically completed their meal; methodically fished out a dime each, the prescribed big league tip; methodically cut the ends off cigars and then, with somewhat quickened motion, strode toward the pit of altercation.

Gathered at the doorways they saw half a dozen villagers; back of them the ebony faces of the negro help, for all the world like the white and black stops of an organ. Clerk Heinze was dancing about, imploring this one and that to help him stop the fight. Squared off in the center of the room, the contestants -namely, the pretender Bunts and the glum-visaged man of the train—were sparring for time. Both were livid with passion, convulsed evidently by some extraordinary feeling.

"Help! Help!" screamed Heinze, tugging at Big Steve, who was regarding the fray with a professional eye. He had not hoped for such pleasant after-dinner entertainment.

Steve blew a full mouthful of smoke and leaned against the desk. "Not on your life," he declined. "Never butt in on anybody else's fun."

Bunts was not so calm. His own hands itching, he encouraged the pretender's opponent with gestures and underbreath advice: "Cross him now—uppercut—block that—hit f'r th' kidneys!"

Though evenly matched in height and reach, it soon became apparent that the sandy-haired youth would prevail. He did not exert his full strength until his antagonist, between breaths, maligned him unmercifully, denouncing him as a "blackguard" and "thief." His face and neck scarlet, the young man then, with a swift rush, hurled his opponent across the room and landed a neat blow flush on his right eye. He fell over a chair and his head struck a stone spittoon with an ugly thud.

"Knee him—give him th' knee!" burst forth Dan.

"Shut up!" snarled Steve; and seizing his teammate by the arm he led him to the veranda.

"He call hisself Bunts!" muttered Dan. "An' one good wallop ought t' done th' trick."

The defeated was in a sorry plight—semiconscious and blood streaming from his temple. While Clerk Heinze hovered over him, the victor, his voice ringing with boyish honesty, cried out:

"Accused me of stealing her suitcase! Me stealing—me!" There were tears of mortification and anger on his cheeks. "Why, I never stole in my life!" He held his hand aloft in appeal. "What would I steal for!" The appeal was received indifferently by the onlookers, who were dwindling away.

There is always something inexpressibly forlorn about an unjustly accused person who cannot clear himself. He tells his story, reiterates, asks his friends to pass it along. Waking or sleeping, his mind is centered there. Always there is the doubt whether he has been convincing or not. Even an acquittal by jury does not free him from this horrid burden, though it be only imagined. So it was that young Mr. Garrison Caruthers, after one more protestation of innocence, flung himself out of the door and began to tramp mile after mile over the sandy roads, as unhappy a scion of wealth and good family as one could find in a month's journey.

The present predicament was partly his own fault, partly that of his father, the Honorable Endicott Caruthers, president of the Mutual Consolidated Trust Company, director in fifty corporations and a financier of international repute. As third vice-president of the Mutual, Caruthers, Jr., had been selected for the "goat" when that concern got into difficulties with the Federal authorities. If there were an investigation the officers, including his father, feared that he would make a very indifferent witness, to say the least. A bigger-hearted, better-natured student had never been graduated from Harvard. Nor, in all its history, had the university turned out so skillful a baseball pitcher. But "Slats," as he was known because of his tallness and angularity, had not developed, in his three years' ex-college experience, notable aptness for finance.

"If you had paid more attention to the office and less to baseball," rebuked Caruthers, Sr., as he shipped his son to Atwater, South Carolina, "you would not bring this possible humiliation upon the family. As it is, I cannot blame our people. The whole investigation will pivot upon your department."

A father's love shone in the eyes of Caruthers, Sr., and he was about to add some softening words; but Slats took on such an expression of relief and pleasant anticipation that the old man concluded scowlingly:

"Now, for your own sake don't make an ass of yourself! You must sink your identity—take another name. You must not even communicate with your mother or Evelyn. Keep in touch with me only. I have hopes that the scare will blow over. But under no condition must you appear until I give the word."

Caruthers, Jr., scarcely heard the admonition. Already he fancied himself in the balmy climate of Dixie, toying with a horsehide-covered baseball and exercising himself into perfect condition. Perhaps there might be an opportunity to try his skill in a real game! Away with musty finance and the cares of third vice-president! Slats was once more a sophomore.

Unlike the two professional players, Bunts and Doyle, the collegian gave no thought to the detail of taking an alias. Hesitating as he held the inked pen before the hotel register, the name of Daniel Bunts, of whom he had been reading in sporting pages on the way down, recurred to Slats; in fact it pleased his fancy, and without a serious thought of possible consequences he filched the identity of Barney McNabb's illustrious hireling.

The homage he received from Clerk Heinze amused Slats. It added to the romance of the expedition. After a couple of hours' work-out with some of the village boys he would run back to the hotel, sweating and bright-eyed, skip under the shower and laugh loud and long. It would be a corking story to narrate at the Harvard Club. Even Caruthers, Sr., could relish the adventure.

It was not until the third day of his sojourn that the college hero had some misgivings about his wisdom in

Rosa Was Bidden to Explain Things to the Faithful Lucius

posing as a professional ballplayer. Clerk Heinze, though pledged to secrecy, had not been entirely discreet; and, having acquainted Caruthers of the history of the Brewster family, he likewise informed their butler, Haggerty, that Atwater was entertaining a celebrity. Miss Dorothy Brewster was immediately interested, and it was her touring car that halted by the ballfield just when Caruthers, thoroughly warmed up, was hurling his finest brand of shoots to his earnest but inefficient catcher.

Slats, or, as he was also known to his many friends, "Garry," Caruthers had had a close look at Miss Brewster in the village post-office that very morning; and so profoundly, if one may use this adverb to describe a young man's fancy in springtime, was he disturbed that he was of half a mind to declare his real name and seek an introduction. From assurances of Clerk Heinze, who had a pretty intimate knowledge of all local situations, political and sentimental, Slats believed that the lady was engaged to neither Mr. Lucius Bolton nor the other visitor, Lord Hemmingway. He longed intensely to be "in the running," but concluded that, under the guise of a professional ballplayer, this desideratum was out of the question.

You may be sure then that Garry's heart jumped and his eyes danced when he saw the beauteous Miss Brewster dispatching Bolton on an errand, the purpose of which could be none other than to summon the athlete over to the car. Bolton did not appear to enjoy the task, picking his way slowly through the sand toward the pitcher's box, where Slats was going through some extra convolutions. Bolton had used every argument to dissuade Dorothy, but the imperious young woman had insisted; and her friend, little Miss Dearing—she of the blonde hair and polite prattle had, of course, sustained her.

"Bit of a lark, I say," was Lord Hemmingway's opinion. "He looks to me a jolly agreeable chap."

"Rats!" sulked Bolton. "You don't understand. He's not a cricket player. These men are hired athletes, professionals, on the same plane as pugilists. If he meets Miss Brewster he'd likely brag about it to his friends, and that sort of thing."

"Nonsense!" Miss Brewster maintained. "I was in a dining car once with one of the clubs and they seemed to be very much like other men. Only" she shrugged her shoulders teasingly—"rather more interesting. They're heroes in our country, y'know, Lord Hemmingway."

"Quite so," returned the Englishman. ""Twould be a diversion I say—what?"

"Oh, all right!" agreed Bolton petulantly. "I'll get him." But he darted a vengeful look at Hemmingway, who was not perturbed.

Bolton, after years of acquaintance with Dorothy and her father, the wealthy dyspeptic savant, who enjoyed better health in his South Carolina home than elsewhere, had come to regard himself as the logical claimant for Miss Brewster's hand. A successful lawyer of singular concentration, he had complete charge of Mr. Brewster's large business affairs; and he availed himself of this fact to see a great deal of the talented daughter and heiress, even accompanying them on several of their trips abroad. It was at Florence, the preceding autumn, that they had met Lord Hemmingway, traveler and soldier, who so entertained Dorothy with his narrative of queer adventures that Bolton had come to estimate him as his foremost rival and not a mere benchwarmer, as he appeared to be when first introduced.

Narrowly watching both Dorothy and the Englishman, Bolton gave even more heed to the attitude and expression of the philosophizing father, because in the capacity of legal adviser he knew something of Mr. Brewster's notions as to his daughter's prospective husband. They were pronounced and unusual. Contrasted with those of the ordinary millionaire, for example, he did not care a rap whether Dorothy married a man of wealth. He was not even greatly concerned in the matter of family, pointing out numerous examples of men who had risen to distinction despite early drawbacks—such men as Cromwell, Jeremy Taylor and Lincoln.

"Health first," he was wont to tell his daughter in their casual talks. "Health first, stamina and good morals. For myself, I have led the life of a dreamer, hoping to become a Pericles, Plato, Cæsar, Shakspere, Goethe or Milton. But ill health has prevented my happiness. You have inherited some of my ambition. But I want you and your children to be happy. So, I say, marry a man with perfect health and fine habits. Remember that true beauty is not on the outside. The peach with rotten kernel may have ever so lovely bloom. Beauty is in the bone. If this nation is to be regenerated it must be, let me speak plainly, through sane breeding. Never mind the excellence of his wit. You have enough for both. Health first, I say. This is my wish, whether I am alive or dead when you make your decision."

In her considerable experience with wooers, sincere and self-seeking, she had held this in mind; and she was slightly diverted by Lucius' zeal in keeping up his tennis practice. The intent was so obvious.

Bolton read her thoughts; and when, after awkwardly making his acquaintance with the supposed Dan Bunts, he presented him to Miss Brewster there was a sharp pang of anxiety and jealousy, the like of which he had never felt.

"Great pleasure, Miss Brewster," said Caruthers easily. "I have noticed you motoring by several times. Are you interested in the national pastime?"

Dorothy's brown eyes opened widely and she smiled exultingly. The professional ballplayer was not at all as Lucius had portrayed him. Leaning an arm on the tonneau, Caruthers wiped the sweat from his sunburned brow and talked entertainingly of his art. His low-buttoned sweater disclosed a neck unribbed with cords, yet muscular—a classic neck, for Slats had rounded out physically since college days. His smallish ears lay close to his head, denoting gameness. His nose was too stubby, his mouth too large. But how clear and honest were those mirthful eyes how wholesome the skin!

He Was a Favorite With Both Sexes, With All the Spectators, Because He Was Fat

Miss Brewster had a good opportunity to study his hands, for in a moment she touched on that fascinating secret of the game—how to make a ball change its course, out, in or down; and the college expert waxed voluble. When her white, patrician fingers, embracing the soiled sphere, met the freckled, sweaty ones of the ballplayer it was almost more than Bolton could endure. Lord.Hemmingway, stroking his mustache at intervals, observed: "Extraordinary!"

As they were leaving, Dorothy said: "Mr. Bunts, won't you come over some time and give an exhibition for my father? He's so interested in all these scientific things. I'll tell you, make it Saturday. We're giving a little informal lawn party and you must be the entertainer. I'd love to have you."

Quite unnecessarily she again shook hands, leaving young Mr. Caruthers, of Harvard, with cap in hand and bowing elaborately. Her manner was just as warm when they met the following Friday at St. Charles, where each had been shopping; and Catcher Steve Doyle, studying them on the train, was far from astray when he guessed her sentiments toward the sandy-haired youth. Preposterous as it might seem for another of her substance and social status to wed a professional ballplayer, Miss Brewster knew and Bolton feared that, if impulse, reason and fondness dictated, she would not be daunted. Up to then, Pitcher Bunts had been a miracle of good behavior.

Perseverance, decision, constancy, character—have you ever heard those words, gentle reader? To be sure, for they have been drummed into the ears of us poor ordinary mortals since preaching began. "Know thyself!" "To thine own self be true!" There are whole libraries of such advice; and yet, if the truth were known, the big leaguers who wrote it fell by the wayside, many and oft. Some, possibly, got drunk; others may have bought votes, and maybe others thumped their wives if they nagged them. All well and good to talk about controlling circumstances and emotions, but who ever did it! A "boot," fumble or mistaken signal has wrecked the most perfect baseball machine ever organized and lost the game by 1–0 on the home grounds. The strongest mentalities are veered from their course by trifles. How much more capricious a maid of twenty-four!

When Dorothy Brewster reached home she so infected her morose father with her sunshine of spirits that he began to play a gay Mexican waltz. Dorothy, in her boudoir dressing for dinner, tripped eccentric steps to the music, assured her French maid that she intended going on the stage, sang, gossiped, forgot this, mislaid that, wanted her hair done one way, then changed her mind and finally sent Rosa scurrying for the suitcase. Upon opening it, mistress and maid were at first mystified and then Dorothy threw herself on the bed, convulsed with laughter.

"Oh, delicious! Don't you see, Rosa—the initials, D. B.? Mr. Bunts was on the train with us and we've mixed up our suitcases! He must have mine. Good gracious!" She sprang up quickly. "I must send over for it!" And Rosa was bidden to explain things to the faithful Lucius.

Exposed on top of his belongings were various parts of Dan Bunts' uniform or, as he would have expressed it, "spangles"—long, footless woolen stockings; sleeveless shirt; spiked shoes, and what appeared to be a leather glove in the last stages of decomposition. Dorothy was about to refasten the lid when the edge of a photograph caught her eye and, Evelike, she could not resist the temptation.

It was the portrait of a buxom, saucy-looking girl—attractive enough after a fashion, but not reeking with refinement. Miss Brewster slowly took in every detail and turned to the other side. Three times she read the inscription: "Oh, you big-league kiddo!" The signature was "Peaches."

Now, surely there was nothing in that to disconcert a young woman so gifted and determined; and yet, as she sat before her mirror, all the life and sparkle seemed to have left Miss Brewster's face. Her father was playing a dulcet classic selection.

"Poor old daddy!" murmured the girl. "A dreamer you are and always will be. One more illusion gone! You see, I couldn't do it, 'kiddo.'" Languidly she concluded dressing.

Lucius, arriving from his encounter with Caruthers, face swollen and lacerated, did not so much stir her indignation as settle her convictions. He reported that "the blackguard had refused to give up the case," and she believed that. On the veranda after dinner she held cracked ice to his brow, sympathized with him and agreed that she had been utterly foolish in demanding the ballplayer's acquaintance. She tried to believe that pity was really akin to love, but her voice was harsh when she ordered the butler to bring more ice.

About this time Barney McNabb's two stars, smoking numerous cigars and discussing the pretender Bunts from their mouth corners, were interrupted by Clerk Heinze, who flopped into a chair, limp and distressed.

"Gosh-hangdest night I ever put in!" he exclaimed. "I can't get head or tail of it. Funny, aint it?"

"If you say so," replied Mr. Doyle, determined to be noncommittal.

Heinze went on to give some particulars. "I've been all through Bunts' room; an' if he's got her suitcase he must have hid it somewhere. That would be funny, wouldn't it?"

"If you say so," again from Mr. Doyle.

"But she's got his all right. They opened it—an' there was his uniform and glove and letters, and a girl's photograph—'Peaches,' she signed it. There was ——"

"P-peaches!" exp'oded Mr. Bunts.

"Yeh. Mr. Bolton said that. It was one of the things that made Bunts sorest."

"G-got t' get a drink." Outfielder Bunts jumped up and scuttled away like Ty Cobb turning third.

Smoking Numerous Cigars and Discussing the Pretender Bunts From Their Mouth Corners

"What's th' matter with him?" inquired the clerk.

"He gets—er—gets them spells once in a while," Steve stumbled. "Heart, th' doctor says. Got t' have plenty o' water."

"Looks healthy enough," observed Heinze. "I'd say he c'd fight his weight in wildcats."

"Strong, you know; but—er—weak," explained Steve.

"Well," continued Heinze, "I ain't blamin' anybody, but I'd give a five-dollar bill if that baseball player hadn't come here. We get half our trade from the Brewsters; people stop here when their house is full. Sometimes they have fifteen, twenty guests at a time. They'll have the sheriff after Bunts, sure as shootin'! Mr. Bolton said so. Funniest thing I ever seen, isn't it? Beats hen-wrastlin'."

Mr. Doyle, shifting and uneasy, agreed that the latter diversion might be outclassed and abruptly departed.

Hurrying to Dan's room, he found that gladiator brandishing a feminine garment of surpassing quality and roaring anathemas at everything and everybody.

"Put it back!" said Big Steve, with the delicacy of Sir Galahad. "That girl's real fast company, Dan, and she'd be sore as a boil if you went through her junk."

"Sore!" flared Bunts. "What about mine? Didn't that goldfish downstairs say they turned it all over my clothes, my photographs, my letters; probably read 'em!"

"It's y'r own fault," blamed Steve. "Why don't you look after your baggage? What you need is a nurse, not a ketcher. Your own fault!"

Dan subsided, but slowly; one can readily appreciate his feelings. There is hardly anything so mortifying as to have one's traveling effects unfurled. It is like a masquerader coming home under the "broad grin of day."

"But my glove, Steve, my glove!" Bunts resumed in tones of anguish. "It's that fielding glove I broke in two years ago. 'Member? You caught me the day I wore it in Chicago, last game I pitched. I had ten chances—an' got 'em. I been saving it all this time, in case I ever went back to th' rubber!"

Catcher Doyle instantly became solicitous; and well he might. A Cremona to the violinist, an apt accompanist to the singer, an inspiring model to the artist—that and no less is his pet glove to the ballplayer. Hours, days—yes, weeks—he fashions it; anointing it, rubbing it, trimming here, adding there, until it becomes part of his craft, part of himself. Twisting his hand to any angle, he has confidence that the ball will stick. A strange glove is treacherous, feels out of place, like a man in woman's clothes.

Big Steve pondered over the calamity but a moment, then dropped Miss Brewster's suitcase out of the window.

"You pick it up while I fan with the goldfish," he commanded Bunts. "We got t' get your mitt."

A full moon shone, pine trees cast weird shadows, frogs chirruped their lullaby and an owl hooted dismally as the two ballplayers trudged through the sand uphill toward the Brewster mansion, its veranda aglow with electric lights. When, halfway, a dilapidated buggy passed them, the malodor of a cheap cigar wafting from under the occupant's wide-brimmed slouch hat, Steve exclaimed, "Sheriff" and the pace was quickened.

Arriving, they stood unnoticed while the sheriff talked of "warrant" and "bloodhounds"; and then Steve, ignoring formalities, stepped up.

"Miss Brewster, I guess this is what you're looking for."

Steve's remarkable prescience told him that the least show of mirth would indicate that he had opened the parcel; so he fortified himself with an expression stern as John Knox reprimanding the frivolous Mary, Queen of Scots. Mr. Bunts, taking the cue, exhibited the same inexorable countenance as he walked under the bunch-light.

"Mr. Bu—Daniels," introduced Steve impressively. "I'm Mr. St-Stevens. We're stopping at the hotel. Mr. Daniels is training to go t' college. We ——"

"I say, didn't I see you there tonight?" Bolton, his right eye embalmed now in beefsteak, got up from his chair.

"That's what!" Outfielder Bunts assured him artfully. "And you give that fellow as pretty a wallop—cross-counter—as ever I saw."

Bolton's visible eye glowed. "Fell over a chair," he vindicated, "or I'd have got him!"

"Chair's what did it," verified Dan and Steve.

The shadow of Mr. Brewster darkened the doorway. The millionaire philosopher blinked through double-ply spectacles. He extended a hand that felt like smoke in the maws of the big leaguers.

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HOW TO MAKE CAPITALISTS

By Railroad—By Will Payne

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR E. BECHER

THE dictionaries say a capitalist is a person who supplies capital. But the dictionaries are quite wrong. A real capitalist is a person who gets other people to supply capital, while he controls the enterprise and secures a large share of the profits. A typical and interesting illustration of this point is found in the history of the Northern Pacific Railroad.

Josiah Perham may be regarded as the father of Northern Pacific. Mr. Perham was born in Maine and his first business enterprise was the running of a country store. Having failed twice in comparatively moderate undertakings, he became deeply interested in the project to build a railroad from the Missouri River to the Pacific Coast, a project which then—in the fifties—was attracting much attention. Three rival routes were proposed—the northern, the middle and the southern—with strong sectional interests backing each.

In 1862 Congress chose the middle route, chartering the Union Pacific Railway, but Mr. Perham was left out. He then turned enthusiastically to the northern route. Thaddeus Stevens of Pennsylvania, the most powerful man in Congress, befriended him. A bill chartering the Northern Pacific was passed by both Houses and signed by President Lincoln in July, 1864.

There was an important difference, however, between the two charters. To aid in constructing the middle route, embracing the Union Pacific, Central Pacific, Kansas Pacific and three small branches, the Government granted outright twenty-six million acres of public land and a loan of sixty-four million dollars. The latter, of course, vastly simplified the task of financing the enterprise. To the Northern Pacific it gave only some forty-six million acres of land, mostly in unsettled territory, leaving the projectors entirely to their own resources so far as concerned the important item of cash.

The resources of Mr. Perham and associates proved inadequate. They tried a popular subscription and they tried to get a loan from Congress similar to that granted the Union Pacific, but failed in both respects. In 1866, therefore, they retired, handing the charter over to a little group of enterprising New Englanders headed by J. Gregory Smith. At that time Mr. Perham and associates had invested in the enterprise one hundred and two thousand dollars, all of which had been spent in organization expenses and in the attempts to raise capital at Washington, and in the country at large. There was no money in the treasury of the company. In taking over the charter Mr. Smith and his friends reimbursed the Perham crowd for this expenditure, and this one hundred and two thousand dollars was the original investment of capital in the Northern Pacific.

The Beginnings of the Northern Pacific

THE prime task was still to raise cash, and the new owners of the charter addressed themselves to it in an ingenious manner. They enlisted the interest of William B. Ogden, president of the Chicago & Northwestern Railway; Robert Berdell, president of the Erie Railroad; William G. Fargo, vice-president of the New York Central; D. N. Barney, B. P. Cheney and A. H. Barney, who were engaged in the express business with Mr. Fargo; Edward Reilly, who is described as a friend of Thaddeus Stevens; G. W. Cass, president of the Pittsburgh, Fort Wayne & Chicago Railway, and J. Edgar Thomson, president of the Pennsylvania Railroad.

On the evening of January 10, 1867, at Mr. Ogden's residence, a compact was drawn up, which was signed by the above gentlemen. This compact was afterward known as the "Original Interests Agreement." It provided that there should be twelve equal "original interests" and that each subscriber to an interest should pay in eighty-five hundred dollars, thus making up the one hundred and two thousand dollars that constituted the original investment. It also provided that the subscribers should undertake to get an act from Congress granting a loan to the Northern Pacific and that they should contribute pro rata whatever funds it might seem judicious to spend in that connection.

The subscribers, it will be noticed, were mostly prominent railroad men. It seems hardly likely, however, that their railroading talents were the chief consideration in selecting them. Indeed, E. V. Smalley, who wrote a very interesting history of the Northern Pacific many years ago, believes that they were selected because of their influence at Washington. This, of course, was strictly businesslike, since to raise capital was the great point, and Washington seemed at that time decidedly the likeliest place to raise it. They did secure from Congress an amendment to the charter, giving the company a right to issue bonds that had originally been denied; but they got no Government loan.

Failing, after two years' effort, to extract capital from Congress, they turned, in 1869, to Jay Cooke, who was then by far the most eminent financier in the country. Whatever may be thought about Mr. Cooke's financiering there is no doubt that he was the greatest genius in advertising that the country had then produced. He had floated the later war loans of the Government by popular subscription, and for that purpose had employed printers' ink with a profusion and ingenuity unheard of. By newspaper advertisements, pamphlets, posters, "reading matter" articles, and so on, he reached about everybody in the country who was able to read and had a dollar to invest. Moreover, his prestige was high, for his bond flotations had been successful and the investors had profited largely by the rise in Government securities following the close of the war.

The promoters of Northern Pacific wished to employ Cooke's prestige and grand publicity organization for the purpose of attracting capital to their enterprise. Mr. Cooke carefully examined the project and finally struck a bargain with them. The contract provided that the Northern Pacific should authorize an issue of bonds amounting to one hundred million dollars and bearing interest at the rate of seven and three-tenths per cent in gold. This was the rate paid by the Government on its last war loan when its credit was at a low ebb, and Mr. Cooke insisted that the railroad bonds should be made equally attractive to investors. The contract provided that Cooke & Company should undertake to sell these bonds at par and should give the railroad company credit for them when sold at eighty-eight cents on the dollar. In other words, Cooke's cash commission was to be twelve per cent; but on every thousand dollars of bonds sold he was to receive also a bonus of two hundred dollars in stock of the railroad company. Thus if he sold the whole hundred million of bonds he would receive twenty millions of stock as a bonus. But this was not quite all. The contract further provided that the twelve original interests should be increased to twenty-four, the twelve new ones being assigned to Mr. Cooke.

The railroad company was to issue one hundred million dollars of stock. Deducting the twenty millions going to Cooke & Company as a bonus for selling the bonds there would remain eighty millions to be divided among the original interests, and as Mr. Cooke had half the original interests he would receive forty millions of this residue of the stock.

On its face this looks like a rather hard bargain; but it really was not inequitable. The enterprise couldn't go on unless somebody raised capital. Without that the charter was mere waste paper. Mr. Cooke appeared to be the only person in a position to raise capital. Naturally, therefore, he proposed to do the raising on his own terms.

Thus Mr. Cooke was enlisted; but to make the bonds attractive it was advisable that the actual building of the railroad should begin. So Mr. Cooke engaged to raise five millions of cash within thirty days in order to start the enterprise off as a going concern before offering the bonds to the public. To that end he formed a pool or syndicate of Philadelphia capitalists. As an inducement to buy at once five millions of the bonds at par Mr. Cooke sold his twelve original interests to the pool members at fifty thousand dollars an interest. As Mr. Cooke paid the railroad company only eighty-eight cents on the dollar for the bonds and sold them to the pool members at par his immediate profit on that account was six hundred thousand dollars. As he paid nothing for his original interests and sold them to the pool members at fifty thousand dollars apiece, he made a further immediate profit of six hundred thousand dollars. In short, Mr. Cooke came in on the ground floor and the syndicate came in on the second story—the loft, as usual, being reserved for the general public that was to supply most of the capital.

Jay Cooke's Advertising Campaign

THE railroad company now had four million four hundred thousand dollars to begin building with and Mr. Cooke had a cash profit of one million two hundred thousand dollars to begin selling the bonds with. He at once set his powerful publicity organization in motion. Advertisements, circulars, maps were scattered far and wide. Prominent statesmen and soldiers gave signed statements eulogizing the undertaking and expressing faith in it. One incident will illustrate Mr. Cooke's genius as an advertiser. Various attempts to secure a loan from the Government had met scathing opposition in Congress. The opposition dwelt upon the company's enormous grant of public land, describing the fertility and vast future value of the lands, and denouncing the audacity of a company that, having received this princely gift from the Government, now demanded more. Mr. Cooke made up a neat pamphlet of excerpts from these opposition speeches and sent it broadcast as an inducement to the public to buy bonds that were secured by mortgage upon said princely lands.

It was a favorable time. The war was over; business was good; the Government, which had long been absorbing all the spare cash in the country, was no longer a borrower. Northern Pacific bonds went like the proverbial hot cakes. Subscriptions poured in from all over the country—frequently representing the savings of thrifty and hopeful citizens in very modest circumstances.

Construction began in 1870 and in less than two years thirty million dollars was received under the Cooke contract—the money of eleven thousand subscribers scattered from Maine to California. Inspirited by this golden flood the management pushed construction with a lavish hand. Before the end of 1872 some four hundred and fifty miles of road had been built from Brainerd, Minnesota, to Bismarck on the Missouri River; the Oregon Navigation Company, operating steamboats on the rivers of that state, had been purchased and about a hundred miles of rail laid on the Pacific end.

But, alas, the golden flood was not unlimited. Mr. Cooke's vigorous campaign rapidly absorbed the country's loose change. There had been great over-speculation and

inflation in many directions. By October, 1872, the sale of bonds had almost ceased. If Cooke & Company succeeded in putting out a hundred thousand dollars of bonds, they soon had to buy back ninety thousand under cover to support the market.

Alas, also, the railroad management had proceeded on the cheerful theory that the golden flood was limitless. It spent money prodigally. As it received only eighty-eight cents on the dollar for bonds bearing 7.3 per cent interest, it was actually paying nearly eight and a half per cent interest for the money with which to build a road through an unsettled country. When bond sales ceased there was no money to pay interest on bonds already outstanding.

September 18, 1873, Jay Cooke & Company failed. Next day thirty financial houses in New York and Philadelphia followed suit. The New York Stock Exchange closed on the twentieth and the Gold Exchange followed that example. Panic was upon the country. At the time of the failure the Northern Pacific owed Cooke & Company about a million and a half for advances to continue construction and so on, but that was only one of several causes of the failure.

Some eleven thousand investors, then, found themselves in possession of thirty million dollars of bonds for which they had paid par, issued by a company that had five hundred and fifty miles of railroad in two pieces. The longest piece ran mostly through a wilderness and a gap of about fifteen hundred miles separated it from the shorter piece. That a railroad so unhappily situated—and burdened, moreover, with a floating debt of several million dollars—could earn interest on its bonds was obviously out of the question. The only thing to do was to reorganize.

A German Journalist Turned Financier

FREDERICK BILLINGS addressed himself to the task of reorganization, and devised a plan which provided that the investors should exchange their bonds for preferred stock entitled to eight per cent dividends if the road earned that much. In order to cover two years of arrears of interest on the bonds and to anticipate interest for three years to come, each thousand dollar bond received fourteen hundred dollars in the stock, making the total issue, roughly, forty-two million dollars. There was also to be an issue of forty-nine million dollars of common stock. Some subscribers to the bonds had received as a bonus common stock of the old company, which they were to exchange at par for the new common stock. The remainder of the new common stock was to be distributed among the precious original interests.

This plan was carried out in 1875. The Northwest was beginning to fill up with settlers, so the earnings of the incomplete railroad gradually increased. By 1878 earnings amounted to nearly half a million dollars above operating expenses and taxes. This gave the company some credit and it floated two small bond issues, aggregating seven million dollars, to carry construction beyond the Missouri River. Also it made another futile attempt to get a loan from the Government to complete the road. Its slogan for that purpose was "Revival of Industry Employment of Labor—Development of the Country." That attempt failed, but the slogan is still in good working order. Nursing its resources and moving cautiously under Mr. Billings' administration, the company pushed forward until, by 1880, little more than a thousand miles of its line remained to be built. By that time it was beginning to be regarded with some favor in high financial circles.

In 1880, in fact, Mr. Billings succeeded in enlisting the powerful support of Drexel, Morgan & Company, August Belmont & Company and Winslow, Lanier & Company. These puissant houses formed a syndicate and agreed to float forty millions of Northern Pacific bonds to complete the road—an arrangement that led to interesting and very unexpected developments.

In the boom times before the panic, when Northern Pacific was first building, there had been quite a brisk railroad-spawning industry on the Pacific Coast, supported partly by foreign capital. About the time Jay Cooke & Company failed, a noted newspaper reporter and war correspondent, named Henry Villard, was endeavoring to recuperate his shattered health in Germany, his native country. He tells us in his memoirs that one day in 1873, at Heidelberg, a gentleman who had invested in some Oregon & California Railroad bonds called upon him for advice. At that time Mr. Villard was thirty-eight years old and had been engaged all his life in journalism. He tells us frankly that he knew nothing about either the railroad or Oregon. It soon appeared, however, that the company had sold about eleven million dollars of its bonds to thrifty citizens of the Fatherland. At Mr. Villard's suggestion the bondholders formed a committee, which sent him to Oregon to investigate.

The Management Pushed Construction With a Lavish Hand

He discovered that his German friends had been sadly misled. While the company had sold eleven millions of bonds only half that amount had been paid into its treasury. Instead of having a flourishing road three hundred and seventy-five miles long, it had only two hundred miles and was earning barely a third of its bond interest. The company was controlled by Ben Holladay, the famous overland stage man. Mr. Villard met him and formed an exceedingly low opinion of him. He says in the memoirs, which are written in the third person: "That a man of such character should have found it so easy to command millions of foreign capital was quite a puzzle and shock to him." Several other puzzles and shocks awaited him. He discovered that one company, which had sold three million dollars of first mortgage bonds abroad, had built no railroad at all. On the other hand, it had issued some ten per cent income bonds, which trustful Germans were cherishing as prime securities, although their real worth was whatever they would fetch as old paper.

There was much negotiating; but the upshot was that Mr. Villard organized the Oregon Railway and Navigation Company to take over the Holladay enterprise and the Oregon Navigation Company, which the Northern Pacific had dropped in the smash of 1873. The new company issued six millions of bonds and a like amount of stock. Mr. Villard got his friends to subscribe for the bonds at ninety cents on the dollar, the stock going as a bonus with the bonds. With the money thus realized the new company took over the properties, and Villard sailed for Europe in July, well pleased with his success. He returned to this country in November. The memoirs say: "On reaching the dock he noticed one of his counsel in the crowd waving a piece of paper at him. It proved to be a broker's report of a sale at ninety-five of the stock that had been given five months before as a bonus."

A man who can thus create five million seven hundred thousand dollars of good capital in less than half a year is sure to have followers.

Next summer, in 1880, Mr. Villard organized the Oregon Improvement Company to develop the natural resources of the country in connection with his transportation enterprise. It issued five millions of bonds and a like amount of stock. The stock was given as a bonus with the bonds and in a few months it was selling above ninety dollars a share.

Thus the noted reporter was becoming a noted financier. Meanwhile he was keeping an anxious eye on the crippled Northern Pacific, which might become an uncomfortable competitor of the Oregon Railroad and Navigation Company. He offered Mr. Billings an amicable compact; offered also to raise ten millions of capital for Northern Pacific construction. He thought Mr. Billings was going to accept his offer; but afterward he seems to have suspected that Mr. Billings was deceiving him, for negotiations with him were suddenly dropped and then he learned that Mr. Billings had come to terms with Drexel, Morgan and Belmont.

Henry Villard's Blind Pool

HERE was competition, indeed, with money to burn. Naturally Mr. Villard was again shocked; but he did not lose his head, or any time. The large quick profits that he had made for his followers in two ventures had raised his prestige as a financier to a high pitch. In February, 1881, he sent a confidential circular to some fifty persons inviting them to turn over eight million dollars in cash to him for a purpose that he would divulge later on. The response was remarkable. Twice the amount of cash that he asked for was instantly offered him; indeed some of the subscribers lost their tempers because he refused to accept more than eight millions. With this money he bought a controlling interest in Northern Pacific stock. The episode still lives in Wall Street memory of Villard's blind pool. Having bought control of Northern Pacific Mr. Villard divulged his plans to the pool members and they then gladly paid in twelve millions more with which he bought still more Northern Pacific stock, as well as a large amount of the stock of the Oregon Railroad and Navigation Company, insuring his complete domination of both concerns. It was then Mr. Billings' turn to be shocked.

Incidentally, Mr. Villard now organized the Oregon and Transcontinental Company, which issued thirty millions of stock. This stock was distributed among the pool members in return for the twenty millions cash that they had paid in. Within a year it rose nearly to par, showing a profit to the pool members of nearly fifty per cent.

The contract with Drexel, Morgan & Company, August Belmont & Company and Winslow, Lanier & Company, by which those houses agreed to float forty millions of Northern Pacific first mortgage bonds, was already signed, sealed and delivered. With the proceeds of these bonds Mr. Villard proceeded to complete the road. Northern Pacific preferred stock rose above par, it being assumed, Mr. Villard remarks, that the gigantic land grant would yield a great deal more than enough to pay off the bonds. The last spike was driven before a distinguished gathering on September 3, 1882.

Little more than three months later Mr. Villard was bankrupt. Northern Pacific stock had declined sharply. The Oregon and Transcontinental Company was staggering on the verge of insolvency under a load

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A Real Capitalist is a Person Who Gets Other People to Supply Capital, While He Controls the Enterprise and Secures a Large Share of the Profits

WHY LONDON IS THE CENTER

The Magic Lodestone in the City—By James H. Collins

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JOHN R. NEILL

A Few Men Meet in a Room and Gauge the Price of a Minor Staple, Like Ivory

A MANUFACTURING company in New York City began selling odd lots of goods to South America some years ago. At first, sales were made by correspondence or by direct appeal to the South American cousin who passed through New York on his way to Europe. By-and-by the trade was important enough to warrant a South American department, with a manager. It grew more and the manager made a long tour of South America, which made it still more vigorous and promising and profitable.

That South American department never came into its own, however, until it was moved bodily over to London and the manager with it.

In another case, two brothers up in New England had such different views about carrying on the novelty manufacturing business left by their father that one of them eventually sold out to the other and took his capital over to London to start fresh in his own way. He thought John Bull needed his sort of goods and believed there was a big field in London. He was right. By taking pains to learn the ways of the country—as well as the language, which was different too—he got along famously. Within a year he was making goods in his own factory, outside of London, and had selling agencies in all the important centers of the United Kingdom.

But his trade took a wholly unforeseen trend. He had come to sell goods to the British at home and succeeded. At the same time, however, he found himself being drawn into an export trade extending over the whole globe. Back in New England they had occasionally received an order from some foreign country. It always came through a roundabout channel. The foreigner's letter, credentials, shipping instructions and the rest of it were so outlandish usually that when the goods were boxed they took a photograph of them, with the address showing prominently and the members of firm, the shipping clerk and the railway truckman grouped in the background. Later the picture appeared in trade journals as evidence that the United States thoroughly understands export trade; but in London, at the end of his first year, there was never a day but he made shipments to countries and colonies seldom heard of back home—fully a third of his stuff went into export channels.

The King Himself Cannot Enter the City Officially

If an American house sells a lot of canned goods to Timbuctoo the money is morally certain to come through London. If it buys tin from the Malay states payment is made through London. When any country in the world enjoys good times it sends to London to finance its enterprises. When times are bad it calls loudly on London to help it out. Products of farm, range and mine are no sooner ready for market than they begin moving toward London as though there were some enormous magnet there under the soft-coal vapor—as there is. Investigate any fundamental device of modern commerce and it will invariably be found with its roots in London.

Worldwide Commerce From One Square Mile

BROKERAGE, insurance, shipping, the post-office and the railway, the modern corporation, with its stocks and bonds, and the stock exchange that handles them—all run directly to London. Most of them can be traced back beyond the dawn of history in their rudimentary forms; but it was London that made them practical, working institutions. That familiar, unregarded and wonderful slip of colored paper, the bank check, for example, had its counterpart in bills of exchange among the ancient Greeks, but it remained for London to develop checks into the clearing-house system. Every nation that has come into competition with London in the past century has copied and adapted her commercial machinery; and wherever a nation reveals shortcomings—as does France, with its lack of checking facilities—the defect can commonly be laid to the fact that London has not been copied faithfully enough.

These things being so, it is natural that London should be full of most interesting commercial machinery. Every country in the world has some of it, but only in London can the whole be seen. We have adapted the check and the clearing house so successfully that New York now clears about one hundred dollars for every seventy dollars cleared in London; but London's export machinery is still strange mechanism to us—something to be studied and adapted during the coming generation when we go abroad for foreign customers. Much of London's machinery, indeed, is strange to Londoners themselves. Men there, bound by their own field of routine, sit in the omnibus with other men whose routine would be altogether unfamiliar. Then, every other Londoner in business is likely to be carrying on some interesting—even romantic—trade, such as shipping, with a statistical and humdrum orderliness that is part of the system too, if not its very life.

London has been a trading, trans-shipping, broking and clearing proposition from the year one.

In the very beginning, two hillocks of solid ground stuck up out of the Thames' tide marshes. Traders took them for a marketplace. Cities usually feed themselves from farms and gardens on their outskirts. London's outskirts were mud and marsh. So food had to be brought down the river and the market dealt with foreign merchants who sailed up the river from the sea.

To the reader of English history, kings and queens, peers and Parliament loom large; but political London is really the merest upstart beside commercial London. It came long after trade was established and has always been kept outside commercial London proper, in Westminster.

If the American tourist happens to walk along Fleet Street on a fortunate day he may witness the time-honored ceremony of the lord mayor meeting the king at the old site of Temple Bar and escorting His Majesty from the comparatively new political London into that very old commercial London which is known as "the city."

The city might be compared to the Wall Street district in New York. It contains the banks, exchanges and commercial machinery of the British metropolis. The original settlement of traders was made upon its site, and for long it was a walled town. Today, though but a square mile in area, it is a county to itself, retains its own government of merchants and has its ancient charters and privileges, granted by a long succession of kings in return for loans of money.

If Wall Street were a self-governing district to itself, and J. Pierpont Morgan were its mayor and lived in a mansion opposite the Stock Exchange, and rode in a gilded coach, and received the President of the United States at the subtreasury whenever our national executive found it necessary to enter Broad Street, we should have pretty nearly a counterpart of that city of London which many tourists never distinguish from London proper, with its seven hundred square miles of area. The king himself cannot enter the city officially without permission from the lord mayor of London, but the lord mayor's authority extends only over the square mile of the city. He is always a business man, elected by the old merchants' guilds to serve a single year in his quaint splendor.

Without Permission From the Lord Mayor of London

From the earliest times the city has been as democratic as

business itself. Knights have long been abundant among its citizens, but peers have been rather the exception. Like the rest of England, the city dearly loves a lord, but its chief use for one is to put him at the head of a board of directors. Again and again the lord mayor has been a business man who made his way up from nothing; and no incident in English history is dearer to the London heart than the story of Dick Whittington, the poor lad who heard Bow-bells calling him to turn back and be thrice lord mayor.

There is a most significant gap in London's history that shows how vitally its existence has ever been linked with business. About 500 A. D. its commerce was cut off by wars. Faced by starvation, the city was deserted and for a period of fifty years remained so. The tribes round about, having no conception of commerce, avoided it; and possession was not taken again, say some historians, until merchants once more brought arms and armor, established themselves in the grassgrown streets and began trading their goods for wool and hides.

London now has vigorous competition not only in other countries but from other great British cities that have arisen at home. It is still the world's largest seaport in tonnage and its annual trade in dollars, counting goods that come and go by railroad, exceeds twenty billions. The magnitude of this figure may be realized when it is known that it amounts to several billion dollars more than the entire manufacturing output of the United States. Nearly half the imports and exports of the British Isles pass through London. A vast proportion of the goods made in England's busy northern counties go down to London to be sold and shipped and financed. From all over the world come raw materials and manufactures to be passed through the enormous, elastic, silent sorting and adjusting machine that is London.

Every week the steamer from South Africa brings gold from the Transvaal, now the leading producer of the metal. In London the goldsmiths and bullion broker have first pick, the latter buying what is needed for shipment to other countries, handling it on the slightest fraction of a cent for his profit and shipping it away. The Bank of England takes the rest and adds it to the banking balance of the world. Silver is handled in a similar way, being shipped off to China or to India, where small polished bars are bought by the Hindu to be hoarded or to be made into bracelets and anklets for his wife, who is the family bank.

Diamonds and other gems are likewise drawn to London, where the world's trade is controlled in the Hatton Garden region of the city. Shabby men, looking as though they had not ten shillings in the world, meet in shabby offices and taverns to deal in values that run into millions of sterling yearly.

Raw furs are trapped in Siberia and America and go to London to be graded and sold by auction to Russians and Americans, who take them back home again. Why? Because one of the principal elements of value in furs is close matching of skins. The market at College Hill, Queen Street, is the world's chief selling center. "London dye" has long been the highest term representing value in sealskin. Hundreds of thousands of pelts pass through London yearly; and London adds value to them.

In one section of this amazing market the prices of the major staples, like wheat and wool, are made for the world. In another section a few men meet in a room and gauge the price of a minor staple, like ivory. One narrow lane is the world's spice market and another the center for the world's old woolen rags, brought together to make shoddy up in Yorkshire, where they boast that they can spin anything that has two ends to it.

All over the globe nowadays, of course, London meets competition.

Goods try to go by the shortest route. Everybody tries to save brokerage and profit. The American worsted mill buys a cargo of wool in Australia. The Chinaman sends over to San Francisco for silver.

In spite of it all, London continues to be the world's trade center, because trade is drawn to it with an irresistible magnet.

In the United States there is always much newspaper rejoicing at the end of each fiscal year, when we take stock of exports and imports and find that the balance of trade stands in our favor. If we have sold more to foreign countries than we have bought of them things look good. If the figures go the other way things look bad.

Now this balance of trade is always dead against John Bull. For more than sixty years he has bought more than he has sold, in so far as his figures of imports and exports show. Last year the difference amounted to some seven hundred and fifty million dollars—John Bull bought more than he sold, to that amount.

If we owed such a trade balance the figures might well scare us. It would take our whole cotton and potato crops to pay the bill; but John Bull is not frightened, for that

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Billy Fortune and the Able-Minded Lady

By WILLIAM R. LIGHTON

ILLUSTRATED BY GAYLE P. HOSKINS

IV

DID you ever smoke a bob-cat out of his hole in the rocks? They don't like to come, do they? But when they come they come, don't they?

I made a mistake the first one I smoked. I was perfectly new at it, so when I'd got him run in I just built me up a smudge and then squatted down and commenced to fan the smoke back into the hole with my hat. Why, yes, it worked. Certainly it worked. Only I'd omitted to figure that he'd be sort of provoked when I fetched him. That's why I've got this cunnin' little mark halfway across my forehead. I've got some more, too, scattered around over me; but you can't see 'em. A mad bob-cat can sure distribute himself awful well, can't he?

Well, anyway, it learned me. Havin' things happen to me is the only way I can learn not to let 'em happen again. Just that one thing helped me to make me up a nice wise rule to go by all my life: never to let the same thing happen again if you don't like it.

But what keeps botherin' me is the first times. How is a body goin' to be prepared for a thing after it's all over? You tell me that. What if I have got it marked down in my book that I mustn't never trust any more pale-blue letters to nigger sheepherders—what good did it do me then? Not any. That's partly what makes this world seem so kind of unfair sometimes.

The minute I seen Aunty squintin' at that letter by the lamp I just knew I wasn't goin' to be prepared for her when she got around to me; and I was plumb satisfied of it when she stuffed the letter down in the pocket of her apron and then come on into the dinin' room and looked at me.

She wasn't in any rush about gettin' to me. I thought she was goin' to light right into me and I reached down and grabbed hold of the edges of my chair, with my teeth set tight. But she didn't. All through the rest of the supper she never let a peep out of her, but just set in her place and loomed at us—the whole three of us; first me, and then the girl, and then Ben, and then back again, with her big face all knotted up like there was somethin' she couldn't get arranged in her mind. Perplexed—ain't that what you call it? I don't know what the other two was thinkin' about it, because from where they set they hadn't saw her with the letter. I wasn't carin' what they was thinkin'; it was just me that I was worryin' about.

The first word she said to me was when we was scatterin' after supper was over. "Fetch me some water, Billy," says she. And when I got back with it the others was gone and there was just me and her in the kitchen. I set the pails down real hasty and was 'most out of the door before she called me back.

"Billy," she begun on me, "what's all this that Crawford's nigger has been tellin' me?"

"But Listen, Daphne. You Must. I'll Not Go Away Until You Do"

That question didn't suit me at all. It was too kind of general. All I could do was just trust to luck. "Crawford's nigger?" I says. "I hope it wasn't any bad news."

She fished up the letter and held it out at me, rappin' on it with the knuckles of her other hand. "Will you tell me what you mean by this?" she says.

The inside of my head was goin' round and round. I hoped some kind of an answer would turn up that would do to use; but it didn't seem to.

"I'll tell you what let's do," I says to her: "You tell me what it was the nigger told you and then mebbe I can give you the rest of it. Wouldn't that be satisfactory?"

I didn't near expect her to do it; but she did. "Why," says she, "he brought this letter over a few minutes ago and gave it to me and told me to give it back to you, because he was afraid to have anything more to do with the business. And he went over a long rigmarole about your telling him that the letter was going to a girl in Cheyenne and some rubbish about a red-headed murderer, and—oh, a lot of stuff and nonsense. And he wanted me to give the letter back to you."

And still I couldn't get my mind to workin'. "Did he give you back my four bits too?" I says.

"Four bits?" says she. "No, he didn't."

"Now ain't that just like a nigger!" I says. "I expect I'll go over and see him about that."

"See here!" she says, with that hateful hammer-and-tongs sound in her voice; "I want you to stop this shilly-shallyin' and talk grownup to me. What is it about that story the nigger told me?"

I couldn't see any good of tryin' to put another lie on top of what I'd already made up for fear of gettin' it top-heavy. The trouble was I'd been too sort of effectual about it in the first place. "Why," I says, "I guess the nigger just about stated the facts."

It made her madder than if I'd tried to explain with a new one. There's some people that can't stand havin' the truth told to 'em. "Do you mean to tell me," says she, "that you've actually been terrifyin' that poor nigger with that sort of cock-and-bull yarns?"

"Oh," I says, "if it's just the nigger you're feelin' worked up and sorry for ——"

"Billy, stop that!" she says. It was like bringin' a whip down across my shoulders. "And on top of that," says she, "you've been deceivin' me. You've been usin' up the time that I'm payin' you for in deceivin' me."

"Oh—deceivin' you!" I says. That seemed to give me somethin' to hold on by. "As for deceivin' you! Am I the only one that's been deceivin' anybody? Ain't you been workin' a pretty deceivin' trick on me? What right have you got doin' that?"

"What do you mean?" says she.

"About me helpin' to make the girl forget him," I says. "Wasn't it you that put me up to it? Didn't you sick me on to her in the first place? And then, while I was attendin' to it just the very best I knowed how, you was slippin' around on the sly behind my back and warnin' her I was a dangerous character and the like of that. And you was talkin' to this Slater man about it, too, and discussin' me up and down with him. You was makin' a monkey out of me and hurtin' my feelin's horrible besides. I don't see that you've got any roar comin' about bein' deceived."

She held the letter up where I could look at it. "Yes," she says, "this looks as if you were being deceived, don't it? Don't talk rot." She took a look at it herself, with her black eyebrows drawed up in a thick scowl and her lips set close. "I don't understand this," she says. "When did Daphne give it to you?"

"Oh, a while back," I says.

"What's in it?" she asks me.

"I don't know," I says. "Do you reckon she might be writin' to him to break it off with him? If she's learnin' to think such a lot of me ——"

"Bah!" she snaps at me. "Don't be a fool. But what in the world did the nigger have to do with it? Why would he be handlin' Daphne's letters to Mr. Sims? I don't understand it."

"Oh," I says, "the nigger, he was just an old friend of her family. Ain't that a good reason?"

She passed the letter over to me. "Here," she says, "take it and do what you like with it. I don't see through it, but I'm going to before I'm done with it."

"If she does she's got awful good eyesight," I says to myself when I was stragglin down the path toward the bunkhouse. "Billy, can you see through it?" But I couldn't. It was gettin' plumb beyond me.

Nor Ben didn't help me much when I told him. "You said you wanted it complicated some," I says to him. "You ought to be right well pleased with it by now. I can see it's goin' to complicate me out of a job pretty quick, because if she don't fire me I'll quit. Thirty-five dollars a month don't pay me for bein' kept scared bald-headed all the time."

All the comfort I got out of him was just to be laughed at. You can judge how much that consoled my spirit. Between the widow's big bass rowin' at me and Ben's big bass laugh I was gettin' right weary of that tone of voice; I felt as if I'd like to listen to somethin' shrill awful well for a change. I took the letter and slammed it down on the table.

"There," I says, "she can lay right there in that very spot for all of me. I ain't goin' to have nothin' more to do with it, not whatever. It's a hoodoo. And after this I don't ever mix myself up with none of other folks' love affairs either. I might have knowed better. I've got enough to do with keepin' out of trouble with my own."

Ben picked the letter up and begun to play with it in his hands, turnin' it round and round. "'Other folks' love affairs,'" he says after me. "If that's all it's been for you, Billy ——"

With Both Hands Gripped Fast in Ben's Mop of Red Hair

But I wasn't goin' to let him think so. I always hate to lay down a hand, no matter how poor a one it is, while the bettin' is still goin' on brisk. "Who said that?" I asks him. "I said I was done with the other folks' part of it. The love-makin' I do after this is goin' to be on my own hook and I don't care who knows it. Mr. Montgomery Sims will have to play his own chips."

"But he ought to have his letter, oughtn't he?" says Ben. "I'll tell you. Mrs. McGee is sending me to Douglas tomorrow after a load of stuff. What's the matter with me seein' that it gets to him?"

"Suit yourself," I says. "I ain't carin' who sends it nor who don't; only it ain't goin' to be me."

He stuck the letter in his pocket and after that the two of us didn't talk any for a while. We was thinkin'. Our thinkin' seemed to be followin' the same trail, pretty much, because we come out at the same place.

"Billy," says Ben, "this man-and-woman business is queer, isn't it?"

It was just exactly the way I'd been sayin' it to myself, only I hadn't lit on the same word for it. "Queer," I says. "Queer? Yes, that's true. That's the funny thing about it—you can call it pretty near any name you want to because they're all true. Do you reckon it's always been that way?"

Ben was pretty solemn about it. "It's been that way," says he, "ever since the first woman gave the core of the first apple to the first man and made him believe he was gettin' all that was comin' to him. It's goin' to be that way until the apple barrel is empty. And every man of us has to fight it out for himself when it comes to him, just as though there had never been another love affair but his since the beginnin' of the world. Wouldn't you think we'd have been able to work out a few simple, easy rules for it by this time? But we can't do it, can we?"

"We can't?" says I. "Why can't we? Why, certainly we can. I could tell you a million of 'em right this minute; only there ain't one of 'em that's any good. Don't you expect mebbe that's the trouble—because we try to do it accordin' to some fool rule or other? Say, did you ever have a woman start in and tell you a bunch of dinky little rules to make love to her by? You know you never have; and what's more you never will."

He laughed a little at that, but it was a serious sort of a laugh without any fun in it. "Yes," says he, "I guess that's true, Billy."

"Of course it's true," says I. "The men, they've made all the rules themselves; and while we're paradin' around proclaimin' 'em with our mouths, the woman, she's studyin' us with her eyes. That's why they can beat us at the game so shameful."

"Yes," he says again, "I guess that's true." And after we'd studied over it a minute: "Billy," he says, "I think you're dead right. There's just one single rule I'd try to live up to in everything with the woman I loved: I'd tell her the absolute truth about myself and then stick to it, no matter what it might be or how it might shame me. What do you think of that one?"

"That's a bully one," says I. "I always do that way, too, with only just one little bit of a difference. I lie to 'em and then stick to it. They understand it better."

He'd got so serious himself by now that he took me serious too. "No, Billy," he says real gentle, "I'd not deceive a woman." I just let it go at that. I was tired of being melancholy

"I'd not deceive a woman." Didn't it sound kind of funny after the way me and the Able-Minded Lady had just got through talkin' about it? If you'd been around the next night after he'd got back from Douglas you'd have thought he took a funny way of showin' it.

It was late when he got home—long after we'd had our supper. I went down to the barn to help him with the team and with unloadin' the truck. He was feelin' good and rollicky about somethin', singin' a jiggin' little song to himself about a frog goin' acourtin' a mouse. But he'd not explain when I asked him, except to start another one foolisher than the first.

"It's just the night air, old man," he says when that one was done; "the intoxicatin' night air and my gladness to get back to you again for I've missed you, missed you, missed you ——" and with that he slid off into another song. I thought he must have a bottle hid in the bottom of the wagon; but I couldn't smell a drop on him when I worked around beside him kind of wishful.

He started up to the house ahead of me with his arms full of plunder. I'd told him I'd put up the horses and I reckon he thought I was stayin' behind to do it right then. I didn't, though; I left 'em to nibble at the alfalfa stack while I shouldered a sack of flour and moseyed along after him.

I went past the kitchen window just in time to see it. The widow she was there, standin' over the stove and fixin' his supper for him. It wasn't just a snack of somethin' left over, like I'd been gettin' when I come in late; she was takin' pains with it. But it wasn't just that that made me stop.

Ben piled his stuff up on the table and then he walked straight over beside her and slung both arms around her and give her a great, big, hearty hug and a rousin' big kiss, right smack on the mouth. I seen him do it, myself, with both eyes; and what's more, I heard him. There just couldn't be any mistake about it.

"You dear soul!" he says, with his big, rumblin' voice. "You dear soul!"

If you'd expected the fireworks to start you'd have been quite considerable disappointed. She didn't even yell bloody-murder; every blessed thing she done in this world was just to snuggle up to him with a low, contented laugh.

"Oh, boy!" she says; "you make me so happy—so happy!" Her voice was away down deep too. Did you ever listen to a piece of love-makin' where both of 'em was talkin' bass? It sounds right quaint.

Well, I didn't want to see any more of it. I felt as if I'd saw quite a lot. I just eased my sack of flour down on the porch and went off back down to the barn.

No, I can't say I was surprised. There's some sudden things that don't surprise you at all. For a man that hadn't been around a week yet he sure had made headway; but there's some women it's no use puttin' things off with. If he was goin' to do it at all there wasn't any reason I could see why he mightn't just as well do it quick. That part didn't bother me. No, nor I wasn't sore about it, not exactly. It wasn't any skin off my nose. I was just so sick and disgusted with the two of 'em that I didn't have room in me for any other feelin'.

"Well, goodby, Ben!" I says to myself while I was finishin' the work. "We liked him fine, didn't we, Billy? But he's a darn fool and we don't want any more of them in our set, do we?" "No," says I, "us two is aplenty—just you and me." "Yes," I says, "I expect him and us have got to part. And we'd better part with her, too, hadn't we?" "I reckon so," says I; "because when she gets him what'll she be doin' with him? Why, she'll bury him, of course, along with the rest of 'em; and then she'll hold fours, and that's an awful hard hand to play against." "All right, Billy," I says, "you and me'll seek another situation right away."

But if Ben's kissin' the widow hadn't surprised me any his next move did. Yes, sir, I'll own up I wasn't expectin' it of him, not any at all.

I was just hangin' around outdoors after I'd got through unloadin'—not doin' anything in particular but only puttin' off goin' to the bunkhouse. I felt as if I didn't want to use up my time spendin' the evenin' with him after what I'd saw, and I was goin' to give him a chance to get

to bed before I showed up. So I was settin' on the bench under the box-elder around in front of the house, sneerin' to myself at the way things was goin'; and then pretty soon I saw Ben come slippin' along up the path, takin' a whole lot of trouble to step easy and quiet. He was only three or four yards from me when he stopped, right under the front-room window. It was the Daphne girl's room.

I hadn't noticed before, but the window was open and there was a light in it.

He stood for a little while as if he was tryin' to get up his nerve; and then he says, "Star-Bright!" It wasn't hardly out loud that he said it; it wasn't much more than a whisper; but I could hear it from where I set as well as if he'd hollered it at the top of his voice.

If the Daphne girl heard it she didn't give any sign. But when he said it again after a bit she showed herself at the window.

"Star-Bright!" he says again.

"What do you want?" she says, in her little velvet voice. Her voice didn't sound a speck scared, but just unfriendly. "What do you want?" says she.

"I want to talk with you, Delight," says he. "Won't you listen?"

But she started to back off from the window. "Go away!" she says. "You've no right to call me that. We're merely strangers to each other."

"I know!" says he. "But listen, Daphne. You must, little Heartsease! I'll not go away until you do."

Oh, he wouldn't, wouldn't he? It don't hardly pay a man to talk like that, I've found out, when he's up against a lady. She didn't say anything to him; she just shut the window down and went away from it. And there he was. He stood there lookin' up at the window for a spell; but then there wasn't anything for him to do but to walk off. It tickled me, till I remembered about the rest of it.

"Well, for the love o' country!" says I to myself. "Who's your Mormon friend, Billy?" "I'm not acquainted with him," I says. "'We're merely strangers to each other'—didn't she say that nice now? And don't you reckon he pretty near agrees with her by this time?" "Yes," says I; "but what do you think of the man anyway? The widow not cold in his arms yet and him Star-Brightin' around another one!" "He's certainly slick at it," I says. "And 'Delight' and 'Heartsease' too. Ain't that a fine string of names to call 'em by?" "They certainly are," says I. They certainly are too. I've used 'em since, ever so many times, all the way from Arizona to Montana, and you can't lose with 'em. "But, say," I says; "how about this, Billy? Do you suppose he's goin' to try it with the two of 'em at once, and in the same house—and one of 'em the Able-Minded Lady? The man don't live that can get away with it, does he?" "Not hardly," says I; "but it'll be a heap of fun to watch. Let's not quit, Billy, till we see the finish."

We didn't have to wait long. It happened just the very next day. The whole thing had been pretty speedy, but the finish was so swift it made the first part look slow.

I Seen Him Do It, Myself, With Both Eyes; and What's More, I Heard Him

It happened to be Sunday, and after we'd got the feedin' done Ben and me wasn't doin' anything much but just shavin', and loafin' around, and readin' a little, and snoozin' in our bunks, till toward noon Steve Brainard and Black's Jim rode into the yard. They was on their way down to the Platte Cañon country on a horse-drive for the Nine-Bar outfit, and they'd stopped for dinner. I was glad to see 'em too. The cow country's so big it's mostly only a chance when you run across the men you like best, once or twice a year. I'd always been fond of Steve on account of the devilment we'd contrived together; and the sight of Black's Jim, any time, with his couple of cock-eyes, both different, and his couple of front teeth gone, would be sufficient to make a man clean forget what a raw world this is. That's what I want my friends for. Yes, sir; I was pleased to see 'em.

It made Ben come alive too. He'd been dumpish all mornin', keepin' pretty much to himself. I hadn't been coaxin' him to be sociable. We'd just been lettin' each other alone. But it ain't anyways possible to stay that way with Steve and Black's Jim around. They'd brought a lot of news, the kind a lonesome man sets store by—funny news from all over the country we'd rode together, from the Dakota ranges clear out to Jackson's Hole. They hadn't been with us a quarter of an hour till both of us was roused up and takin' interest again. You just couldn't help it.

It was a fine dinner the widow fixed for us and it went off awful peaceable, with her in her drop-stitch dress and the Daphne girl to keep her company. The boys couldn't tell what to make of it. When a woman has got nothing but a corduroy reputation around a country and then crops out on you that way it's bound to make you think things. I could see that them two would have some great tales to tell when they got back Douglas-way.

After dinner me and Ben saddled up and rode with 'em a ways, just for company. The trail took us right by the nigger's sheep camp and there's where the climax come.

The nigger I guess he'd had a good dinner too, because he'd put a blanket on the ground beside the wagon and was layin' sound asleep in the sun, all spraddled out, while his sheep was takin' their noonin' at the water. He didn't wake up when we come by. I was startin' after him to get my four bits till Ben stopped me.

"Wait!" he says. "Wait, Billy, and let me do it. He'll be more willin'." And with that he got off his horse and went and stooped down and give the nigger a shake.

He was just a small nigger, but he was a terrible spry one. Did you ever know a nigger could bounce? This one could, because he done it. He didn't just get up; he give one big bounce and he was standin' straight up on his feet. He was a real black nigger, too, most times; but now he was turned the color of dead ashes, with his big thick lips hangin' loose and his eyes bulgin' way out of his head. I'd give a big lot to know what he was thinkin'. No: that would just waste my money. I know what he was thinkin'. He didn't reach up to Ben's chin, standin'; but he didn't seem to stop to consider that. He let one scared yell out of him and give another bounce, and there he was right on top of Ben's frame, with both hands gripped fast in Ben's mop of red hair.

And then what? It come off. Not just a couple of handfuls of it, like you'd think, but all of it all at once, all in one big piece right in the nigger's hands; and there was Ben with a close crop of black down under it.

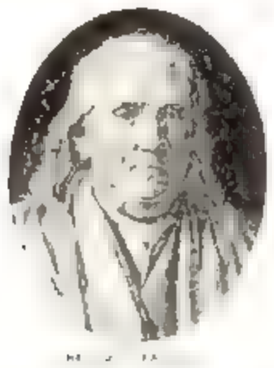
The nigger he didn't seem to know rightly what to do with the red now that he'd got it. He stood there for a minute with it in his hands, starin' at it—starin' and starin'. I guess he must have been one surprised man. Before Ben could make a move to stop him he'd give it a wild throw and was headed off across the hills, runnin' till you couldn't notice anything but a long black streak. The next we heard of him he'd got to Manville the next mornin' and took the train to Casper. He never did come back any more. And he's got my four bits yet.

The hair it had lit bottom side up right on the coals of the nigger's dinner fire. Ben made a quick dive for it, but he was too late. When he'd got it fished out it was blazin'.

(Continued on Page 68)

I Expect So Far as They Knew There Wasn't Anybody Else on Earth Just Then but Them

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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PHILADELPHIA, MAY 6, 1911

Democratic Economy

THE new House began promisingly with economy close at home. A majority that cheerfully sacrifices its own immediate perquisites in the shape of useless House jobs may reasonably be expected to show considerable firmness when it comes to the larger matter of sacrificing other people's perquisites. Probably it will not forget that military expenditures are a sort of perquisite, too, and decidedly bigger than any other. An experienced and responsible Republican member has declared that "thousands and thousands of dollars" are being spent to keep alive the notion that this nation is in imminent danger of attack from Japan. He adds, mildly enough: "To endanger the friendly relations of two great nations in order that certain selfish interests may be gratified is nothing short of criminal."

That there are interests whose importance and profits are in direct proportion to the size of appropriations for navy and army every one knows. That the interests ramify widely and are skilled at the game of politics is equally known. Not long ago we quoted the London Economist upon the English phase of this same problem—the number of interested people who urge the Government on to larger and larger expenditures for military purposes. Last year more than two-fifths of our Government's disbursements were on account of army and navy, not including pensions or the Panama Canal. In all the departments are spigots that need tightening; but of more importance is the open bung.

The Civilized Way

SOME seven hundred thousand men are employed in the coal mines of the United States. About twenty-five hundred of them will probably lose their lives in mine accidents this year, a like number next year and the year following. A report by the Bureau of Labor shows that for twenty years the average annual deathrate from mine accidents was over three persons out of every thousand employed. In no one year was the deathrate very far from this average. We produce roughly half a billion tons of coal a year, and over five lives are lost in mine accidents for every million tons mined.

Twenty-five hundred miners killed in accidents means probably eight to ten thousand widows, orphans and aged parents whose means of subsistence is either cut off or greatly diminished. These dependents may be thrust down into dire poverty; or they may get such relief as haphazard charity offers; or they may employ a contingent-fee lawyer and take their damage claims into court, where the cases will be postponed, appealed, tried and retried until expense and fee eat up a large part of the damages finally recovered—unless, indeed, some precious old "fellow servant" or "assumed risk" doctrine steps in and prevents the recovery of any damages at all.

Suppose, whenever a miner is killed in an accident, leaving a helpless family, ten thousand dollars was set aside for the family's support, producing an income of four to five hundred dollars a year, which would at least keep them from starving or becoming wards of charity. That would require an addition of only five cents to the price of each ton of coal. Of course it would not be necessary to make a permanent appropriation of ten thousand dollars, because compensation to the dependents in each case would run only for a given number of years; but if there were an outright appropriation of ten thousand dollars in every case of accidental death the coal industry would bear it so lightly that no consumer would feel the difference.

If we dealt with these industrial accidents in a civilized way, as other civilized nations do, throwing the burden upon the industry where it belongs, instead of upon helpless women and children, no one would feel the cost. It has been shown, moreover, that the barbarous old damage-suit, contingent-fee system, eats up in expenses that are sheer waste about as much as would be required to make decent provision for the victims of accidents; but the New York Court of Appeals has decided that we cannot adopt the civilized way.

Labor and the Trusts

THE annual report of the New York Central Railroad recites that early in 1910 employees of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad demanded increased wages. After considerable fruitless negotiating the question was submitted to arbitration and the men were awarded a substantial increase in pay. Whereupon employees of the New York Central at once demanded an increase and presently got it. "Similar increases," says the report, "were demanded and enforced on substantially all the lines between Chicago and the Atlantic seaboard."

Turn, now, to a report upon the operations of the electric railways of the United States in 1910. It shows that the ratio of increase in operating expenses was less than on the steam roads—because, the report opines, wages on the electric roads were not increased in the same proportion as on the steam roads. "The wage question," it observes, "can obviously be more effectively handled where conditions are local than where, as with the steam roads, they are common to the whole country. . . . With the electric roads, conditions usually are distinctly local; therefore it is much easier to grapple with them. A strike of employees, confined to a single city, is not such a serious matter as where the whole country or an important division of it is involved."

In short, for well-organized labor the bigger and closer the combination among employers, the better. Probably well-organized labor stands a better show with a one-billion-dollar trust than with a thousand scattered, independent million-dollar concerns.

Books in the Country

IN 1892 the New York legislature passed a library act. Since then the number of free libraries in the state has increased from two hundred odd to more than seven hundred, their stock of books from less than a million to more than four million, and their annual circulation of books from two million volumes to nineteen million. The gain in circulation, which virtually measures the extent to which the libraries are used, amounts to more than eight hundred per cent.

These libraries, however, are mainly in cities and towns having two thousand or more population. About half the villages are without public libraries, and the rural population that does not enjoy library facilities is estimated at a million and a half. Yet, in respect to rural libraries, New York stands relatively high, for it actually has eighty-five such institutions, while a good many states have none.

Real bookreading is a comparatively rare diversion in the country, and thereby the most precious of all devices known to man for passing the time is largely overlooked. We speak of real bookreading, because, until a given volume is a generation old, only a privileged few—who are often wrong—can tell whether it is a real book or merely some contemporaneous stuff, like pages torn out of a newspaper, that has happened to get bound in cloth. There is a value in reading Thackeray, for example, that no contemporaneous novelist can possibly give, because you get not only the novel but a tradition, a historical atmosphere, that any contemporaneous novelist will have to wait fifty years for.

A man without a book-wormlet in his system pursues happiness with one eye shut. Among the vast number of things that agricultural communities are urged to cultivate, that gentle little beast receives too scant attention. What does Mr. Carnegie say to endowing about ten thousand rural free libraries?

Women's Wages

THE ticket sellers on the Chicago elevated roads are women. They are on duty continuously twelve hours a day seven days in the week and three hundred and sixty-five days in the year. If they want a day or half a day off, even on Christmas, they must call in a substitute, who draws the pay for the time the agent is off duty. The full-time, full-fledged pay is fourteen dollars a week. Before becoming eligible for full-time positions the women must serve an indefinite novitiate as substitutes or "extras." The "extra" must be ready to go on duty at any moment—Sundays and holidays included—but is employed only part of the time.

These positions are deemed so desirable that one company out of the five has—or recently had -two thousand applicants on its waiting list, while the total number of women employed by all five companies is about four hundred. This would suggest about twenty-five applicants for each job; and a waiting list of such formidable proportions must discourage a good many who otherwise would apply. We suppose the elevated roads, on the terms above described, could get forty thousand women about as easily as four hundred.

Over half the women in Chicago candy factories, working eight or more hours a day for six days a week, fail to earn as much as six dollars a week. The same report mentions frequent advertisements for "girls fourteen and fifteen years of age, for pleasant work in box factory; three dollars a week while learning." They are kept learning quite a while. In various employments, moreover, there are dull seasons during which the women have work only three or four days a week or a few hours a day.

Scarcely any other industrial fact is more baffling than this huge mass of unorganized, undisciplined, underpaid, half-employed female labor in cities. All intelligent reports upon vice refer to it.

Law as a "Repeater"

MR. JUSTICE DARLING, we learn from the Journal of Criminal Law and Criminology, recently sentenced a woman to three years' penal servitude for stealing a doormat, because within fourteen years she had been convicted of petty theft eighteen times and of drunkenness fifty-seven times. Every American city, the Journal observes, has these alcoholic "repeaters," who are convicted of drunkenness, or of some petty offense growing out of it, all the way from five to twenty times a year. A citizen of the Empire State holds the record, having been before the police court one hundred and sixty times.

In these cases obviously there are two "repeaters," one alcoholic, the other legal. Seventy-five times an English woman had been found drunk. Each time she was brought before the court, reprimanded, locked up, then turned loose—simply to get drunk again, to be brought again before the court, reprimanded and locked up. It is not very surprising that the woman's sodden brain and vitiated will were unable to extract or apply a lesson from these extensive and uniform experiences. The surprising thing is that they taught the law nothing. After about the fiftieth repetition one might suppose it would have occurred to any bright schoolboy that locking this woman up did nobody any good; that, instead of spending so many pounds sterling five times a year in court and jail costs, it would be a good idea to spend a few pounds trying to discover some more promising method of dealing with her. The New York man's one hundred and sixty appearances in court undoubtedly cost the community far more than an intelligent effort to make a sober citizen of him would have cost.

Bank-Looting as a Career

THE indictment of another banker at New York reminds us again that bank-looting is the least promising of criminal careers. The chances of detection and punishment are higher, we believe, than in any other branch of criminal practice. Yet a calm review of the record will show that this high moral certainty of detection and punishment does not prevent the crime. It is the rule that no bank fails, with loss to its depositors, unless there has been crime in its management, or at least a degree of recklessness morally criminal. It is the rule, too, that this criminal stage evolves rather slowly. The law naturally can catch the criminally bent banker only in the flower, not in the bud; and by the time he has reached the stage where he does actually criminal things usually his bank is hopelessly involved—the harm to the banking public has been done. It is difficult for official inspection to interfere unless there has been some violation of law; but the banks themselves can and increasingly do interfere with the bud. In a number of cities the associated banks maintain inspectors and tend powerfully to discourage practices that are not criminal but so mistaken that they may evolve into the criminal stage. Socially if not legally speaking, bank failure is a crime; and in cities the banks themselves can do more than any other agency to prevent it. Their duty to the public in this regard is also in high degree a measure of self-preservation. They can not only almost always know if anybody is doing a crime-breeding sort of banking but they can stop it. That requires only concerted action and backbone. The Morse episode, for example, was really disgraceful to the banks of New York as a body. In the past, competition has been responsible for the failure of the banks to use collectively the power in their hands for the protection of the banking public. As the cheerful old devil-catch-the-hindmost notion of competition declines, the banks act more unitedly and the public is better protected.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

In the Middle of the Road

FOR twenty-six long and resounding years Julius Cæsar Burrows contributed a vibrant and voraginous voice to the support of the grand old tenets of the Grand Old Party both in the Congress of these United States in session assembled and in such other places as demanded noise; and for the same space of time the people of Michigan contributed the necessary votes for the aid and comfort and job of Julius Cæsar Burrows.

On occasions others presented themselves to the people of Michigan as worthy of the emoluments accruing to Julius Cæsar, but the sturdy folks of Michigan said these usurpers nay. There was nothing doing, and Julius Cæsar continued as a statesman with a voice, or a voice with a statesman, until last summer. For a year or two previous to last summer, Michigan had been showing signs of that Republican Insurgency so popular in some of her sister states, which grieved Julius Cæsar and vexed him sore. Hastening to the hustings, he sought to stem the tide—I am quite sure that is the way to put it, although most of the tides at the hustings are in the husters and not otherwise apparent; but Insurgency was all the rage, and Michigan Republicans said one to another when gathered in Adrian and Petoskey and other places: "Us for it!"—or words to that broad, general effect.

Coincidently with the spread of Insurgency, there appeared the Honorable Charles Elroy Townsend, of Jackson, who proceeded to do some spreading and spread-eagling himself. "Seek no further!" he cried to the people of Michigan. "If you are looking for an Insurgent to represent you in the Senate of the United States—to replace that ancient and immutable standpatter now there in the revered person of J. Cæsar Burrows—what is the matter with me?" At the moment, nothing seemed to be the matter with Charles Elroy Townsend; and when the votes were counted on the eventful night of the thrice-eventful day of the primaries it was discovered that the people of Michigan had simultaneously and dexterously removed both the hide and the toga from Julius Cæsar, and had gracefully draped the epidermis on the fence and the gabardine of office on the sloping but receptive shoulders of Charles Elroy Townsend.

Well, it was tough to see a statesman who for twenty-six years had been prominent in the counsels, consultations and clamors of his party pushed thus rudely aside; but politics is stern business, my boys. Julius Cæsar, hastening to Chicago to inquire into that little matter concerning William Lorimer, put forth a statement in which he said he had no regrets; and, if the people of Michigan, who had long honored him, wanted the kind of a successor they had chosen, the kind of a successor they had chosen was the kind they wanted.

First the High Road and Then the Low

THE Insurgents of Michigan were delighted. They had won a great victory at the polls and presently the legislature ratified their choice; Mr. Townsend meantime keeping modestly in the background and going about his duties in the House of Representatives, where he had been a member for several years. To be sure, there had been some small talk, here and there throughout the state, that Mr. Townsend was not so all-fired Insurgent as he was cracked up to be, but that was set down as the jealous muttering of disappointed regulars; and the position of Mr. Townsend was understood to be that "actions speak louder than words." There was a contention now and then, especially by other members of the Michigan delegation in the House of Representatives, that the Insurgency of Mr. Townsend was fortuitous rather than fortified; that they were never able to pin him down to anything definite, and that he was a crepusculous rather than a conflagrant crusader against Cannonism and the rest.

"Wait!" exclaimed the progressives of Michigan. "Wait, and you will see Charles Elroy marching boldly down the center aisle of the Senate to take his stand with La Follette and Bristow and Cummins. Just wait!" Hence we all waited; and the Congress adjourned on March fourth to assemble again in April, at which time Charles Elroy was to make his parade. It so happened, however, that Charles Elroy visited his native state during the few weeks that elapsed between the ending of the old Congress and the beginning of the sessions of the new and appeared in Lansing, where the legislature that had conferred his Senatorship was in deliberation. He was invited to address the House. He did so.

Friendly to All and Hostile to None

I quote from a Lansing dispatch in a Detroit newspaper, bearing date of March twenty-eighth: "Senator Townsend made a brief talk to the House this afternoon, it being his first visit since he was elected. Without saying so in direct language, Senator Townsend told the Solons that he is not the Insurgent he was before election, for the reason that he has since come to appreciate the mighty responsibility that rests upon a United States Senator from Michigan. He added that Michigan occupies an important position for the reason that it clings to what has been good in the past and hopes for the future; and said that when his record is written he hopes his real friends will understand that he had done the best he could."

That, I take it, is an illuminating paragraph. Many an Insurgent has given reasons for the belief that is—or was in him; but none, so far as I have observed, has gone so deeply into the matter. When a Senator who ran as an Insurgent feels impelled to announce that he will not insurge, but will keep in the middle of the road, because his state clings to what has been good in the past and hopes for the future, he certainly disarms any criticism that might be offered and makes it eminently possible that when his record is made up his real friends will realize he has done the best he could—with the accent on the could.

Some of Senator Townsend's friends, it is related in the Lansing dispatch, were not pleased at this declaration; and the chronicler continues, while the statement "occasioned no great surprise, there was no spontaneous outburst of applause." Certainly the statement occasioned no great surprise in Washington, where the Senator has labored diligently. He has been a prudent, conservative, cautious Insurgent—not one of those fiery, untamed Insurgents who went out against Cannon and Cannonism, and all that. Townsend distributed his favors impartially. He voted for the Payne-Aldrich tariff bill, but when it came to the question of throwing Cannon off the rules committee he voted against the Speaker—split evenly and neatly, or, as he would probably phrase it himself, kept in the middle of the road. There will be a middle of the road in the Senate this year, but there won't be many on it. However, Townsend is a skillful traveler down the precise center; and, though he may be lonely, he will not be unaccustomed to the route.

He first came into notice through the Esch-Townsend bill for the regulation of the railroads, which had the preliminary support of President Roosevelt; although, when the law finally got on the statute-books, it bore the name of Colonel Pete Hepburn as its distinguishing mark. Once—perhaps twice—he went gayly out against the House organization when it was intended to curtail the efficiency of the Interstate Commerce Commission by reducing its appropriation. This was a perfectly safe proceeding, for he had the backing of President Roosevelt in the matter, who made speeches, put on the screws and wrote letters about the iniquity of this particular job.

Townsend handles himself very well when he is on his feet. He can make a good speech and is reasonably apt in debate. He was born in Jackson County, not long after they claim they organized the Republican party out there at Jackson under the oaks, and has been in Congress for eight years. He practiced law in Jackson, after he was admitted to the bar, until he was elected to Congress.

And it will be great to see him in the Senate with La Follette and Bristow and Cummins and Bourne and the other irreconcilables raging on one side, and Penrose and Crane and Warren and Brandegee and the remaining regulars standing pat on the other—walking circumspectly down the middle of the road; smiling first on one hand and then on the other; maintaining his equilibrium, no matter how he may be pulled or shoved; insurging on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays and standing pat on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays; clinging to the best of the past and hoping for the future; appreciating the mighty responsibility that rests on a Senator from Michigan; friendly to all and hostile to none; calmly nugacious and neutral.

Not Committed

A POLITICIAN in a Western state, long suspected of crookedness and noted for his shifty ways, was finally indicted and tried. The jury was out a long time, but eventually acquitted him. After the verdict was in and the politician was leaving the courtroom, a minister who had been in part responsible for the indictment and trial approached the politician and said: "Well, my friend, you have escaped; but you had a close shave. I trust this will be a warning to you to lead a better life and deal more fairly with your fellow men."

"That may be," replied the politician. "That may be; but I ain't pledged to any one."

Ten to One

MAYOR CARTER H. HARRISON and former mayor Edward F. Dunne, of Chicago, ran against one another in the primaries for the nomination for mayor a time ago.

Mr. Harrison has a daughter, Miss Ethel, aged fifteen, and Dunne has ten children of assorted ages. A few days before the primaries Miss Ethel asked her mother: "Mamma, do you pray for father's nomination?"

"Certainly I do, my dear; and I hope you do too."

"Well," replied the daughter, "I did at the beginning, but I stopped after a while."

"Stopped?" asked the shocked mother. "Why did you stop?"

"Why, I thought about those ten little Dunnes all doing the same thing and I concluded I had no chance."

An Illuminating Item

WHILE touring abroad a certain citizen of New York found this item in a list of police regulations posted up on a highway in Ireland:

"Until further notice, every vehicle must carry a light when darkness begins. Darkness begins when the lights are lit."

The Hall of Fame

¶ Senator McLean, of Connecticut, is a great fisherman and hunter.

¶ Anthony Fiala, the Arctic explorer, was a newspaper cartoonist before he began dashing for the Poles.

¶ Representative William Robert Smith, of Texas, comes from a district that has fifty-seven counties in it, and they are good big counties too.

¶ Bishop Samuel Fallows, of Chicago, was born in England, and was brevetted brigadier-general at the close of our Civil War for meritorious services. He served from 1861 to 1865.

The Beast of Buckshot Ridge

OLE RELIABLE WISHES HE'D STAYED IN JAIL

By Harris Dickson

ILLUSTRATED BY GUSTAVUS C. WIDNEY

LIKE a full-rigged vessel before a stiff breeze Colonel Beverly Spottiswoode sailed out of the Vicksburg National Bank. "Can't stop, John; can't stop; got to buy a lot of things and catch a train."

The president showed a bundle of papers: "It won't take half an hour."

"Can't spare half a minute. It would be a great pleasure to examine those deeds, but I'm going bear-hunting especially to get the Beast of Buckshot Ridge. That's business, and business before pleasure, as you always say. Just sign my name."

The president peered out through the bars of his cage. "I wish I had sense enough to enjoy life." He put on his spectacles and returned to the treadmill of his desk.

Massive and generously built, the Colonel blew on, steered among the smaller craft, then hove to at the edge of the sidewalk and stood facing the breeze. His suit of flowing linen flapped about his legs; he was always the first to bud into summer linens, and it took a white frost in the autumn to freeze him out. He had the fresh complexion of a child, and his heartiness suggested the sea—which he saw every time the Sherwood Plantation was overflowed.

"Jee-rusalem! How I Hate to See That Bear Get Away"

He stopped long enough to consult a memorandum—guns, ammunition, provisions—then sailed on, waving aside various friends who wanted to chat.

Doctor Chase was standing at the curb, holding his horse with one hand; with the other he caught the Colonel's arm: "Wait a minute, Bev; I've got a message."

"Out with it; I'm in a hurry." The family physician tiptoed to reach the Colonel's ear: "Sh! I've just come from the jail. There's a friend of yours up there in trouble—says for you to come get him out right away."

"Who is it?"

"Sh! Doesn't want his name mentioned—might get in the newspapers." The Doctor stepped into his buggy and was gone.

Colonel Spottiswoode looked at his watch and thought of half a dozen friends who might come to town and trip by the wayside. "Hi, there, hackman!"—one of those swaybacked, rollicking hacks—and he whispered to the driver: "Jail, quick."

With such nonchalance as his haste permitted Colonel Spottiswoode strolled into the jail; undue anxiety might cast suspicion upon a friend, when it would later become his duty to lie like a gentleman. He beckoned the jailer into a private office: "Jerry, who is it?"

"Who is what, Colonel?"

"The gentleman who sent for me."

Jerry shook his head.

"Is there no gentleman up here who—who ——"

"No, just the same old bunch of bums."

"Might I look in?"

Jerry opened a door into the hall where a dozen police pick-ups lounged. Every prisoner turned his eyes to see the new arrival. From the far end a scrawny-built negro man came shuffling toward them, jerking off his cap.

"Dar's him—dar's de Cun'l—Doctor Chase 'lowed he war gwine to let you know right away. It's me, Cun'll Zack! Ole Reliable."

The astonished Colonel backed into the office; Ole Reliable strutted after—then dropped his cap on the floor. "Mr. Jerry, I tole you de Cun'l warn't gwine to res' till he got me out."

The Colonel glared, got red and swelled then burst into primary and elemental cussin'; he exhausted the rudiments of invective, soared through the higher branches and topped off with frills peculiar to himself.

Ole Reliable listened solemnly as to a benediction; now and again he nodded at some novelty in the way of vigorous expression.

The Colonel's breath gave out and he dropped into a chair. Ole Reliable lifted his head triumphantly and smiled at the jailer: "Dar now, Mr. Jerry, ain't dat jes' what I tole you—de Cun'l sho is de mos' plain-spoken white gent'man in dis town. He don't say nuthin' behine nobody's back."

The Colonel thumped the floor with his cane and turned helplessly: "Jerry, what can you do with a nigger like that? Get out of this jail and climb on that hack."

Zack got and climbed. The jailer cautioned him: "Zack, you better keep out of the way of those negroes; we'll be juggin' some of them for killing you."

"Lordy, Mr. Jerry, dem niggers ain't gwine to see me no mo'—I'm done wid 'em."

Colonel Spottiswoode rose with a jerk and started.

"One minute, Colonel; what about the charges against Zack?"

"What charges? He's guilty; put him on the chain gang—for ten years."

"It's nothing serious—just a drop too much and a rough bit of argument ——"

"Tell the judge to stick it to him—give him the limit and let me know what it is."

. . . . . .

Billy Wade cherished no illusions about his position on Sherwood Plantation. He had long been the manager for Colonel Spottiswoode, but after he brought his sister South Billy perched on a lower limb, she taking her rightful place as supervisor of human affairs.

Mrs. Bella Wynston—spelled with a *y*—arrived on a certain day at noon. At 12:01 P. M. she began readjusting that portion of the United States.

Nobody knew whether Providence or the law had fixed her status as a widow. As to other matters, Mrs. Wynston relieved Providence of all responsibility and regulated social functions "as we do in New York."

Billy Wade sneaked to the front gallery for a quiet smoke. He planted a foot against the banister and lighted his pipe.

Mrs. Wynston emerged. Her ankles were undeniably pretty and the skirt was none too long. "William, you had your foot on those banisters, and they have just been scrubbed. Please not to drop ashes on the floor."

Billy held his tongue—that being his irritating specialty. He started down the steps to smoke in the yard. Mrs. Bella Wynston opened her watch and snapped it positively. "Two o'clock. Kindly order your horse and mine for half past three."

"Where are we going?"

"We shall ride to camp. Colonel Spottiswoode might forget that tomorrow will be Sunday and we have the Bishop for dinner."

"Hadn't you better send a negro? I would not go myself."

"Not a word, William; I know exactly what you are going to say. These spiteful women have been saying it. I wouldn't marry Beverly Spottiswoode if every hair in his head were strung with diamonds."

"But I can't leave the store—this is Saturday."

"Oh, very well; I shall take Old Perk and ride seven miles through the swamp with a negro."

"There is no use in your going. He said he would come home tonight."

"William, the Colonel does not know one day from another when he goes hunting. What would the neighbors say: 'Colonel Spottiswoode builds that beautiful chapel, invites the Bishop here to consecrate it, and stays out in the woods hunting bear.' I should be a laughing-stock What would the Bishop think?"

Billy had it on the tip of his tongue to mention a certain irreverent amount that he didn't care—Billy had many things on the tip of his tongue that he never let fall off

"All right; three-thirty goes."

. . . . . .

Four fresh bearskins hung on the rack in front of Colonel Spottiswoode's tent. The cook and camp boy lay asleep, likewise the dogs, such as were not licking their wounds. Ole Reliable, abjectly and utterly wretched, sat on the ground with his shoes off, rubbing his feet with liniment. He listened half-heartedly to a discussion that had been going on for the entire afternoon. In a flannel shirt and corduroy breeches, with five days' growth of beard on his face, Colonel Spottiswoode talked earnestly with Dan and Al. Both of those rough old codgers shook their heads.

"Be reasonable, boys; we came here to get the Beast, and we haven't got him. That bear has killed more dogs than we can count. Think of old Music and Kate; and Rumpus, the best hound that ever made a track through this swamp. We've sworn to nail his hide on the barn door. He's dodged us three times this week, but we know where he is and can get him tomorrow."

Dan and Al were veteran woodsmen. Hunting was their trade, but not for money. They hadn't a cent and didn't need one—they loved the game.

Al crouched on his haunches from long habit. Dan chawed and shook his head. "Kunnel, tain't no sense stayin' no longer. Our dogs is wore out and we is wore out. Them dogs is cut an' crippled up so they couldn't kill a rabbit. Eight of 'em is dead or missin'. I'm goin' home."

Al nodded assent: "My hoss is lame. You can't hunt up all the huntin' at one time."

The Colonel rose: "Boys, we've been friends all our lives, and you know I have never denied you anything. If you want a meal or a home or a dog or a dollar that belongs to me you can always get it. Give me one more chance—that's all I ask."

The Spottiswoodes were not people to recount past favors; Dan and Al were not men to forget. Colonel Bev had a goodly balance to his credit, and these woodsmen knew every item. They would not repay, but they would remember. He pleaded for just one more day until Dan began to weaken: "If Al stays I'll stay."

"Huh, Kernel, Yo' Dog Don't Know You in That Rig"

"Good!" exclaimed the Colonel; "I knew you fellows wouldn't go back on me. What is it?"

Two weary dogs lifted their heads and began to bark; Ole Reliable held his liniment bottle and gazed. Dan's long, knotty finger pointed through the woods: "Lady folks."

The Colonel turned and vanished into his tent. He washed his face with a wet towel, knocked the dirt from his clothes, put on a coat and stood uncovered to welcome Mrs. Wynston. "My dear lady, this is a great honor. Pardon our camp, but we were not expecting ladies. This is Mr. Dan Jamison and Mr. Al French." The woodsmen rose awkwardly and bowed in silence. Mrs. Wynston was a person who never knew them.

The Colonel—pink of courtesy—lifted his arms to assist her from the saddle. She tapped him on the shoulder with her whip and smiled: "No, Colonel, I shall not dismount. Billy and I came out for the pleasure of riding home with you. You've been gone a whole week," and she flashed her black eyes at him.

Al and Dan tried not to grin as they withdrew to the woods—their ever-present asylum in time of trouble.

Mrs. Wynston did not ask the Colonel if he were going. She superintended his departure and with a pretty tact ordered Zack to saddle his horse. Zack hustled with his crippled feet. The Colonel glanced toward his friends and moved in their direction; she kept her place beside him so adroitly it seemed that he was leading her.

Mrs. Wynston chatted gayly, leaning forward to lay her gloved fingers upon the Colonel's shoulder. Ole Reliable hobbled up with the horse and hung the bridle over the Colonel's arm

"Old man, what did you say your name is?"

"Zack, ma'am; but everybody, white and black, calls me 'Ole Reliable.' I never ——"

"Yes, you recited all that when you first came. Come with me; you are to help serve the Bishop's dinner tomorrow."

"Yas'm, yas'm." Zack limped off joyfully for his mule.

Mrs. Wynston smiled brilliantly upon her escort and lowered her black lashes: "Colonel, we are ready to go home."

"Pardon me—one moment." The Colonel escaped for an instant and whispered to Dan: "Get a good rest tonight and tomorrow. Doctor the dogs. Tie up Bugler, and Shag won't follow me home. I'll be back at daylight Monday morning."

"Come With Me; You are to Help Serve the Bishop's Dinner Tomorrow"

Billy sat his horse, thrashing leaves from a sassafras bush, while the lady personally conducted the conversation.

The Colonel and Mrs. Wynston—spelled with a *y*—rode homeward together through the slanting sunshine of melancholy day. Billy tagged behind with Ole Reliable. They cantered into the front gate and Mrs. Wynston made a gesture with her whip: "Doesn't the yard look neat?"

The Colonel glanced around him; everything regular, formal, clean-swept—not a place where he could dare throw down a saddle or hitch a horse. He bowed profoundly: "Yes, madam; you have brought Heaven's first law to Sherwood."

She threw her weight unreservedly upon him as he lifted her to the porch and stood, hat in hand: "You are so strong," she smiled.

Suddenly she stamped her foot at a dog that came slinking through the yard: "Get out of here!"

The Colonel turned. "Why, it's Shag!" A rough-haired nondescript with a reputation.

"Oh, Colonel, I didn't know it was your dog. Come here, puppy, pretty puppy."

Shag eyed her dubiously and crept to the Colonel's feet. "What are you doing here, old fellow? You had no business leaving Bugler. Come." The Colonel led his horse around the house. Mrs. Wynston shook her head at Ole Reliable, who was entering the front gate. He turned back and went through the pasture lot to the stable.

On a bench in the back yard against the sunny side of his cabin sat a negro with white whiskers—like seed cotton full of cockle-burs. His wrinkled black face broadened into a smile. "Good-evening, Uncle Perk; how do you feel?"

"Po'ly, Mars Bev; did you git de Beast?"

"No; we jumped him three times, but he dodged us."

"Dat ain't no bear—dat's de debil. Spec I got to work a hoodoo on 'im."

"Take a good look at Shag; something must be wrong. He left old Bugler and followed me home."

"Huh! 'Tain't no tellin' what's gwine to take place when you's chasin' de Beast. Shag, what you mean by doin' dat-a-way? You know yo' place is whar Bugler is." Shag crouched and wagged his tail, while Perk felt him over, head and hip, jaws and paws. "Nuthin' ails dis dog—he's jes' burnt out."

"How are the new dogs?"

"Dey acks purty good in de yard; why'nt you try 'em in de woods?"

"Have them all ready—I am going back at daylight Monday morning to get the Beast."

"Now, dat's de way fer de Spottiswoode boys to talk." Old Perk's eyes glistened.

The white man turned reluctantly from the negro and Shag, braced himself and entered the house.

. . . . . .

When Colonel Spottiswoode opened his eyes on Sunday morning he saw Ole Reliable putting the buttons in his shirt. A black suit, aggressively new and exactly creased, hung on the back of a chair. "Zack, what are you grinning at?"

The negro jumped: "Nuthin', suh, nuthin'."

"Yes, you were."

"I was jes' awonderin' how you gwine to look in dem preacher clo'es."

The Colonel made a queer contortion of the lips. He had been wondering too.

Zack went to the kitchen and came back with a mug full of hot water, when the Colonel sat up in bed and inquired, "Any news from out yonder?" nodding toward the woods.

"No, suh."

"I was afraid they might break camp when I left," the Colonel said.

"No, suh—better git up an' dress—missus 'pears to be powerful sot about havin' breakfust right on de minit."

"Is the Bishop awake?"

"Yas, suh, him an' dat youngest preacher gent'mun is walkin' up an' down de gallery."

The Colonel yawned and stretched, with one foot hanging from the bed. The faint voice of a dog floated in at the window. "What's that?"

"Nuthin', suh; jes' a dog barkin' in de woods. Missus say fer me to shave you right away."

Zack commenced applying the lather whether or no, and hurried as Mrs. Wynston rapped on the door.

"Colonel," she called in a voice obviously amiable, but decisive, "breakfast in five minutes."

"Thank you; I'm ready."

Colonel had the rush of his life, but he made it in seven minutes, thanks to Zack. Every preparation for his arrival had been systematic, like those for the erection of a circus tent. Zack gazed with pride upon the stately figure in the swing-tail coat that stood at the dining-room door gracefully inviting the Bishop and other clergy to partake of his hospitality.

At the head of the table sat Mrs. Wynston—spelled with a *y*—a grand lady with impressive accent.

When Zack returned to the kitchen for a second cargo of cakes he confided to Aunt Sallie: "Ef dat don't beat de Jews! You oughter hear de Cun'l settin' up dar sayin' 'Bishop dis' an 'Bishop dat,' sputin' an argufyin' 'bout de Scriptures jes' as nacheral as a duck gwine barefooted."

The deep-mouthed bay of a hound sounded like a trumpet in the woods, so loud and insistent that it demanded recognition. The new dogs in the stable lot began to bark. Zack halted and listened. Again the hound bayed; the new dogs raised another clamor.

Zack started toward the dining-room with the cakes and met the Colonel on the back gallery.

"What are those dogs barking at?"

Zack nodded toward the canebrake, from which there rose a long, keen howl—the cry of a dog, a trained dog, a cry that meant something.

"That's Bugler!" exclaimed the Colonel, running out to Uncle Perk. "Perk, isn't that Bugler?"

"Yas, suh, dat sho is Bugler; I heerd 'im jes' now."

Another dog immediately opened up. "Shag! By the gods o' war! How did he get out?"

"He jes' nacherly clumb de fence fust time he heerd Bugler."

The Colonel breathed hard: "They've jumped the Beast," he suggested, half hoping it wasn't true.

"Dat's de Beast, sho as hell's a mousetrap; dem dogs don't bark like dat at nuthin' else, ebber sence de Beast ripped ole Bugler ——"

Zack dawdled on the threshold with the plate of cakes in his hand, one ear reaching out toward the dining-room, the other catching whatever came from the woods.

Colonel Spottiswoode stood erect and alert, eyes shining, heart beating, hands clenched and lips apart.

"Zack! Zack!" Mrs. Wynston called in a voice of honey-coated command. Without turning his head, scarcely opening his lips, the Colonel said: "Go back to the table; tell Mrs. Wynston I've gone to quiet the dogs."

"Yas, suh."

Zack paused for an instant in the back door, but it was long enough for him to see the Colonel striding into the stable lot, where his new dogs were butting their heads against the fence, trying to scramble through and barking in a frenzy.

The long, strong cry of a single dog uprose from the canebrake like a lone rocket, climbed the horizon, trembled on the crest, and burst into a multitudinous baying of many voices. The Colonel let out a mighty yell.

After Zack had passed the cakes he crept to the back door and saw the calamity. The canebrake seemed alive with clamorous yelpings—the shrill, the keen, the profundo and the treble—all sorts and conditions of dogs, kin only in their vociferous excitement.

Colonel Spottiswoode had tossed a saddle on the long-legged bay and was racing like a red-and-black streak across the cottonfield with the four fresh hounds.

Uncle Perk tottered to the fence and sat on the top plank, waving his hat and shouting.

"Dar now!" Zack exclaimed, then wheeled at a step behind him and stood face to face with Mrs. Wynston.

"What is all that noise? Where is the Colonel?"

Zack floundered and said something at random: "Warn't dat hum jes' went in his room? Lemme see." He made a movement to open the door. So great was his anxiety to divert her attention that Zack glanced backward toward the woods, and Mrs. Wynston's eyes followed his. Far across the fields she saw the fluttering coat-tails of a hatless horseman, with the yelping hounds behind him. Mrs. Wynston stood aghast; the red color flooded her cheeks and her teeth gleamed: "You, Zack you ——" But Zack had faded away into the dining-room, seeking sanctuary with the Bishop and other clergy. His eyes showed white when Mrs. Wynston entered. She bit her lip and Zack knew he'd catch it presently.

At the edge of the woods the Colonel paused—mentally; his horse never faltered. He looked back to the house—mentally. "Might as well be killed for an old sheep as a

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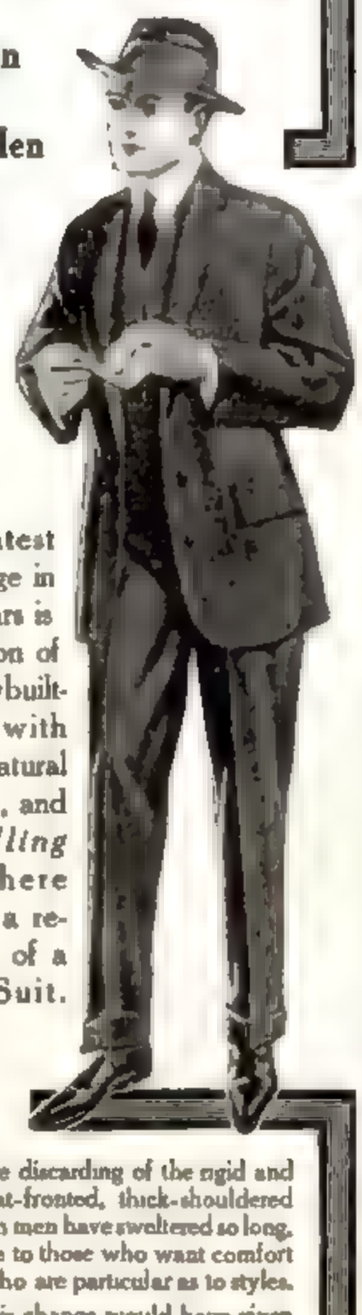

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lamb." So he filled his lungs with greenwoods air, leaned forward in his saddle and shouted at the dogs.

The Colonel had a good horse between his legs. With loose rein he dashed on in the direction of Shag and Bugler, passing through a straggling rabble of dogs from the camp – big dogs, little dogs, lame dogs, bulldogs, curs, pointers and hounds. His four recruits distanced the others, tired as they were from a week of fighting. There were Spot and Dick and Tug; they belonged to Al French. Lil and Rally and Monk; they were Dan's. The Colonel recognized each animal that he overtook. "They've broke camp." He rose in his stirrups and cheered as Dan's brindle hound cleared the fence like a bird: "Hooray! Rowdy! After the Beast!"

He patted the neck of his splendid bay; the horse rose like the undulation of a mighty wave, leaped lightly as a foaming crest, and scurried like surf through the brush beyond the fence. It was a straight-away chase and moved in a whirlwind, a sweeping circle that eventually came back within two miles of where he started. The lone horseman rode as only a bear-hunter in the swamp can ride—swaying in his saddle, ducking the low limbs, dodging the trees and, selecting by instinct the thinnest place, crashing through undergrowth and canebrake by sheer weight of horse and man. The main thing was to go—and go he did. Many times he was able to stop and rest his horse, because he knew that the chase would turn and come back. Once in a while he raised the rally cry of a huntsman calling to his pack. Falling in behind the hounds again he crossed a clearing and paused, imperceptibly, to take his bearings. The chase now led directly toward the public road, which for two miles hugged the river bank. This road also led from the Sherwood house to the chapel –the lady and the Bishop were on their way. But the Colonel didn't think of that. He could hear the Beast—he thought only of the Beast, and the Beast was making for water. "I'll cut him off at the river." Again he touched Bayfellow on the neck. The gaunt horse opened and shut like a jackknife, devouring distance. But in brush and cane the Beast was swifter. The Colonel galloped through the last fringe of woods, crossed the public road and halted his horse like a cowboy, just in time to see the Beast go plunging into the river a hundred yards upstream.

Shag, the gallant hound, not twenty leaps behind him, did not flicker. The Beast swam magnificently, widening the space between himself and the dog. Then Bugler darted out of the bushes like a ferret. In a twinkling the river had filled with buffeting dogs. The Beast led them all like a black comet with a spreading tail of hounds behind him.

The first dozen or so—particularly Shag, Bugler, Rowdy and the four recruits—bade fair to get across in safety; they seemed fresh and swam strongly. But others came, continued to come, and kept on coming—excited, hysterical, unreasoning animals. Crippled hounds that could scarcely stand tottered to the water's edge and tumbled in. They struggled feebly, but the current bore them away. Some got out again, some disappeared.

The Colonel threw himself from his horse, ran up and down the muddy bank, shouting, kicking, beating them back, dragging them from the water.

Weather-beaten Dan untangled himself from the bushes and appeared on top of the bank. He crossed his leg wearily over his mule and sat sidewise, contemplating the catastrophe. "'Tain't no use, Cun'l—let 'em go; when them dogs gits the high-strikes you can't do nuthin' with 'em."

"That's the Beast, Dan—the Beast, I tell you," yelled the Colonel.

"Yaa, I know; hope yo' dogs'll git 'im—mine is wore out."

The Colonel dropped on a log and felt in his pocket for a handkerchief. "Jeerusalem! How I hate to see that bear get away." He pulled out a napkin which he had brought from the breakfast-table, and began to wipe his face. Cockle-burs clung to his breeches, a brier had caught his coat-tail and torn a jagged triangle. The two men sat without a word and watched the swimming race. Al French joined the pair in silence.

Across the river hundreds of deadened trees lifted their tall white trunks from out a wilderness of briers. The Beast swam like an otter and gained easily on the dogs. He ambled up the farther bank with plenty of time to spare, yet, as if in pure bravado, he took to one of the smallest trees in plain sight. From the first fork he gazed calmly down upon the dogs.

Al French wriggled on his horse, too tired to do anything but protest: "Look a yonder, Kernel, did you ever see the beat o' that fer impudence?"

The Colonel shook his head. "Where did you get him up?"

"We broke camp after you-all dug out; we was riding 'long todes home, an' Bugler jumped 'im right there by the nigh end o' Lost Lake. Bugler is allers been hell-bent on gittin' that special bear."

"Was it near that burnt cypress? I knew it! Didn't I tell you that's where we would find him? We lost him in that cane last November the twelfth."

Al nodded. "Yas, Kernel; you prophesied correct." They took another long look at the bear reposing comfortably in his fork, with Shag and Bugler leaping upward from the mob below.

Dan consumed several minutes in cutting a chunk of tobacco and peeling off the outer leaf. "Kernel," he drawled, "how'd you git away? I thought you warn't allowed to come out agin till sometime Monday?"

"Well, I didn't intend to; the Bishop is at my house. But the dogs passed while we were eating breakfast." He flushed guiltily and stuffed the napkin in his pocket. "Those new dogs made such a racket in the yard I thought I'd step out and call 'em off."

"Thar they is -do yer callin'." Dan included the universe in one all-embracing gesture and passed his horn to the Colonel. The Colonel blew and shouted and called, but only added to the hubbub across the river. Then he handed back his horn. "No use, Dan; I can't blow off Shag and Bugler, not after they see the bear. Suppose you try to call Rowdy."

"It's jes' wastin' good breath, and I might need it some day. Rowdy ain't comin'."

The three white men sat there, helpless as frogs watching a balloon.

The cook and the negro camp boy dragged themselves out of the woods, tumbled limply off the mules and lay in a huddle on the grass.

Ole Reliable came limping along the road on foot. He had slipped over the back fence when Mrs. Wynston sent him to hurry the Bishop's carriage. He hit the big road and followed it, going most anywhere. When he heard the horn he peartened up his gait and joined the Colonel without a word.

Two good miles behind him followed the carriage, with Mrs. Wynston, the Bishop and other clergy. Providence did not take the Colonel into its confidence, and he failed to hear the approaching footsteps of those things that were about to happen.

Dan Jamison sat his mule grimly, gazed at the Beast and listened to the frantic baying of the dogs. "Well, Kernel, what are you goin' to do about it?"

The Colonel's eye ran up and down the river—he knew there wasn't a boat within ten miles.

"Give me your rifle—I'll try a shot from here."

"No, sirree! You're a mighty good shot, but no man can't gamble on killin' at that distance. That's the Beast; if you don't kill him plumb dead he'll slash up them dogs so you kin strain 'em through a sifter."

"Suppose we send a negro over there to shoot him."

Ole Reliable pricked up his ears, scrambled off on all fours and dived into the woods, immediately preceding the cook and camp boy. The Colonel blinked at the sudden vacancy behind him: "Where are those negroes?"

Dan grinned. "They tuk to the woods. Try yo' horn; mebbe they'll come back."

"Well," said the Colonel, "I'm not going to stand here all day and see my dogs killed—I've got a score to settle with the Beast and I'll swim for it." He shucked his coat and hung it on a limb. Dan climbed down from his mule. "Kernel, you're a sport from the heart; but there ain't no flies on me. Don't you never think I'm goin' to let you kill the Beast by yo'self."

Both of them looked at Al French. "The world is your'n, gentlemen; help yo'selves. Thar's the river and yonder's the b'ar. Dive in; it's my treat."

The Colonel peeled his trousers and tossed them across a limb beside the coat.

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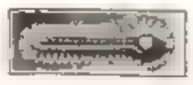

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Al grinned: "Sunday-go-to-meetin's got kinder mussed, ain't they, Kernel?"

"Shut up; hand me your gun."

"Take her with my blessin'; she's my proxy."

Dan trotted in less elaborate harness. He shook himself a time or two, then commenced wading up and down the river bank, trying to dislodge a log, while the Colonel made ready for his long swim.

"Kernel," he called out between chatters, "'tain't no log big enough to ferry our clothes—we can't take nuthin' but shoes an' hats."

Al's hat was of the conical kind, but the Colonel borrowed it and wasn't particular. The bareheaded hunter gibed at Dan: "Is the water cold?" Dan treated this and subsequent remarks with contemptuous silence until Al grunted: "Huh! you're a purty-lookin' thing to be puttin' on airs—better put on some breeches."

They tied their shoes and guns carefully on top of the log, then swam at either side to keep it from turning over.

The swimmers fought their way sturdily upstream and across, coming out of the water with guns in one hand and shoes in the other.

"Them shore is two comical old roosters with their feathers pulled off," Al remarked to himself; "but they's game roosters fer shore."

Ole Reliable and the other negroes crept out of the woods when the white men got across the river, and sat like crows on a fence, watching the operation of forcing muddy feet into wet shoes. Two determined hunters climbed the slippery bank, pressed forward into the deadening and halted abruptly at the brier patch.

Dan went poking around with his gun and reported: "'Tain't no path, Kernel."

"Grin and bear it; we can't turn back." Taking his hat in one hand and his gun-barrel in the other to ward off thorns, the Colonel led the way. They stepped along gingerly with exceeding care and Christian fortitude.

"Them fellows must have hides like a rhynossyroarus," observed Al.

The two men came in close range of the Beast, and the dogs paid no attention. They acted fairly with each other, raised their guns together and let go four barrels at once.

The Beast tumbled out in a heap, stone dead, and twenty-four dogs pounced on him.

Dan ran in, caught Rowdy by the hind-leg, and jerked him away for fear the Beast might not be dead. Rowdy glared at his master, growled and rushed in again.

The Colonel strode among his dogs, kicking right and left to keep them from destroying the magnificent skin. He could do nothing with the new dogs, so he caught Bugler by the collar and hurled him backward. Bugler did not recognize him; he snarled and snapped and showed his fangs. The growl attracted Shag, who turned, squared himself, and leaped straight at his master. The surprised Colonel struck him with the gun and knocked him down.

"Huh, Kernel," observed Dan, "yo' dog don't know you in that rig."

Suddenly old Rowdy squared himself and began baying furiously at Dan; the pack gathered, big dogs in front, little dogs behind, snapping and yelping.

Dan cussed and cajoled and thrashed about him; the dogs were mad with excitement and didn't recognize their masters.

Dan backed up against the Colonel and the men faced each way. It was no use calling the dogs by name; their threats and their flattery were drowned in a howling clamor.

Twenty-five frenzied dogs began to circle round the two men, bounding back and forth, tramping down the briers, and baying their masters harder than they had bayed the Beast.

The men coaxed and stormed, snapped their fingers at them, called "Rowdy!" "Music!" "Shag!" but the dogs were in a panic—deaf, blind, infuriated.

It broke the Colonel's heart to see Shag and Bugler arrayed against him—red-eyed and bloody-mouthed and powerful, with every hair turned wrong.

He knew these two dogs, knew their habit of getting close together for a combined assault.

"Come, Dan, let's get out of this."

The men, back to back, slapping with their hats, kicking and belaboring with their gun-barrels, commenced retreating through the briers. They had no time to pick their way, no time for anything.

Shag and Bugler got together, edged near the front of the pack and prepared for their famous spring. Both men realized their danger.

"Shag! Bugler! Down!" the Colonel shouted. He might as well have whistled to a cyclone.

They sprang together, open-mouthed, their lips curled back, and were beaten down by the guns. The men gained twenty feet through the thicket, briers to the contrary notwithstanding.

"Speak kindly to your little dogs," Al jeered from across the river. This remark undammed a flood of profanity on the other side.

Nobody heard the carriage approach along the muffled road. The first thing that Al knew, Mrs. Wynston sprang out and ran to that black suit hanging on a bush: "Something has happened to the Colonel! He's drowned! He's drowned!"

Al glanced across the river. The two men were fighting their way backward down the steep bank, shouting, yelling and "cussin' scandalous."

He saw the near-sighted Bishop blinking from the carriage, and those huge spectacles of the other clergy. Then Al made a sneak and joined the negroes in the woods. Mrs. Wynston began to scream in a frenzied way: "Where is the Colonel? Where is the Colonel?"

There was nobody to answer except a petrified camp boy too scared to run. Mrs. Wynston grabbed him, shook him, pounded him: "Where is the Colonel? Don't you hear?"

An uproar of invective came from across the river, with one clear voice in the lead. "Dat's him," chattered the boy, pointing with his finger.

Mrs. Wynston stared and screamed; the Colonel turned his head for one busy instant, then both looked the other way. Billy came running down and led his sister back to the carriage.

"You go on, Dan," remarked the Colonel, whacking Shag over the head with his gun-stock; "I'll stay here with the dogs."

After he had backed out neck-deep in the water, he glanced across the river. The carriage was traveling, the driver whipping his horses. The Colonel threw an arm over the log and paddled back, knocking dogs in the head as he came.

Al, Billy and the three negroes waited at the water's edge, each with a club to beat off the pack.

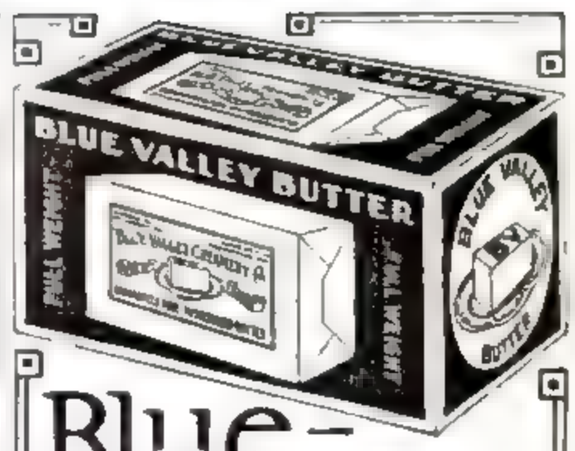
As the Colonel came out of the water he said: "Now, look here, Al, I don't want to hear a word out of you—or anybody else," which he meant.

Then he sat down on a tuft of grass and began to wash the blood off his legs. His back looked like a map of central Indiana with the railroads done in red.

Ole Reliable made no comment as he helped him to dress.

"Get my horse." The Colonel mounted and rode straight to the railroad station. Ole Reliable trudged behind him. It was not a conversational journey.

Zack sat down in the dust and took off his shoes: "White folks loves dis huntin' bizness, but I wish I war back home in jail."



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Starr, I. J.—Utica, N. Y.
St. Clair & Co.—Wilkesbarre, Pa.
Sykes, W.—Kalispell, Mont.
Thompson & Co., J. W.—Chihuahua, Mex.
Torreon Mercantile Co.—Torreon, Mex.
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The Senator's Secretary

ONE of the chief functions of the House of Representatives seems to be the continued and accumulated proof of the apothegm that it makes a vast difference whose ox is gored.

There was a lovely exhibition of this very thing when the Democrats in the House, in the majority for the first time in years, produced the rules under which they propose to operate and offered them for adoption. The scenes were pathetic. There were a hundred-odd Republicans in the minority, crushed and dazed at this high-handed outrage the Democratic majority was about to perpetrate. Freedom shrieked for the last despairing time after Bob Henry arose and said: "Mr. Speaker, I offer the following resolution," and so forth, Bob Henry being the lusty Texan who is the Democratic chairman of the Democratic Committee on Rules.

All was lost. The liberties guaranteed under the Constitution were crushed and mutilated under the iron heel of a ruthless majority. The ship of state was scuttled and sinking. The chasm yawned; the crack of doom impended; we were hanging by a hair over the edge of the precipice, with the jagged rocks below—and a few jags on the floor—and there was nothing to it but disaster. Before six of the clock that afternoon, it was freely predicted, these United States would blow up with a loud noise, scattering fragments of a once powerful nation high in the air, to be carried hither and yon by the vagrant typhoons of discord and demolition. No such crime against the representatives of the suffrages of a free people had ever been proposed, to say nothing of committed; and the whole shooting match was a total loss, with no insurance.

A Democratic Atrocity

Uncle Joe Cannon rose in his place and voiced a tremulous protest, tears coursing down his wizened cheeks the while and gemming his brannigans with those pearly tokens of his impersonal but patriotic woe. Jim Mann wept into his beard too; and Gussie Gardner saw the handwriting on the wall in letters of scorching fire, so that all might read: "If you do this thing you wreck the nation and deprive the people of that heritage of freedom which is theirs!" It was conceded by the Republicans that this determination on the part of the Democrats to run their House of Representatives in their own way, which in the beginning was but a dark cloud on the horizon no larger than a man's hand, would inevitably come to be a nimbus arrangement that would envelop the entire country in its clammy folds and drag us down to that lower plane where the plain people are without representation, but at the mercy of a number of unscrupulous politicians, seeking none but their own suspicious ends.

John Dalzell threw a rapid succession of lacrimose fits over the indignity that was on the way. He saw nothing but ruin if, perchance, the Democrats should adopt these rules; for, as he pointed out, there was an opportunity to gag the House, to expedite legislation favored by the majority, to detract from that full and free discussion of every measure on which the legislative functions of this great popular branch of the Government may truly be said to be founded. "Change this rock of the foundation," said Mr. Dalzell, "and what will happen?" Then he answered his own question by saying, if they changed the rock, they would find their foundation to be of shifting sand, burst into tears and sat down.

There seemed to be no doubt of it. Here was a majority party actually proposing to conduct business as it chose, without let or hindrance from Uncle Joe or Jim Mann, or any of the rest; and it was unbelievable that any set of statesmen could contemplate such an atrocity. Then the joyous Democrats went ahead and committed it—committed the said atrocity with malice aforethought, fleering and jeering at the protesting Republicans; reminding them of days gone by, when they—the Democratic minority—times without number, stood up and pleaded with the haughty and vainglorious majority for the salvation of the bulwarks of our liberties, seriously imperiled if not indeed destroyed by the Republican rules the Republican majority proposed.

With practice acquired by long years of being rolled, the Democrats were almost perfect in the noble art of rolling. Gallant Bob Henry took the steering wheel and the machine chug-chugged its bloody way over that pleading Republican minority. Oh, the Democrats knew how to do it! They had been operated upon so frequently there was not a hitch to the proceedings, save when the tears of Uncle Joe and John Dalzell, commingling on the carpet, made the operation moister than was usual. No quarter was shown. "Roll 'em, dodgust 'em! Roll 'em!" shouted the victorious Democrats; and not a member of the minority was left unscathed.

Not much more than two short years ago a casual visitor to Capitol Hill might have heard the voices of the Democrats rising to high Heaven in stridulous assertion that what the Republicans were preparing to do, in the way of rules, was such an indignity the nation could not survive it. Champ Clark and Oscar Underwood and Bob Henry and John J. Fitzgerald all warned the Republicans to desist lest their greed for power and their disregard of the rights and privileges of the minority should lead to revolution. The outrage, as it happened at the moment, was on the other foot.

More buncombe has been talked in the House of Representatives over the rules for the proceedings of that body than on any other subject, save perhaps the tariff. Every time the Republicans adopted a set of rules the Democrats moaned with terror over their ultimate and disastrous fate and the fate of the country. When, as happened recently, the Democrats are in a position to adopt rules the Republicans are the harbingers of disaster. The whole discussion is claptrap, getting nowhere; for, when a majority decides to do a thing, all the speechmaking and prophecy of coming woe and prediction of uprising on the part of the outraged people will not change a vote. Still, they go at it just as vigorously every year a Congress assembles for the first time; and one side—the majority—gloats while the minority greets, which is Harry-Lauder for weeps.

The fact is, the rules adopted by the Democrats for the government of the present House differ but little from the rules adopted by the Republicans for the government of the last House. There are some few changes, but in most all of the essentials the rules are identical; and the reason is that the rules, as a whole, are the result of the experience, the wisdom, the practice, of more than a hundred years—and have to be as they are if there is to be any business whatever transacted by the House. Each successive Congress makes a few changes, usually dictated by experience or party expediency; but, as a whole, the rules remain the same from one Congress to another. This must be so; for the shaping up and shaking down of the House of Representatives—from the First Congress, when there were not many more than sixty Representatives, to the Sixty-second, when there are three hundred and ninety-one—has shown what must be done and how the House must be governed for the orderly transaction of business. Imagine the situation, for example, on a big measure in the House like a tariff bill, with unlimited debate and no chance to bring in a rule limiting that debate to reasonable time! The House would be a mob and there would be nothing but talk.

The Irreducible Minimum

It has developed that the irreconcilable, irreducible minimum of the Republican Insurgents in the Senate consists of the following valiant twelve: La Follette, of Wisconsin; Cummins, of Iowa; Bristow, of Kansas; Clapp, of Minnesota; Borah, of Idaho; Bourne, of Oregon; Poindexter, of Washington; Gronna, of North Dakota; Crawford, of South Dakota; Brown, of Nebraska; Dixon, of Montana, and Works, of California. Of these, Poindexter and Works are new to the Senate; and Gronna has not been there long. These are the men who, they say, will be insurgent all the time, fighting for their own principles and not beholden to the Old Guard in any way. There are others in the Senate who are expected to be insurgent on occasion—men who do not think the same as these men on everything, but have some progressive ideas, and who will probably vote now and

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then with the twelve. Taking those in the Senate who are avowed Insurgents and those who have certain slants of insurgency, the total strength of all classes is about twenty, which is enough, on occasion, to do a lot of damage to the hidebound contingent and its program.

Wisely enough, the old Guard were most conciliatory when the Republican caucus was held. The twelve Insurgents named, comprising almost one-fourth of the total Republican strength of fifty in the Senate, told the leaders of the standpatters they wanted one-fourth of the good committee places and one-fourth of everything else that was going. Instead of advising the Insurgents to go chase themselves—which they thought bitterly—the Old Guard were pleasant and agreeable and courteous, and vied with one another in assuring the Insurgents they might have anything they wanted.

"Certainly, gentlemen," they said "Take your pick. We strive to please. Do not credit any harsh stories you may hear about our opposition or hatred, or deprecation of your ideas, plans and principles. We are all Republicans, working for the common good of the country in most distressing and adverse circumstances, and we welcome you with open arms. Select anything you need. It is all yours for the asking. Do not stand on ceremony. We are delighted to meet you!"—and so on, with no discordant note save a few muttered We-hope-you-chokes!

Although Senator Cullom was selected as chairman of the caucus and Doctor Gallinger was chairman of the Committee on Committees, and a standpat steering committee was arranged for, there will be adequate representation of the Insurgents on all committees and especially on the Committee on Finance and the Committee on Appropriations—the two most powerful of the Senate. Bourne, La Follette, Cummins and Bristow were placed on the Committee on Committees, and Borah and Brown, with Jones, a near-Insurgent, on the steering committee. This kindly and genial disposition on the part of the Old Guard was very gratifying to everybody.

A Kick That Paid

There was one episode in connection with the committee assignments in the House that shows the kicker with a just kick, who kicks that kick vigorously, gathers many more persimmons than the man who submits or makes a mild protest. I refer to the Honorable William Sulzer, of New York. Sulzer, in past Congresses, has been on the Committee on Military Affairs and the Committee on Patents, both important bodies. By reason of his long service in the House, Sulzer was the ranking Democrat on each committee. When he found the present House was to be Democratic, Sulzer, being a shrewd person, and knowing where he is at every minute of the day, resigned from the Committee on Patents and intimated to the Committee on Committees he desired to be chairman of the Committee on Military Affairs.

The Committee on Committees wanted Hay, of Virginia, to have that job, and Hay, long chairman of the Democratic caucus, wanted it himself. They offered to put Sulzer at the head of the Committee on Patents. "Not on your everlasting identity!" shouted Sulzer. "I am not a member of the Committee on Patents. Instead, I am the ranking member of the Committee on Military Affairs. I know my rights and, knowing, shall maintain. To this end I invoke the Star-Spangled Banner, the sacred cause of labor, the right of man and all other subjects on which I have spoken to the number of nine hundred and fifty-six thousand seven hundred and forty-two. Gimme that military chairmanship or I shall wade in and rend you!"

Not desiring to be rended at that particular time and having to do with other renders, albeit none so skillful as Sulzer, the Committee on Committees placated Sulzer by the chairmanship of the Committee on Foreign Affairs—quite the niftiest, classiest and showiest chairmanship of the lot. Whereupon William smiled a cryptic smile and said condescendingly: "I accept."

And if it so falls out that there shall be a conference between William Sulzer, chairman of the Foreign Affairs Committee, and Baron Hengelmuller von Hengervar, Privy Councilor, Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary from Austria-Hungary, Dean of the Diplomatic Corps, that function will be worth going miles to see.

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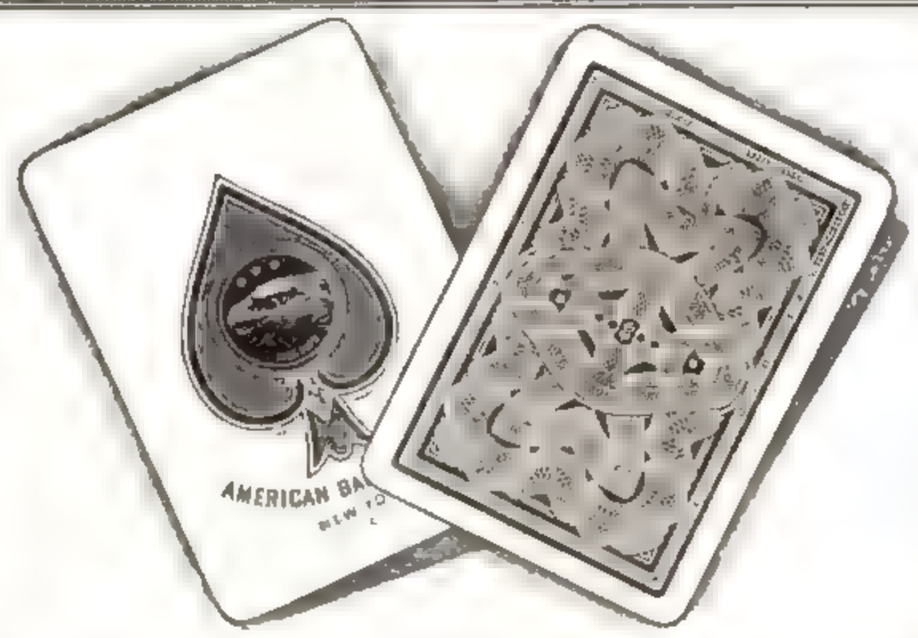

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Insects in the Forest

By ENOS A. MILLS

THE big trees of California are never attacked by insects. This immunity is extraordinary and may be the chief characteristic that enables these noble trees to live so long. The American forests are infested with thousands of species of injurious and destructive insects. These insects, like the forest fires, annually kill numerous extensive forest areas and in addition leave millions of deformed and sickly trees scattered through the living forest to impair and imperil it. After making some general tree studies, which occupied odd times for years and extended through the groves and forests of every state and territory in the Union, the conclusion was forced upon me that the forests are more widely wasted by insects than by fire!

Some of Nature's strange ways are exhibited in the interrelation of insects and fires in tree killing. It is common for the attack of one of these tree enemies to open the way for the depredations of the other. The trees that insects kill, quickly become dry and inflammable and ready kindling for a forest fire. On the other hand, the injuries that green trees often receive from forest fires render them most susceptible to the attacks of insects.

The interrelation—almost coöperation—between these arch forest enemies, fire and insects, was impressed upon me during my early tree studies. One day I enjoyed a splendid forest sea from the summit of a granite crag that pierced this purple expanse. Near the crag a few clumps of trees stood out conspicuous in robes of sear, yellow-brown. Unable to account for this coloring of their needles, I went down and looked them over. The trees had been recently killed by insects. They were Western yellow pine, and their needles, changed to greenish yellow, still clung to them.

The Bark of the Beetle

In each clump of these pines there were several stunted or deformed trees, or trees that showed a recent injury. The stunted and injured trees in these clumps were attacked and killed by beetles the summer before my visit. In these injured trees the beetles had multiplied, and they emerged the following summer and made deadly attacks upon the surrounding vigorous trees. Although this latter attack was made only a month or two before my arrival, the trees were already dead and their needles had changed to a sickly greenish yellow.

Amid one of these dead clumps was a veteran yellow pine that lightning had injured a few years before. Beetles attacked and killed this old pine about a year before I appeared on the scene. It was the only tree in this now dead clump that was attacked on that first occasion; but some weeks before my visit the beetles in multiplied numbers had swarmed forth from it and speedily killed the sound neighboring trees.

These conclusions were gathered from the condition of the trees themselves together with a knowledge of beetle habits. Not a beetle could be found in the lightning-injured pine and its needles were dry and yellow. The near-by dead pines were full of beetles and their eggs; the needles, a greenish yellow, were slightly tough and still contained a little sap.

While in camp one evening, in the midst of these tree studies, the veteran pine, now dead, was again struck by lightning. As everything was drenched with rain, there appeared to be no likelihood of fire. However, the following morning the old pine was ablaze. In extinguishing the fire I found that it had started at the base of the tree at a point where the bolt had descended and entered the earth. At this place there was an accumulation of bark bits from the trunk, together with fallen twigs and needles from the dead treetop. Thus a dead, inflammable tree in the woods is kindling, which at any moment may become a torch and set fire to the surrounding green forest. Although fires frequently sweep through and destroy a green forest, they commonly have their start among dead trees or trash.

The pine beetle just mentioned attacks and burrows into trees for the purpose of

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The National Press Association, 67 The Baldwin, Indianapolis

laying its eggs therein. When few in number they confine their attacks to a tree of low vitality—one that will easily succumb to their attack. The speedy death of the tree and the resultant chemical change in its sap appear necessary for the well-being of the deposited eggs or the youngsters that emerge from them. When these beetles are numerous they freely attack and easily kill the most vigorous of trees.

The pine beetle is one of a dozen species of bark beetles that are grouped under a name that means "killer of trees." Each year they kill many acres of forest and almost every year some one depredation extends over several thousand acres. The way of each species is similar to that of the others. The beetles of each species vary in length from a fifth to a tenth of an inch. They migrate in midsummer at the time of the principal attack. Swarming over a tree, they at once bore into and through the bark. Here short transverse or vertical galleries are run and in these the eggs are laid.

In a short time the eggs hatch into grubs and these at once start to feed upon the inner bark at right angles to the galleries, extending to right and left around the tree. It does not require many of them to girdle the tree. Commonly the tree is dead in two months or less. All these little animals remain in the tree until late spring or early summer, when they emerge in multiplied swarms and repeat the deadly work in other trees.

Feathers at the Feast

The depredations of these insects are enormous. During the early eighties the Southern pine beetle ruined several thousand acres of pines in Texas. Ten years later, 1890-2, it swarmed through western North Carolina, Virginia, West Virginia to southern Pennsylvania and over an area aggregating seventy-five thousand square miles, and killed pines of all species and ages, leaving but few alive. Within the past few years the mountain and Western pine beetles have ruined a one-hundred-thousand-acre lodgepole pine tract in northeastern Oregon, destroying not less than ninety per cent of the stand. During the past decade the Black Hills beetle has been active over the Rocky Mountains, where in some districts it has destroyed from ten to eighty per cent of the Western yellow pines. In the Black Hills the forests over several thousand square miles are ruined.

These bug-killed trees deteriorate rapidly. In most cases a beetle-killed pine is pretty well rotted in five years and usually falls to pieces in less than a decade. Borers attack upon the heels of the beetles and the holes made by beetles admit water and fungi into the wood. This rapidly reduces the wood to a punky, rotten mass.

One day, in Colorado, I tore a number of wind-wrecked, bug-killed trees to pieces and was busily engaged examining the numerous population of grubs and borers when some robins and other birds discovered the feast, collected and impatiently awaited their turn. Perceiving the situation, I dragged a fragment of a log to one side for examination while the birds assembled to banquet and dispute.

Returning to the rotten logs for another grub-filled fragment, I paused to watch some wasps that, like the birds, were feasting upon these grubs. A wasp on finding a grub simply thrust his snout into the grub and then braced himself firmly as he bored down and proceeded to suck his victim's fluids. In throwing a log to one side I disturbed a bevy of slender banqueters that I had not seen. Instantly a number of wasps were effervescing round my head. Despite busy arms, they effectively peppered my face and I fled to a neighboring brook to bathe my contusions.

While at a safe distance, cogitating as to the wisdom of returning for further examination of the logs, a black bear appeared down the opening. From his actions I realized that he had scented not myself but the feast in the log-pile. After sniffing, pointing and tiptoeing, he lumbered toward the logs. Of course I was curious as to the manner of his reception and allowed him to go unwarned to the feast. Two Rocky Mountain jays gave a low, indifferent call on his approach, but the other birds ignored his coming.

With his forepaw he tore a log apart and deftly licked up a number of grubs. All went well until he climbed upon the pile of wreckage and rolled a broken log off the

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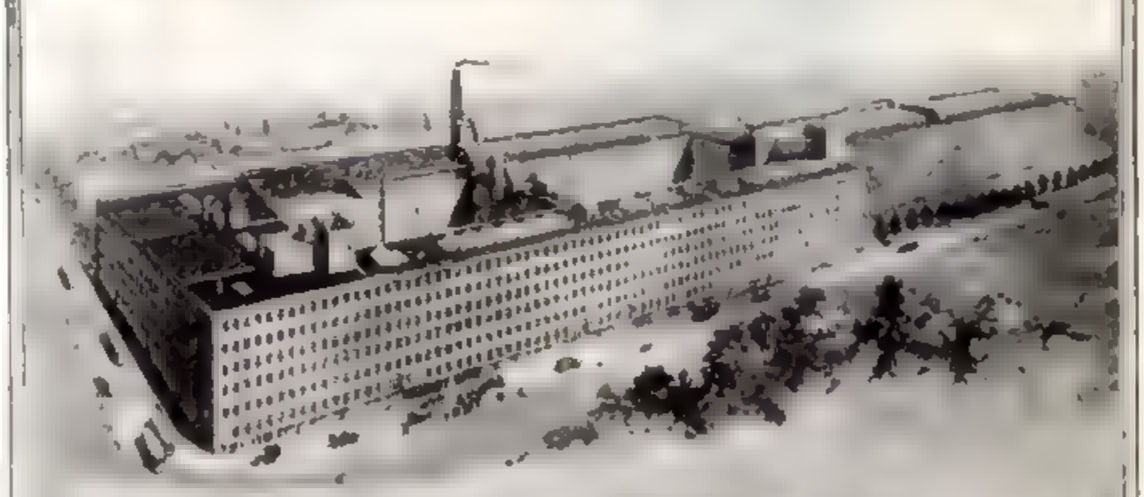

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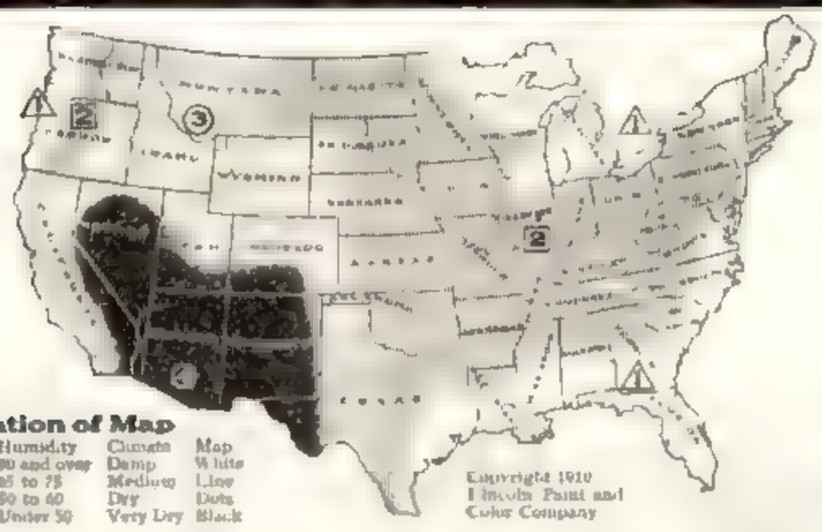
Explanation of Map
Symbol Formula Humidity Climate Map
Triangle—No. 1 80 and over Damp White
Square —No. 2 65 to 75 Medium Line
Circle —No. 3 50 to 60 Dry Dots
Cross —No. 4 Under 50 Very Dry Black
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top. This disturbed another wasp feast. Suddenly he grabbed his nose with both forepaws and tumbled off the pile. For a few seconds he was slapping and battling at a lively pace; then, with a woof-f-f-f, he fled—straight at me. I made a tangential move.

The hardwoods are also warred upon by bugs, weevils, borers and fungi. The percentage of swift deaths, however, that the insects cause among the hardwoods is much smaller than that caused among the pines; but the percentage of diseased and slow-dying hardwoods is much greater. The methods of beetles that attack oaks, hickories, aspens and birches are similar to the methods of beetles that attack pines and spruces. They attack in swarms, bore through the bark and deposit their eggs either in the inner bark or in the cambium—the vitals of a tree. The grubs, on hatching, begin to feed upon the tree's vitals. In this feeding each grub commonly drives a minute tunnel from one to several inches in length. Where scores of grubs hatch side by side they drive a score of closely parallel tunnels. Commonly these are either horizontal or vertical and generally they are numerous enough to make many complete girdles round the tree. Girdling means cutting off the circulation and this produces quick death.

Engravers is a name that might well be given to many of these deadly beetles. Remove the bark from these beetle-killed trees and on the smooth inner surface of the bark and generally, also, upon the smooth outer surface of the wood—there will show strange tattooings—looped and crossed strings and many emblematic hairline engravings, beautiful yet simple in design. Some of these appear to be the impressions of dainty bundles of slender fagots. So faithfully does each species of beetle follow the ways and the traditions of his ancestors in engraving a design upon a tree that one who knows the coat-of-arms of a beetle tribe will easily recognize from the traced emblem the species that produced it.

While beetles are busy killing unnumbered millions of trees annually, the various species of weevils are active in deforming and injuring even a greater number. They mutilate and deform trees by the million. The work of the white-pine weevil is particularly devilish. It deposits its eggs in the vigorous shoots of the white pine sapling. The eggs hatch and the grubs feed upon and kill the shoot. Another shoot bursts forth to take the place of the one killed; this is attacked and either killed or injured. The result is a stunted, crooked and much-forked tree.

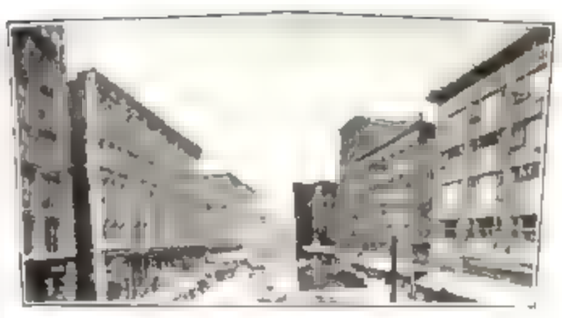
From Bad to Worse

Borers attack trees both old and young of many species, and a few of these species with wholesale deadly effect. Birches by the million annually fall a prey to these wood-tunnelers and their deadly work has wiped the black locust almost out of existence. Borers pierce and honeycomb the treetrunk. If their work is not fatal it is speedily extended and made so by the fungi and rot that its holes admit into the tree.

Trees, like people, often entertain a number of troubles at once and have misfortunes in series. A seedling injured by one insect is more likely to be attacked again, and by some other insect, than is the sound seedling by its side. Let a seedling be injured and relays of insects—often several species at a time and each species with a way of its own—will attack it through the seedling, sapling, pole, tree and veteran stages of its growth until it succumbs. Or let a vigorous tree meet with an accident, and like an injured deer it becomes food for an enemy. If lightning, wind or sleet split the bark or break a limb, through these wounds some spore or borer will speedily reach the tree's vitals.

In many cases the deadly work of parasitic plants and fungi is interrelated with and almost inseparable from the destructive operations of predaceous insects. Many so-called tree diseases are but the spread of rot and fungi through the wood by means of an entrance bored by a borer, weevil or beetle.

The bark of a tree, like the skin on one's body, is an impervious elastic armor that protects blood and tissues from the poisonous or corrupting touch or seizure of thousands of deadly and incessantly clamoring germs. Tear the skin on one's body or the bark upon a tree, and eternally vigilant microbes at once sow the wound with the seeds of destruction or decay. A



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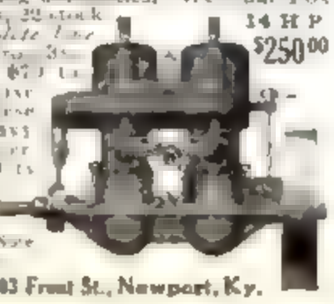

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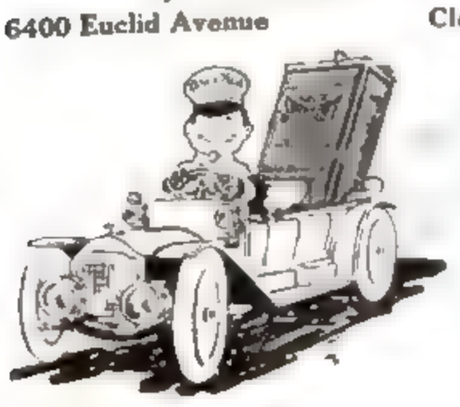

single thoughtless stroke of an ax in the bark of a tree may admit germs that will produce a kind of blood-poisoning and cause slow death.

The false-tinder fungus apparently can spread and do damage only as it is admitted into the tree through insect holes or the wounds of accidents. Yet its annual damage is almost beyond computation. This rot is widely distributed and affects a large number of species. As with insects, its outbreaks often occur and extend over wide areas upon which its depredations are almost total. As almost all trees are susceptible to this punk producer, it will not be easy to suppress.

The study of forest insects has not progressed far enough to enable one to make more than a rough approximation of the number of the important species that attack our common trees. However, more than five hundred species are known to afflict the sturdy oak, while four hundred prey upon the bending willow. The birches supply food to about three hundred of these predaceous fellows, while poplars feed and shelter almost as many. The pines and spruces are compelled permanently to pension or provide for about three hundred families of sucking, chewing parasites.

An Army of Parasites

The recent ravages of the chestnut-tree blight and the appalling depredations of the gipsy and brown-tailed moths, together with other evils, suggest at once the bigness of these problems and the importance of their study and solution. The insect army is as innumerable as the leaves in the forest. This army occupies points of vantage in every tree zone, has an insatiable appetite, is eternally vigilant for invasion and is eager to multiply. It maintains incessant warfare against the forest, and every tree that matures must grow through a gantlet of enemies in series, each species of which is armed with weapons long specialized for the tree's destruction. Some trees escape unscarred, though countless numbers are killed and multitudes maimed, which for a time live on in almost useless lives, ever ready to spread insects and disease among the healthy trees.

Every part of the tree suffers: even its roots are cut to pieces and consumed. Caterpillars, worms and moths specialize on defoliation and feed upon the leaves—the lungs of the tree. The partial defoliation of a tree is devitalizing and the loss of all its leaves commonly kills it. Not only is the tree itself attacked but also its efforts toward reproduction. The dainty bloom is food for a number of insect beasts, while the seed is fed upon and made an egg depository by other enemies. Weevils, blight, gall, ants, aphids and lice prey upon it. The seed drops upon the earth into another army that is hungry and waiting to devour it. The moment it sprouts it is gnawed, stung, bitten and bored by ever-active fiends.

Many forest trees are scarred in the base by ground fires. These trees are entered by insects through the scars and become sources of rot and insect infection. Although these trees may for a time live on, often it is with a rotten heart or as a mere hollow shell. A forest fire that sweeps raging through the treetops has a much different effect: the twigs and bark are burned off and the pitches are boiled through the exterior of the trunk and the wood fortified against all sources of decay. This preservative treatment often gives long endurance to fire-killed timber, especially when the trees killed are yellow pine or Douglas spruce. Many a night in the Rocky Mountains my eager, blazing campfire was burning timber that forest fires had killed forty and even sixty years before.

Tasks for the Entomologists

In forest protection and improvement the insect factor is one that will not easily down. Controlling the depredations of beetles, borers, weevils and fungi calls for work of magnitude, but work that insures success. This work consists of the constant removal of both the infected trees and the dwarfed or injured ones that are susceptible to infection.

Most forest insects multiply with amazing rapidity; some mother bark-beetles may have half a million descendants in less than two years. Thus efforts for the control of insect outbreaks, like those for fire outbreaks, should begin at once—in the early stages of their activity. A single infested tree may in a year or two spread destruction through thousands of acres of forest.

Most insects have enemies to bite them; and efforts to control forest enemies probably will embrace the giving of aid and comfort to those insects that prey upon forest destroyers. Bugs will be hunted with bugs. The ichneumon-fly spreads death among injurious grubs and many species of birds feed freely upon weevils, borers and beetles. Of these birds, the woodpeckers are the most important.

There is a striking and successful device for putting an end to the spruce-destroying beetle. Briefly stated, this method is to hack-girdle a spruce here and there in the forest at a season when the physiological makeup of the tree will cause it to change into a condition most favorable for the attraction of beetles. Like carrion, this changed condition appears to be scented from all quarters and afar. Swarms of beetles concentrate their attack upon this tree and bury themselves in it to deposit eggs. The multiplied army will remain in the tree until late spring. Thus months of time may be had in which to cut and burn the tree, with its myriads of murderous guests. The freedom of the big trees from insect attacks suggests that man as well as Nature may develop or breed species of trees that will better resist or even defy insects.

The entomologists have tasks of almost appalling magnitude before them. An army of entomologists is at present needed to bring the most dangerous of armies—the insects—under control and to put a check upon the feeding of parasites that are wasting the forest. The Bureau of Entomology at Washington is awake to the seriousness of the situation and is making intelligent and heroic efforts to meet and defeat this insatiable, onsweeping army. The members of this bureau are so few that much of its work at present is ineffective for the want of more general application.

Insects are now damaging our forests to the extent of not less than one hundred million dollars annually. This we believe to be a conservative estimate. Yet these figures only begin to tell the story of loss. They tell only the commercial value of the timber. The other greater and higher values cannot be resolved into figures. Forest influences and forest scenes add much to existence and bestow blessings upon life that cannot be measured by gold.

Stockholders' Votes

A RECENT corporation row in England leads the London Economist to remark again that, where there are many investors in the stock of a company, the owners of the property have practically nothing to say about its management. These stockholders are engaged in other businesses and professions. In the nature of the case they cannot have that intimate, technical knowledge of the business of their company which is necessary in order to direct it intelligently. For their merely general knowledge of the company's workings they are mainly dependent upon such information as the management, in its annual reports, sees fit to give them. If the management is incompetent or corrupt it is hardly likely to say so in its own reports.

"Nominal power," says the Economist, "rests with stockholders who not only do not understand the business but who must not be allowed to understand it. In theory the company is a democracy; in practice it is entirely bureaucratic and the directors are so firmly seated as to be almost immovable. An agitation among stockholders is seldom started until the management has greatly deteriorated; and yet, when the battle is set, the directors nearly always win."

Our experience differs from that of England in that even a show of opposition by stockholders to the management is much less frequent here than there. Stockholders in our railroads, it is true, do receive pretty full detailed reports of the workings of their corporation; but this is less because the stockholders themselves demanded it than because the Interstate Commerce Commission enforced it. The modern big corporation, with widely distributed stock, is and must be an oligarchy over the government of which the ordinary stockholder has little control. Except as the Government exercises some control over it, the management is practically responsible to nobody.

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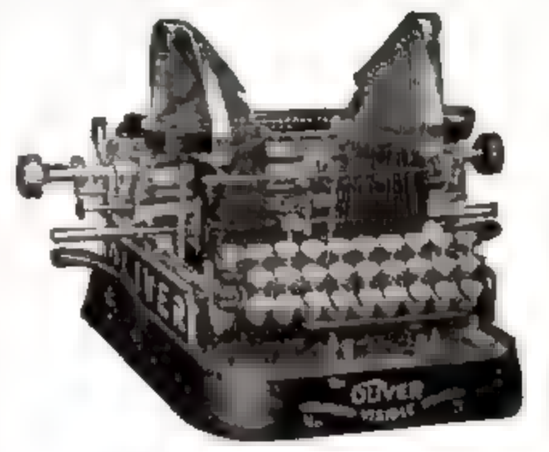

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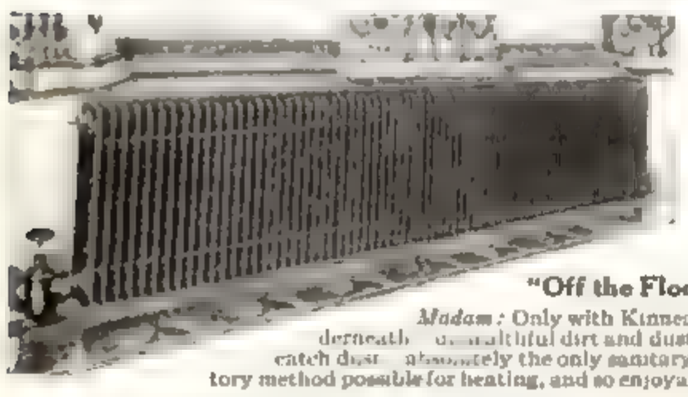

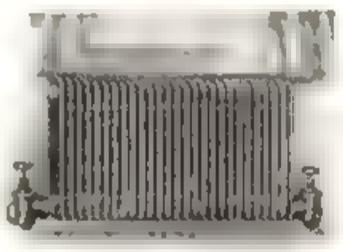

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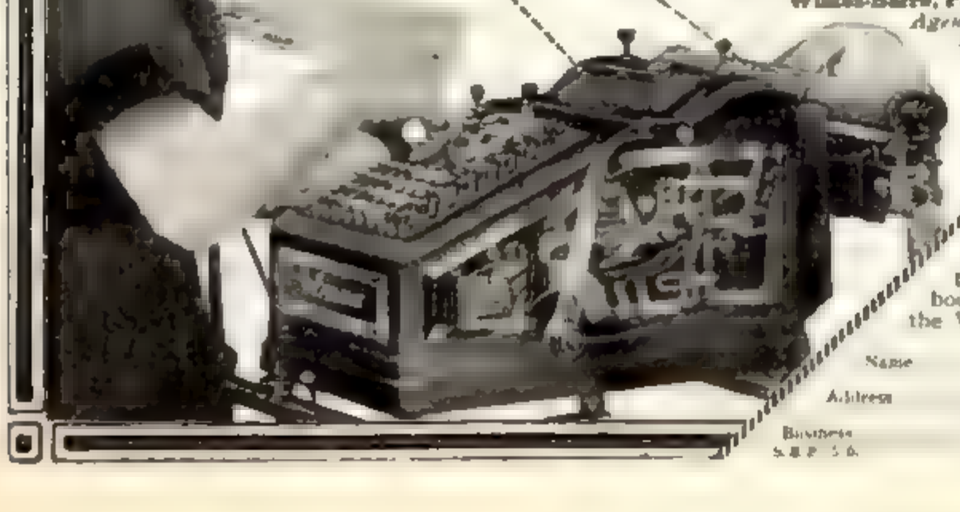

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The Countryman

Silage, the Salad for Cattle

A GOOD dairy community can be judged by the number of silos on the horizon just as an oil district may be known by the number of derricks in use. The modern dairyman in the corn belt cannot afford to neglect the silo. From a single structure, built by a progressive Maryland farmer in 1876, the "French method of curing forage" has spread into every state; and on a modest estimate there are half a million silos now in use on American farms.

About thirty-five years ago a French farmer named Auguste Goffart wrote a book giving the results of his twenty-five years' experience with a method of preserving green forage by packing it into air-tight pits. His scheme was widely advocated as a new discovery and Goffart was called the father of modern silage. There was nothing very original about his ideas, however, since the storage of green crops in pits had been known to Roman stockmen and was commonly practiced by other ancient farmers. This Frenchman improved the method somewhat and showed how to use it profitably on a large scale.

It required courage to put any considerable portion of a corn or clover crop into pits or huge stone wells, as the stone silos were called. The skeptical said the stuff would rot; and only the practical demonstration of the success of the method could dispel their doubts. In the words of one of the early experimenters: "The corn looked green and fresh; just like it did when it was put in, but it was as sour as a vinegar pickle and had a smell that would not wash off." But the cows liked it; it made milk, and that was indorsement enough.

The enthusiasm of early advocates was responsible for many rash claims for the virtues of the feed and for some sad experiences. The cost of building the silo checked the spread of the system, but really stimulated more study and careful methods, which resulted in better-made silage.

Changing the Food Values

Cows love silage. Once acquainted with it they are always ready for more. They must, however, learn to like it. In the terms of one stableman, cows first learning to eat it act "like a fellow getting used to a new brand of chewing tobacco." Once they have trained their palates to appreciate the pickled flavor, "they low when they see the feed cart." Silage fills the dual rôle in the stockman's economy of a palatable appetizer and a nutritious roughage, available during summer droughts when pastures are dry, or in winter when dry feed alone will result in shrinking milk flows and in checked growth on fattening stock. The English and European farmers could not get along without roots when pastures are short or covered with snow. Cheap labor, so necessary to root production, being lacking in this country, the American farmer has taken to silage for his succulence, instead of to roots.

Milk consists mostly of water; so does silage. When the green corn plant is put into the silo it consists of about three-fourths water—seventy to ninety per cent—and it does not lose any in the silo. In fact, many add water when filling the silo, so as to have a moist, highly acid feed. The more water there is in the crop the higher the per cent of acid that will be developed by the changes that take place in the plants stored in the air-tight building. Some farmers let the corn wilt and make "dry" silage, so called; but this is hard to preserve and usually does not keep long. Old silage is not necessarily poor silage; in fact, it improves with age and, if put up well, it may even after six or seven years be as good as when fresh.

Silage is what you make it. It is the only important feed for stock with a composition that may be determined by the farmer. Silage may be made rich in protein by adding peas or alfalfa to the corn; it may be made rich in fat-forming materials by adding a large amount of mature corn; or it may be left with only the succulent roughage, which is low in both protein and fats. The composition of the silage will vary with

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You may be one of the thousands who like my Panatela or you may be one of those who have never tried it because the Panatela is not your favorite shape for a cigar. To which ever class you belong, there is a possibility that you will like my new Club Special shape better. Anyway, it will cost you nothing to try. I put the proposition up to you and take all the risk.

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Shivers' Club Special
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If the proprietor of a cigar store gave you a handful of cigars and said, "Smoke these at my risk and tell me what you think of them," you would do it, of course. I wish you would accept this offer of mine, too, as if it were a matter of course. It's a clean, straightforward offer without any hidden meaning or "joker" clause. Read it again.

In ordering please state whether you prefer mild, medium, or strong cigars, and use business stationery, or give reference.

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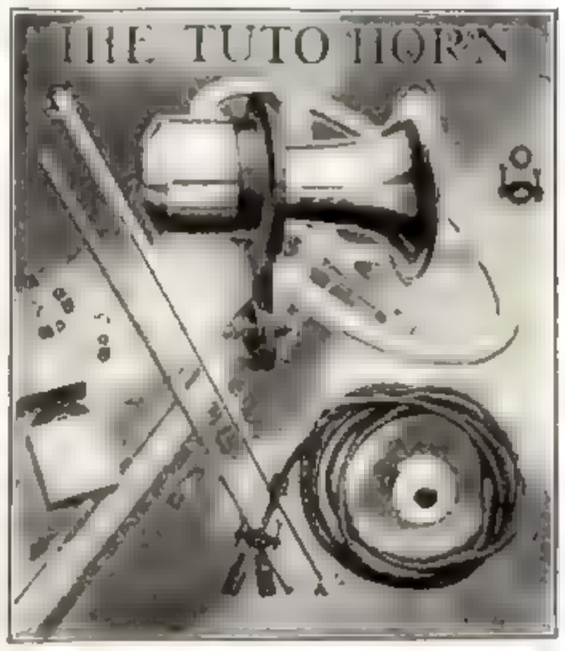

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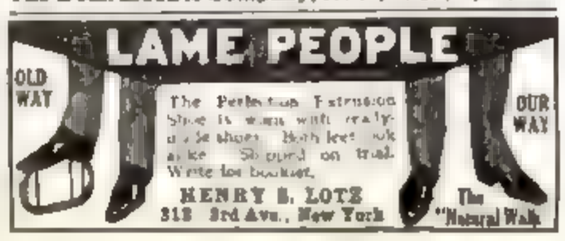
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Lewis Union Suit

For Summer

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Every inch of the fabric "gives" freely, yet never stretches out of shape.

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This length gives a "hold" for the garter but does away with a double thickness at the ankle. It is cool but protects the leg.

This is but one of the features of

Lewis Underwear

Ask your dealer to show it to you. If he doesn't carry it, we'll name one who does.

Ask also for the "Brief Lewis Suit," the loose-fitting, porous-cloth knee-length union suit with low-cut arm holes, at retail stores at $1.50 to $2.50 a suit. All Lewis Suits have double strength button holes and tough pearl buttons that don't break in the wash. Go to your dealer and see them today. Look for the Lewis trade-mark when you buy. See our higher priced goods.

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the material used to make it; it will also vary with the combinations of the different materials which, expressed in terms of digestible nutritive matter, are somewhat as follows:

	PROTEIN (PER CENT)	CARBO-HYDRATES (PER CENT)	FATS PER CENT
Whole Corn	1.4	14.2	0.7
Fodder Corn	1.1	14.9	0.7
Red Clover	1.5	9.2	0.5
Canada Field Peas .	3.4	25.5	1.0
Brewers' Grains . .	4.6	11.5	1.8

By-products with value as stock feed may be made useful when preserved in the silo. In some localities the vines of peas used at canneries may be had for low cost. When siloed fresh they make a very rich, palatable silage. Brewers' grains are very rich in protein, and when purchased in carload lots are used to advantage by dairymen near brewing centers or convenient shipping points. Used in proper combinations this by-product is very effective for milch cows.

A severe mid-summer drought spread over the upper Mississippi Valley last season. On thin, sandy soils the parched pastures gave absolutely no feed, and cows were stabled and fed on old hay and grain. Water supplies ran low and the milk flow almost ceased in many dairy herds. Steers ceased to grow, and in some instances new settlers talked of abandoning the district. One young farmer had attended a short course at the agricultural college the previous year and heard of the value of the silo in just such seasons. He had built a new 100-ton silo and it was filled with the first cutting of clover before the dry period began. With even dry forage selling at a premium this silage became almost priceless. He became the Joseph of the stockman's famine and offered to share the advantages of his better judgment with the needy neighbors. Each morning a line of wagons was waiting at his barn door to receive a few bushels of the precious green feed, which was the salvation of the local coöperative creamery. This one silo kept up the milk yield of an entire neighborhood for several weeks. The lesson was sufficient; new silos have sprung up like mushrooms in that community.

The Best of Bovine Tonics

Silage is actually a tonic to the animal system. Careful experiments have proved that the flesh of steers fed silage contained six per cent and that of sheep two per cent more water than the flesh of animals that had been fed dry forage. The laxative effect of the wet feed keeps the bowels normal, the skin soft and pliant, and the system in the best condition to make the most from the feed. The ideal conditions of summer pasture can almost be reproduced in winter by substituting the siloed crop for the dry hay.

Corn and clover are the cardinal silage crops. Probably ninety-five per cent of American silage is made from corn. With stalk and grain included, corn forms a rich, fat-forming food. Clover is good for summer use in some instances, but is difficult to keep sweet like corn. The corn must be almost mature, with the dents just showing on the grain, to make a sweet, palatable ration. Green corn makes sour silage that is not relished by the cows. If too mature it will not keep well unless thoroughly wet when siloed.

Corn that is made into silage is a more nutritious feed, with less of its feeding value lost, than corn that is dry cured. Tests have shown that cows when fed silage will produce seven to eleven per cent more milk than when fed dry corn fodder. Corn yields more feed an acre when put into the silo than either clover or roots, and cows will give more milk when fed silage than when eating roots. The English stockman can hardly feed without roots, but he is forced to admit the superior virtues of silage when he comes to the corn belt. With an ample supply of good corn silage, supplemented with clover or alfalfa hay and some home-grown grains, the stockman is practically independent of the commercial feed stuffs; and, aside from moderate amounts to be used for balancing special rations and as condiments, his farm is self-supporting from the feed standpoint. The number of stock that may be kept on a given area may be increased, and the demand for more intensive methods to meet the demands of increasing land values is thereby easily met. On the single item of space for storage the

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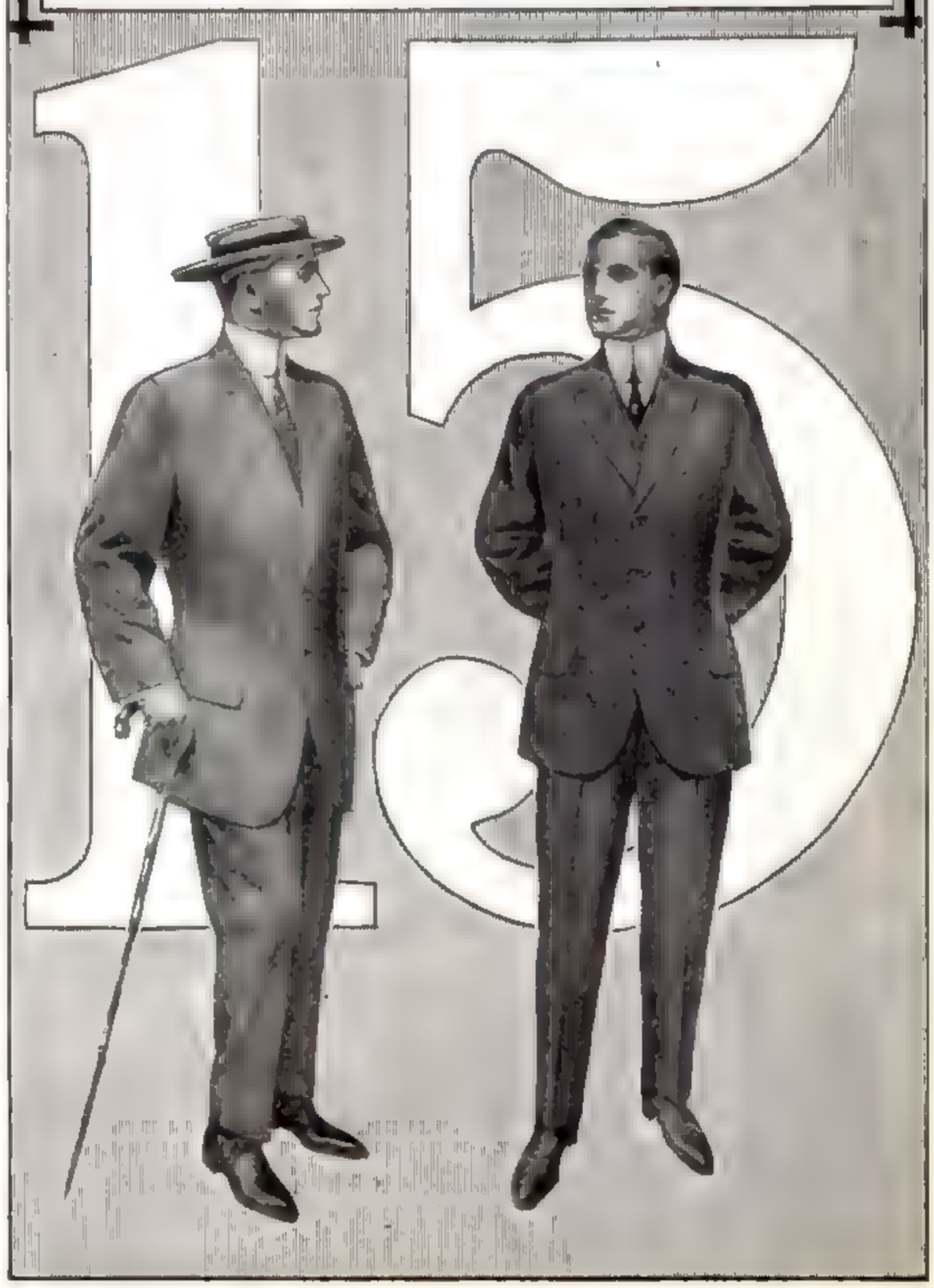

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silo is a great economy. A cubic foot of hay in the mow contains only about four pounds of dry matter, while a cubic foot of silage contains ten pounds. There need be little waste with proper methods.

"Permanent agriculture" is the new slogan of the teachers of farming; conservation of the soil, methods that will insure better yields in the future, permanent improvements and buildings that will not decay. "The maximum average returns for a long period," urges the economist. The use of concrete in farm structures is urged because of its durability. Slightly higher in first cost, it soon proves more economical because of the absence of bills for repairs, painting, and the like. Then, too, the approved type of cylindrical silo lends itself readily to construction with reënforced concrete. With a set of forms, either of wood or metal, a round silo of one hundred tons' capacity, fourteen feet in diameter and thirty-six feet high, can be built for about three hundred dollars. With the cheap labor of farm help used at odd times between cropping seasons the cost may be reduced to two hundred dollars. Wood silos cost less, and may be built by the farmer in a score of styles and types or purchased complete in "ready-to-set-up" forms from the manufacturers. Scores of patented devices for doors, covers, and so forth, may be had; yet the home-made cement silo leads them all in permanent economy and effectiveness.

Some general principles, important to the builder, have come generally to be accepted as the result of experience and test. The round form of silo is most economical of building material and has no corners that are hard to fill with the silage in an air-tight layer. The size must depend upon the number of animals to be fed. To avoid loss from decay the silo must be small enough so that at least two inches of the surface layer of the silage is used daily. About five square feet daily per cow is sufficient, and a fifteen-foot silo will be sufficient for a herd of twenty cows that receive forty pounds a day. The best form is to have the depth of the silo at least twice the diameter, since the greater pressure is a great aid in insuring good keeping.

A silo fifteen feet in diameter and thirty feet deep will hold about one hundred tons of corn silage; one eighteen feet in diameter and thirty-six feet deep will hold about one hundred and ninety tons. Six acres of good silage corn will fill the first, and twelve acres will furnish enough green forage to fill the second. The former will keep twenty-three cows six months on average feed and the latter will furnish choice succulence for forty-five cows for half a year.

No modern invention or improvement of an old idea has meant so much to American dairying as the silo. Without it the economy of the general dairy farm would have to be materially changed; with it the first step is taken toward the more intensive type of farming that authorities agree must be adopted in this country.

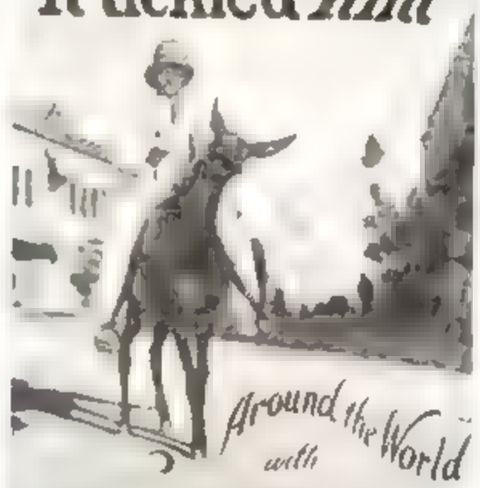
Frills for Farmers

TO RUN this country costs some two billion dollars a year. This is the sum of current expenditures for public purposes by the Federal Government, the states, territories, towns, school districts and so on; but it might almost be said that this is what it costs to run the towns, for decidedly the greater part of this expenditure is in cities rather than in rural districts.

Of public expenditures for permanent improvements, by far the greater part is spent also in the cities. At last accounts the bonded debt of cities and towns was more than ten times that of country districts. As to private expenditures for permanent improvements, the Census Bureau reported the value of all farm buildings in 1900 as three and a half billion dollars, while in the cities about a billion dollars a year is regularly spent for new buildings.

This billion dollars a year covers expenditures for buildings in two hundred cities, the reports of which are available; but over one-fifth of the total expenditure is in the single city of New York, while New York and Chicago together account for nearly a third of the total for all cities. Of course they find it pays. Even in dollars and cents, the "pride of the cities" is a good investment. In New York especially, with a rapid growth of permanent population, there is a constant increase in the floating population that comes to look in at the big show and spend its loose change.

It tickled *him*



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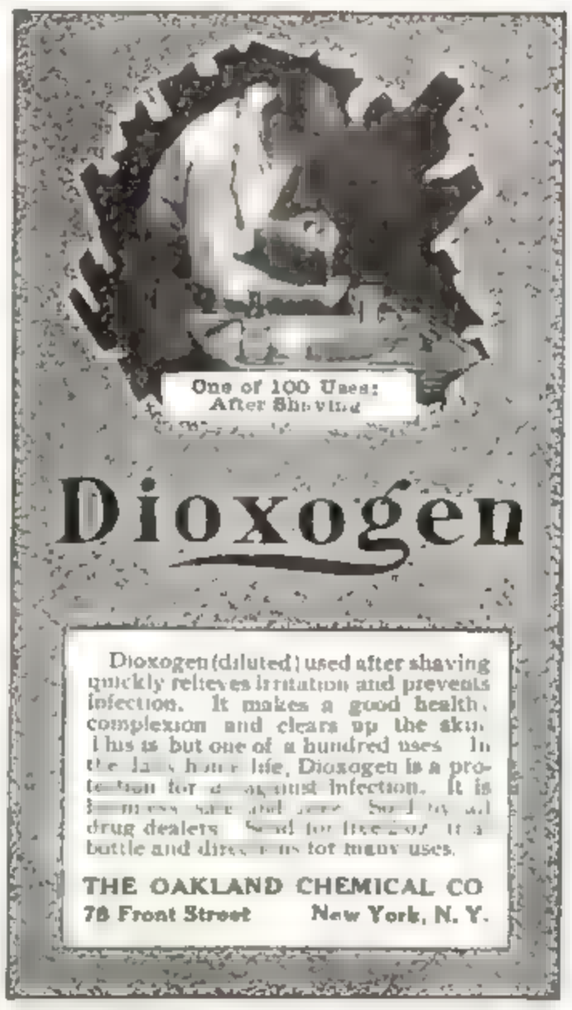

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Will You Try the Most Absorbent Underwear this Summer?

And being actually more absorbent, "DRYSKIN" is far cooler. It keeps the skin dry.

In "DRYSKIN" Underwear the manufacturers have achieved "conductivity." Other underwears are porous or absorbent, as the case may be, but "DRYSKIN" is all this and more. It actually "conducts" moisture from the surface of the body through its own fabric and rapidly evaporates it. The wonderful porosity of

DRYSKIN

Underwear

is permanent; no matter how often it is washed or how long it is worn, it still retains its wonderful absorbability.

The "DRYSKIN" process, which produces this remarkable absorptiveness, is used exclusively for "DRYSKIN" Underwear. This process makes "DRYSKIN" not *only* conductive, but sheer and dainty in texture as fine linen.

With all these special qualities you can still get it at a popular price. Single garments, 50c.; union-suits, $1.00. *All styles.*

The Adjusta-Slide

The Adjusta-Slide is a device which permits of instant adjustment at the waistband of "DRYSKIN" drawers. Its simplicity is remarkable. You wonder why it had not been invented before. Never slips or loosens—remains exactly where you adjust it.

Norfolk Hosiery and Underwear Mills Co.

Norfolk, Va., and
366 Broadway, New York

Sense and Nonsense

The Value of the Expert

ONCE upon a time there was a man who was spending nearly one hundred thousand dollars a year on advertising an article that he was manufacturing. As he had competent advisers to recommend what kind of advertising he needed, and where to place it, he got returns that brought him profit. Nevertheless the great big flood of business that he had expected did not show up.

"If other firms are almost literally swamped through successful advertising why isn't mine?" he argued. "There's a reason for this and I'm going to find it out."

He went to his advertising expert and put the question. The expert hemmed and hawed a little at first, and then decided to take the bull by the horns.

"Yes, there's a reason and I can put my finger right on it. But the reason involves a delicate point. There is just one detail wherein you wouldn't let me advise you when you came to me, and, to tell you the truth, I was in doubt whether, for this reason, to take your account. I took it because I knew that at worst you'd get your money back, and that eventually you'd come to the conclusion that something was wrong.

"Now, an advertisement is a salesman. Each single advertisement you place in a paper or magazine is a special salesman sent by you to sell your wares to each person who reads it. If that magazine or paper has one million circulation you send forth one million salesmen who will simultaneously, and within a stated brief period, talk to what are estimated to be five million persons." The expert halted to let that sink in.

"However," he continued, "within the limited space of your advertisement you have got to catch the eye of a reader, to awaken his curiosity, to awaken his desire to own what you have to sell, and to arouse in him the determination either to inquire for further details or else to buy at once. Is all this simple? Isn't it a little out of the legitimate line of a merchant to judge how to produce these effects in black type on cold paper? It looks as if advertisement writing might be as difficult as writing a novel or a play. It is—and it may mean a heap more money earned than any half dozen plays. In a word, advertisement writing is the work of a specialist.

"Now, from the start you undertook to write your own advertisements. You wrote a good letter and, therefore, decided you'd be able to write a good advertisement—though you might have balked at trying your hand at writing a novel or a play. You were spending something like one hundred thousand dollars a year in advertising, and you intended having one hundred thousand dollars' worth of fun writing those advertisements—and you've had it. But you haven't had the results. You might have contracted with an expert to turn out your copy for so much a month; or you might have hired a good man outright, and he would have doubled your results.

"It is human nature to be satisfied with the best we can do, for we see mistakes only within the limits of our own horizon and not those that lie beyond."

The man who got this lecture includes it in his story of how—by comparing the advertising results of other concerns—he realized that his advertisements were not coming up to the mark, and set about to diagnose the trouble and to apply the medicine. The first month that he employed an advertisement expert to compose his advertisements their pulling power increased thirty-two per cent. The increase at the end of the first year was between eighty-nine and ninety per cent.

To obtain satisfactory returns the big and the little fish should study and copy the fellows in their own and in other lines, learning to diagnose and to remedy the trouble.

The Dramatic Atmosphere

THE actor's sense of humor is always uppermost. He will jest about his hard work, his ill luck, or almost anything that offers an opportunity for a joke; but in spite of this he is a far more serious person than the general public believes him to be. Generally, too, he has courage—the courage to smile when his heart is heavy.

An instance of this kind of courage is shown in the following story: A comedian, who was known to be in desperate straits, was invited to a social gathering one evening. When the poor actor arrived he was seen to be thinly clad, although the weather was bitter cold. He looked, also, as if he had not any too much nourishment for some time. The hostess greeted him cordially.

"I am so glad to see you," she said. "How well you are looking!"

"Yes," replied the comedian; "the wind has been very nutritious of late."

A Matter of Habit

CALHOUN COUNTY, Illinois, is between the Mississippi and Illinois Rivers and has no railroad. The only means of communication, besides horses, is by steamboat on the rivers.

A youth, born and brought up in the county, who had never been away from home, was given permission to go to St. Louis and see the sights. He crossed the Mississippi to Elsberry, Missouri, and bought a railroad ticket to the city of his dreams. The train came in and went out—and the boy stood on the station platform.

The station agent saw him and said: "I thought you wanted to take that train."

"So I did," the boy replied—"So I did, but they didn't put out no gangplank."

When the Sleeper Wakes

ONE of the oldest clubs in Philadelphia has a veteran member who takes a nap in the library every evening after dinner. He is notorious for his loud snoring.

The other night a young member, new to the club, was so annoyed by the noise that he beckoned a page and indignantly pointed to the offender. The page hurried over, took the sleeper by both shoulders and shook him vigorously until he awoke.

"What? What the dickens ——" protested the veteran and the young member was transfixed with apprehension; but the page had full command of the situation.

"Did you ring, sir?" he asked respectfully.

May

Come! Since the world has its Doomsday, whether
We weep or revel the time away,
Let's gipsy along in this woodland weather
And vow we'll never outlive the day.
Ho! for the Autumn, who hoards decay;
And Winter, who scatters the dust of Fall;
Our hearts beat time to the dancing May,
And Hope laughs back, to your warning call—
For the youth of the year is the youth of all.

—*Calem Johnston.*

Unread Rembrandts

ON A RECENT voyage Chief Engineer Galloway, of the ocean liner Laplana, was showing a Texan over the ship. They got to talking and Galloway said it seemed a pity that American millionaires were bringing so many European art treasures to this country nowadays.

"It's hardly right," he argued, "that men who just happen to have the money should be able to take Rembrandts and Van Dycks from countries that have had them for generations."

"That's so," agreed the Texan. "Those fellows just go over to Europe and buy 'em up, don't they? Why, say, Galloway, not one in ten'll ever read 'em!"

Because *all* the blades are of crucible tool steel, hardened and tempered in oil

"PENNSYLVANIA"
Quality
Lawn Mowers

are always sharp. No other mowers have this grade of steel—the same kind as used in all high-grade cutting tools.

Backed by more than 35 years' experience in building lawn mowers, "Pennsylvanias" will do absolutely first-class work and wear almost indefinitely. They are self-sharpening and do not require regrinding. This feature alone will soon pay for a mower.

Ask your seedsman or hardware dealer to show you one of the "Pennsylvania" makes.

Free On Request

"The Lawn—Its Making and Care," a textbook written by a prominent authority, will prove most helpful to those interested in lawns and shrubbery.

SUPPLEE HARDWARE COMPANY
P. O. Box 1578, Philadelphia

Washburn-Crosby Co., Largest Millers in the

World, General Offices Minneapolis, Minn.

KING AIR RIFLES

Spend Your Vacation With a KING, My Boy!

DON'T forget that the KING will help to make your vacation happier and more profitable. It means many a day of good sport at target shooting in the open air and sunshine with the KING 1000-shot, Lever-action Repeater, the "Thousand Shootin' Air Gun."

KING No. 5
1000 Shot
$2.00

And don't forget one or two of the pop-guns. If you have some very little folks in the family, they will get a world of fun out of the KING Pop Gun, which shoots a cork with a loud noise and looks like a real gun.

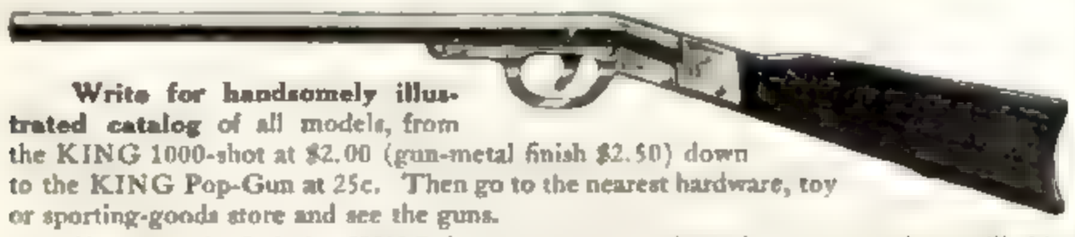
Choose the Right Gun

Be careful to select the right model, and always look for the name KING on the side plates of the repeaters or the barrels of the other models.

This will make you sure of getting the latest and most improved air-guns made:—lever-action, repeating rifles with barrel and frame in one piece (not a joint, riveted or soldered); magazine repeaters with the KING break-down action—just like a real breech-loader; pop-guns that look like real guns with action that works easily and can't pinch the little fellows' fingers.

The KING "Long Range" Rubber-ball Gun—50c

This is the one gun of its kind made. It shoots a small, soft-rubber ball (9-16 of an inch in diameter) that will not injure anything, but shoots 25 feet with accuracy. It furnishes great sport for indoor target games, or for shooting at military toys. Price 50c. Extra balls can be obtained from all dealers.



Write for handsomely illustrated catalog of all models, from the KING 1000-shot at $2.00 (gun-metal finish $2.50) down to the KING Pop-Gun at 25c. Then go to the nearest hardware, toy or sporting-goods store and see the guns.

If you can't find the KING in your town, send us the money and we will ship the models you select, express prepaid.

The Markham Air Rifle Company
Plymouth, Mich., U. S. A.

PACIFIC COAST OFFICE: 717 Market St., San Francisco
Phil. B. Bekeart Co., *Managers*

DODGING THE MIDDLEMAN—By James E. Downing

DEAR CONSUMER: I was paid seventy-five cents for this barrel of apples. How much did you pay for it?"

This note was found by a Chicago man in a barrel of apples for which he had paid four dollars. The note was devised by the grower of the apples to find out how much more the consumer paid than the producer received, and who got the extra money.

A gardener shipped his crop of cauliflower and followed it to market. He saw it sold for two dollars and seventy-five cents a barrel, though he had received one dollar, less ten per cent commission, for it. A neighbor received forty cents for a barrel of carrots that he saw sold for two dollars and twenty cents. Another received seventy-five cents for eggplants that he saw sold by the commission man for four dollars and twenty-five cents. A threat of prosecution was met with a laugh and an invitation to take a drink. The excuse given was that this represented "accepted practice," and was in line with modern business methods.

A North Carolina gardener shipped half-barrel baskets of green snap-beans to Florida points early in the fall, and was paid from one dollar and seventy-five cents to two dollars and fifty cents a basket for them. After deducting expenses he realized a dollar a bushel for the beans. The consumer paid ten cents a quart, or over three dollars a bushel, for them.

These "modern business methods" have caused a serious indictment to be brought against the middleman, who is in many cases justly accused of corrupt and dishonest practices by which both producer and consumer are defrauded. Somebody gets the money that belongs to the producer, and that individual has now reached a point where he demands a square deal and is going to have it.

Until a few years ago the apple growers in New York state sold their crops at the prices offered. They were given to understand by the buyers that there were enormous crops in the various apple-growing districts and that the market was flooded with apples, the prices offered being really more than the fruit was worth. This practice went on until the growers became dissatisfied and started the "note in the barrel" scheme. The replies they received from the consumers told an interesting story of deceit and cunning. The growers held a few meetings on the quiet and compared notes. Then they organized into a state society. Other states did the same thing, and finally the different state societies started an information bureau to collect data as to market conditions and as to the crops raised by members of the associations. Today the apples are sold through selling agents whom the growers know to be truthful and honest.

What the Turkeys Had to Tell

The Vermont turkey raisers now use the same sort of plan. Formerly they sent their best turkeys to Boston, and, when the freight and other expenses were paid, they found they were about twelve cents a pound to the good. So they adopted the expedient of addressing letters to consumers, telling in each case how much the raisers got for the turkey and asking the purchaser to inform the writer how much he paid for it. These letters were wrapped in waterproof paper and carefully tucked into each dressed bird sent to market. The replies showed that the consumers had paid from thirty-two to thirty-six cents a pound for the birds. Vermont turkeys today are dressed and shipped to the Boston market as heretofore, but a salesman accompanies them and makes it his business to see that the producer gets a square deal.

Even the farmer has grasped the idea of dodging the middleman. Take the case of one farmer, for instance. Living in a section of Ohio that is surrounded with good markets, he finds that it pays to be independent of markets and middlemen.

"As a rule," says this producer, "I think the farmer who does not wish to peddle his products about can best dodge the middleman by advertising. Not long ago I had one thousand bushels of 'Mealy wheat' for seed. Being a big yielder, it was much in demand. Using some thirty lines of newspaper space, with a cut of a man standing in growing grain, I gave yield, price, and so forth. Orders poured in. I bought two thousand bushels from neighbors, and returned about three thousand dollars sent with orders that I could not fill.

"Two years ago I had eight thousand bushels of apples that I advertised quite extensively in carload lots. They sold from Minnesota to Philadelphia, in fourteen different states. Last year I had two thousand bushels of apples, all of which were disposed of without advertising, except forty barrels that were handpicked and sound, but too small for first grade. These I advertised in six lines in two papers of large circulation. The first mail sold them all, and within a week I had refunded seven hundred and fourteen dollars on orders that I could not fill. I simply opened the letters and recorded the address of the writer and the amount of the order, and then wrote on each order: 'All sold. I return your money.' This was much better than not to sell them."

A Vocation in Vegetables

In 1908 the large vegetable growers of the East and Middle West decided to form an association and get out of the old rut. Their organization has grown until it now embraces twenty-two states. One of its officers is a Boston man who formerly occupied a chair in one of the well-known colleges of the East. The lure of the land proved too strong, however, and he is now a prosperous vegetable grower. He had his own ideas of how that kind of business should be conducted, and decided from the start to make a specialty of quality and sell his products to the consumer direct.

"While we are still sending part of our vegetables to wholesalers in Boston and New York, we are selling less in this way each year," declares the Bostonian. "We are located in a fine residential section about nine miles out of Boston. I began three years ago selling to a few friends, and have gradually built up a splendid retail trade, depending entirely upon our customers to advertise us to their friends, several having volunteered to speak of the quality of our vegetables before their local clubs.

"We aim to grow the varieties of highest quality and to maintain a succession of a large number of vegetables. Everything produced is fresh and clean. We do very little delivering, as most of our customers enjoy driving out to see the vegetables growing and know that they are gathered especially for them. We sometimes deliver orders amounting to two dollars or more.

"Small fruits, asparagus, lettuce, radishes, peas, sweet corn, tomatoes, romaine, cucumbers, celery, spinach, beets, carrots and squash have been leaders with us. We have found that our patrons will make vegetables a large part of their diet if they can get them fresh. They also disregard the price in most cases. We sold sweet corn last summer at retail for forty cents a dozen ears, when the same thing was dragging on the wholesale market at eight cents a dozen. Our customers pay five cents a head for lettuce and fifteen to twenty cents a peck for spinach, when the wholesale price is considerably less.

"We usually put our vegetables in paper bags, although we sometimes use pasteboard boxes and veneered baskets. Many of our customers have large vegetable baskets, which they leave to be filled and called for later in the day. We have made quite a hit with golden-bantam corn, delicious squash, small round tomatoes, both red and yellow, wrinkled peas, small tender beets, carrots, radishes, turnips, beans, cauliflower and head lettuce. We also raise several unusual vegetables, such as chives, chard, okra, kohlrabi, herbs, and the like. We find that the best trade likes something a little different from what is found in the general stores. We also have quite a retail trade, which pays from ten to twenty-five per cent more than the jobbers,

Green Label Varnish Talks

By Glidden

Ask your painter about the way Glidden Varnish goes on. And the way it stays on.

He'll tell you "There's quality in every drop."

Its full flowing quality—its velvety smoothness—commend it to the man who wields the brush. It dries quickly and without dust marks—clear—hard as plate glass. Proof against white heel marks—and climatic changes.

Glidden's Green Label Varnish intensifies the *natural beauty* of the wood.

Because of its long lasting qualities, it is really the most economical varnish to use.

Used by good painters, and for sale at leading paint stores everywhere.

The Glidden Varnish Co.

Cleveland, U. S. A. Toronto, Canada

Branches:
New York Chicago

Glidden

Green Label Specialties

(Imperial Measure in Canada one-fifth more.)

	Per Gallon
M P Durable Exterior Finish for outside work	$4.00
M P Durable Interior Finish for interior trim	$3.00
M P Durable Floor Varnish for natural and painted floors	$3.00
Glidden's Velvet White Enamel for eggshell finish	$5.00
Glidden's Superior White Enamel for gloss finish	$5.00

This is the Point

Many lead-pencils are whittled into waste-baskets because the graphite falls out of the cases in short bits.

DIXON'S AMERICAN GRAPHITE PENCILS

sharpen to a *writing* point every time and that is their strong talking point. Made in America for all the world, and made *good* by

JOSEPH DIXON CRUCIBLE COMPANY
Jersey City, New Jersey

and customers are glad to send their teams to our place for the vegetables."

Fifteen per cent of the eggs sent to market rot before they reach the consumer. The loss each year amounts in round numbers to forty-five million dollars. Although a small percentage of these stale eggs is utilized in the manufacture of certain articles, most of them go into the sewers of the large cities. This large loss is due to the antiquated methods that still prevail in the sections of the country producing the eggs that reach the cities. The fault lies in the established custom of the country merchants of the small towns in the agricultural districts, through whose hands a large share of these eggs passes. They trade their goods to the farmer for eggs. The merchant does not have to guarantee them, hence all eggs look alike to him. The result is, he sends them on to the market or the dealer without sorting of any kind. When they reach the market they are sorted into eight different grades.

The saving of this big waste has been practically solved by the owner of a creamery in northern Minnesota. He figured out that, inasmuch as the farmers in that district must bring their milk and cream to the local creamery regularly, or at frequent intervals, this would be a good way to get in fresh eggs. He outlined and laid before the patrons of the creamery a plan. Any patron, or, for that matter, any person who would sign an agreement to market eggs under his instructions, would receive a guaranteed price for his eggs that would be more than the merchants in the town would pay, and in cash. At the present time there are about one hundred and thirty-five farmers who are selling their eggs under this agreement. They are scattered over a territory of varying distances from the creamery, one man driving more than fourteen miles to take advantage of the cash prices paid.

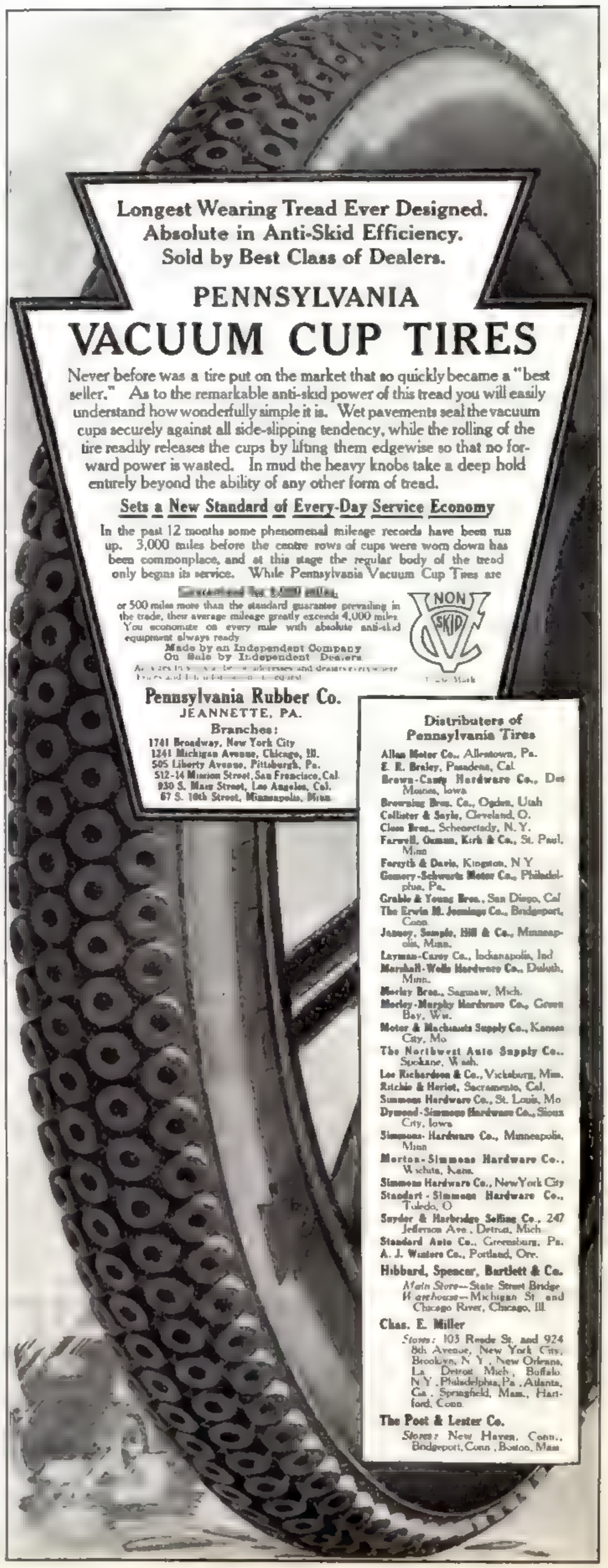
The agreement that all have entered into requires them to deliver eggs that are not more than eight days old and have been gathered twice a day. All the eggs must be uniform in size, clean, and must be kept in a dry, cool cellar until brought in. Each egg is to be stamped on the side, and the carton is to be stamped on the top, with a rubber stamp provided by the creamery. The brown eggs are to be put in one carton and the white eggs in another, and they are to be so marked.

A Number for Every Egg

Three things were aimed at in the contract: First, to get uniform eggs; second, to get clean eggs; third, to get fresh eggs. Ordinarily, eggs should be delivered more often than every eight days, but up in Minnesota, even in midsummer, the nights are cool; and this, together with the rule that eggs must be gathered twice a day and stored in a cool, dry cellar, must be responsible for the fact that no complaints on the score of staleness have been received by the creamery.

On every stamp given out to the farmers there is a number, and this number is recorded on the books of the creamery. The eggs, as well as the carton, bear this number; and any time that a complaint is received as to the quality of any of the eggs, the number on the unsatisfactory eggs will locate the guilty farmer. Each carton sent out carries a guaranty that requests the consumer to notify the creamery if the eggs are not found to be strictly fresh, clean and full size, and to send the number on the egg with the complaint of the consumer.

The increased price paid by the creamery over that paid by the general-store merchant was, of course, not uniform throughout the year, but varied with the seasons. During the month of December, for instance, the farmers who sold to the creamery were receiving forty cents, and those who sold to the merchants were receiving but twenty-five cents, and most of that in trade. It is also of interest to know that the year previous to the inauguration of this plan of buying and marketing the quantity of eggs brought into the village where the creamery is located only exceeded the consumption of the local market by fifteen cases. In other words, there were shipped out four hundred and fifty dozen. On the other hand, the following year nearly four thousand dollars was paid by the creamery for eggs, all of which were shipped away. The impetus that the business received was sufficient to double it the following year.


Longest Wearing Tread Ever Designed.
Absolute in Anti-Skid Efficiency.
Sold by Best Class of Dealers.
PENNSYLVANIA
VACUUM CUP TIRES
Never before was a tire put on the market that so quickly became a "best seller." As to the remarkable anti-skid power of this tread you will easily understand how wonderfully simple it is. Wet pavements seal the vacuum cups securely against all side-slipping tendency, while the rolling of the tire readily releases the cups by lifting them edgewise so that no forward power is wasted. In mud the heavy knobs take a deep hold entirely beyond the ability of any other form of tread.
Sets a New Standard of Every-Day Service Economy
In the past 12 months some phenomenal mileage records have been run up. 3,000 miles before the centre rows of cups were worn down has been commonplace, and at this stage the regular body of the tread only begins its service. While Pennsylvania Vacuum Cup Tires are
or 500 miles more than the standard guarantee prevailing in the trade, their average mileage greatly exceeds 4,000 miles. You economize on every mile with absolute anti-skid equipment always ready
Made by an Independent Company
On Sale by Independent Dealers
NON SKID
Trade Mark
Pennsylvania Rubber Co.
JEANNETTE, PA.
Branches:
1741 Broadway, New York City
1341 Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.
505 Liberty Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa.
512-14 Mission Street, San Francisco, Cal.
930 S. Main Street, Los Angeles, Cal.
67 S. 10th Street, Minneapolis, Minn.
Distributers of Pennsylvania Tires
Allen Motor Co., Allentown, Pa.
E. R. Braley, Pasadena, Cal.
Brown-Camp Hardware Co., Des Moines, Iowa
Browning Bros. Co., Ogden, Utah
Callister & Sayle, Cleveland, O.
Close Bros., Schenectady, N. Y.
Farwell, Ozmun, Kirk & Co., St. Paul, Minn
Forsyth & Davis, Kingston, N Y
Gomery-Schwartz Motor Co., Philadelphia, Pa.
Grable & Young Bros., San Diego, Cal
The Erwin M. Jennings Co., Bridgeport, Conn
Janney, Semple, Hill & Co., Minneapolis, Minn.
Layman-Carey Co., Indianapolis, Ind
Marshall-Wells Hardware Co., Duluth, Minn.
Morley Bros., Saginaw, Mich.
Morley-Murphy Hardware Co., Green Bay, Wis.
Motor & Mechanics Supply Co., Kansas City, Mo
The Northwest Auto Supply Co., Spokane, Wash.
Lee Richardson & Co., Vicksburg, Miss.
Ritchie & Herlot, Sacramento, Cal.
Simmons Hardware Co., St. Louis, Mo
Dymond-Simmons Hardware Co., Sioux City, Iowa
Simmons Hardware Co., Minneapolis, Minn
Morton-Simmons Hardware Co., Wichita, Kans.
Simmons Hardware Co., New York City
Standart-Simmons Hardware Co., Toledo, O
Snyder & Harbridge Selfins Co., 247 Jefferson Ave., Detroit, Mich
Standard Auto Co., Greensburg, Pa.
A. J. Watters Co., Portland, Ore.
Hibbard, Spencer, Bartlett & Co.
Main Store—State Street Bridge
Warehouse—Michigan St and Chicago River, Chicago, Ill
Chas. E. Miller
Stores: 103 Reade St. and 924 8th Avenue, New York City, Brooklyn, N Y., New Orleans, La., Detroit, Mich., Buffalo, N Y., Philadelphia, Pa., Atlanta, Ga., Springfield, Mass., Hartford, Conn.
The Post & Lester Co.
Stores: New Haven, Conn., Bridgeport, Conn., Boston, Mass

Everybody's Chewin' Chips!

"The Gum that's Round"

In those most refined
of popular flavors:

COLGAN'S "MINT" CHIPS or *COLGAN'S "VIOLET" CHIPS*

The Mint is that of the good old-fashioned peppermint stick candy of our childhood days. The Violet is as dainty and unobtrusive as its name implies—The flavors please, but do not cloy. Packed in handy metal boxes which keep all the flavors in the gum, and out of the clothing.

Better for the Kids than Candy—
And a heap more fun

They can enjoy this delightfully healthful confection all day long without danger of over-eating. It helps digestion.

Colgan's Mint and Violet Chips have all the charm of high quality and elegance—not expensive. You can use them, too, without the bad after effects that come from over-indulgence in sweets or gums of uncertain quality.

Ten Chips for Five Cents

Mint Chips in the Green Box *Violet Chips in the Violet Box*

If you can't get Colgan's Mint or Violet Chips right away, without inconvenience, cut out this coupon before you turn the page. Slip it into an envelope, with ten cents in stamps or coin, and get direct from the factory, fresh and wonderfully tasty, two full boxes, one of each, Mint and Violet. Get acquainted now.

COLGAN GUM CO. Inc.
Louisville, Ky.

Here are my stamps (or coin). Send me immediately a full box of each of your Mint and Violet Chips from the newest, freshest product of your factory.

Name _____

Street _____

Town and State _____

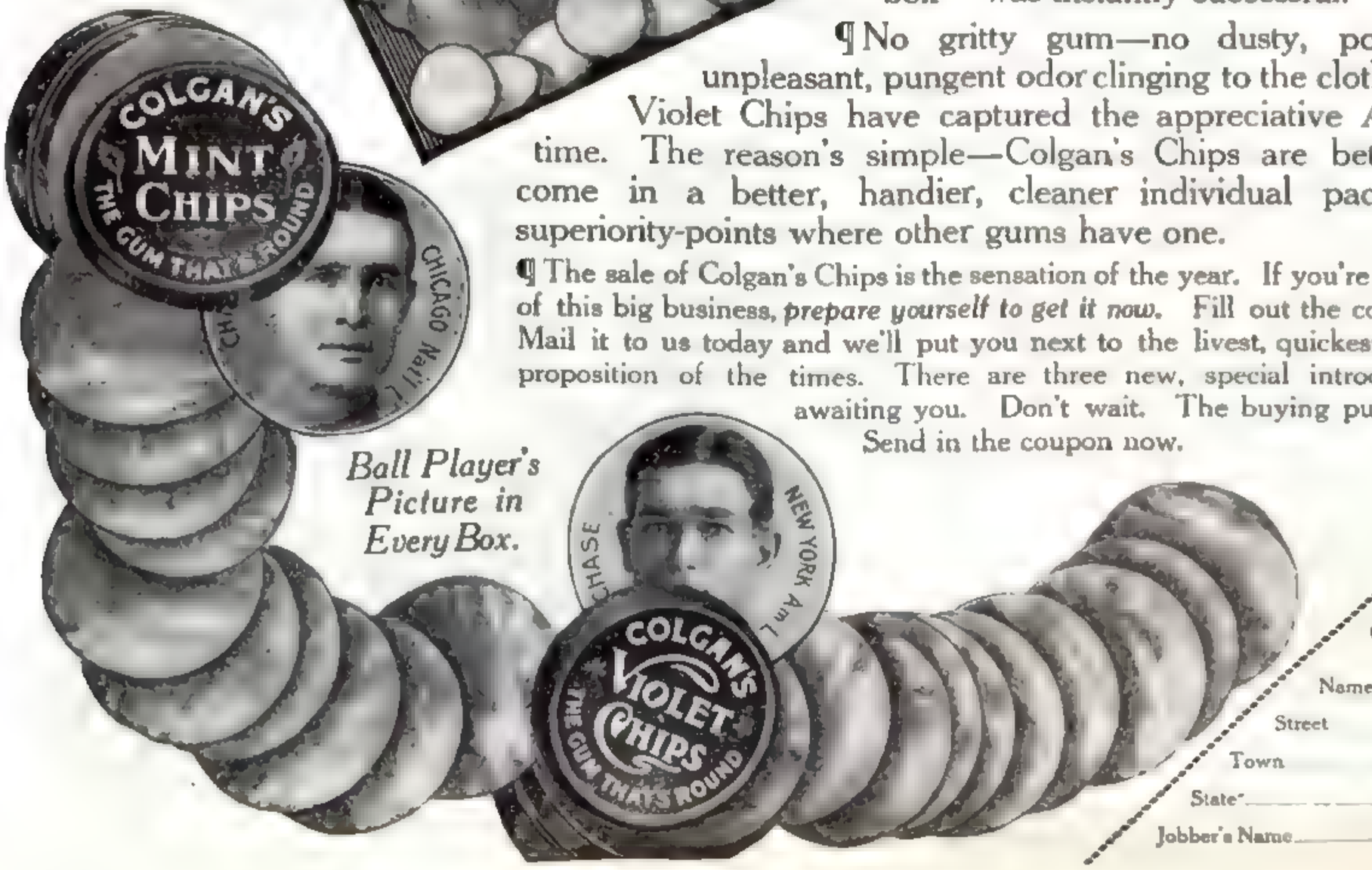
To Those Who Sell Gum

Look for this big poster. It's up to-day on Thirty Thousand billboards throughout the country.

¶ The introduction of Colgan's Mint and Violet Chips—ten delicious, dainty wafers of pure, springy chicle sweetened with sugar, delicately flavored with a natural mint and the pleasing, subtle fragrance of the violet, packed in a tight, always-cleanly metal box—was instantly successful.

¶ No gritty gum—no dusty, pocket-soiled pieces—no unpleasant, pungent odor clinging to the clothes—Colgan's Mint and Violet Chips have captured the appreciative American public for all time. The reason's simple—Colgan's Chips are better-quality gum. They come in a better, handier, cleaner individual package. They have ten superiority-points where other gums have one.

¶ The sale of Colgan's Chips is the sensation of the year. If you're not getting your share of this big business, *prepare yourself to get it now.* Fill out the coupon on the right. Mail it to us today and we'll put you next to the livest, quickest-moving selling proposition of the times. There are three new, special introductory deals awaiting you. Don't wait. The buying public won't. Send in the coupon now.



Ball Player's Picture in Every Box.

COLGAN GUM CO. Inc.
Louisville, Ky.

Send me particulars of your three new special introductory deals on Colgan's Chips.

Name _____

Street _____

Town _____

State _____

Jobber's Name _____

Kirschbaum

$22 Special

Pure Worsteds

Pin Checks
Chalk Lines
Sharkskin Weaves
Bannockburn
Hairline Stripes
Broken Herringbone Effects

GUARANTEED COLORS in these pure worsteds in gray mixtures, blues, tans and browns; silk decorations in all the newest shades beautifully blended.

Also, staple black grounds with all-over silk decorations in plain and fancy weaves.

QUALITY and class are indelibly stamped on Kirschbaum $22 special pure worsteds. Cut over all the famous Kirschbaum 1911 Models—"Yungfelo," "Reggy," "Fifth Avenue," etc., these suits in fabric, hand-tailoring and other essential details equal the most distinctive custom garments.

The Cleverest Clothes in America, $15 to $35

are produced by Kirschbaum's in one of the best equipped clothing factories in the world. The Kirschbaum standard of fabric quality, style and *hand*-workmanship is the highest ever attained by makers of men's clothes which can invariably be sold at moderate prices

The Kirschbaum label is your perpetual guaranty of all wool fabric, perfect fit and hand tailoring.

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MAGAZINE MEN

Rupert Hughes

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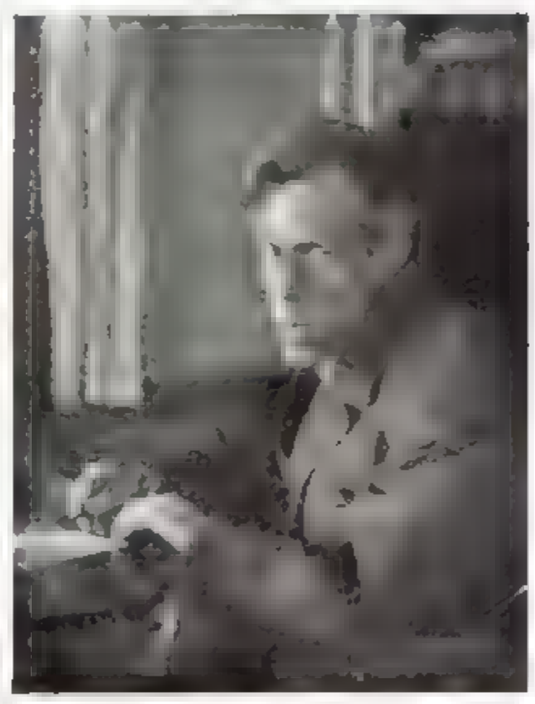

Charles Battell Loomis

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WE offer without cost to the housekeeper a .25c can of *WESSON SNOWDRIFT OIL*, for salads and cooking, of which more than 4,000,000 cans have been used by American housekeepers with entire satisfaction, due to the vegetable purity and healthful quality of the oil.

This brand is not a substitute for, but a rival of French, Italian and Spanish oils. It has received the unstinted praise of housekeepers and has been commended repeatedly by leading food chemists and culinary experts. It has a rich, delicate flavor, is odorless, and is especially renowned for French, mayonnaise and other salad dressings; also for Hollandaise, tartar and other sauces.

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THE BARRED DOOR

(Continued from Page 9

which reasons you would not understand unless you were familiar with local conditions; and for one large reason, which you will fully understand, being the same reason for which we do not precisely marry the girl picked out for us by mamma as the one whom we must marry under threat of disinheritance—namely, because we do not wish to marry her, although she is a fine girl and one whom we can cheerfully recommend to our friends.

That was the way with us. New Mexico ardently desired, and desires, to marry El Paso County, Texas, to whom we have given many substantial pledges of affection first mortgages and the like—and the passion was, and is, returned. This is said with all neighborly respect to Arizona. I think that most of the New Mexicans share my own belief that, on the average, the Arizona folks have a shade the best of us in the matter of good denizenship. And the Arizona people feel the same way about it.

Since, if these two should be one, New Mexico would be the one, and also since, if Arizona voted against joint statehood and New Mexico for it, New Mexico would so have the better chance for separate statehood, it is not surprising that New Mexico voted for the wedding reluctantly—but trusting Arizona to decline. In this disingenuous way, New Mexico could hope to escape both disinheritance and the girl. Arizona responded nobly. Her "No" was almost unanimous. I have a great admiration for Arizona.

The Amazing Paradox

That brings us down to the late futile enabling act of 1910. Let us again resort to shorthand. When we have occasion to speak of the joker in this act—providing that, before admission, the constitutions adopted by Arizona and New Mexico must be cordially approved by the President, the Senate, the House of Representatives, the National Baseball Commission and the Gridiron Club—let us agree to call it "the paradox"; for to deny self-government to a people by the terms of an act ostensibly granting self-government to that people is a contradiction in good set terms.

The paradox has been termed "a final expression of distrust," but this characterization cannot be successfully maintained. It is and was meant to be insulting and humiliating. No other state has ever been subjected to such terms. It was also absurd, because, if we cared to do things that way, we might meekly comply with all objections to get admitted. Once a state, we could amend our constitution to what shape we pleased, with none to molest or make us afraid—snapping scornful fingers at President and Congress. Not so absurd, however, if perchance no constitution of Democratic Arizona's framing could have been approved by the dwindling Republican majority in the Senate—preposterous, unless it were purposed and planned that no constitution should please.

Be that as it may, the paradox proposition cannot now justly be called the final expression of distrust. The final expression of distrust was when the Senate, at the last possible p. m., voted to refuse admission to us.

We understand this. You cannot fool us any longer. You do not want us at that dance.

It were easy to account for the inveterate hostility shown to us by imputing to you unworthy motives, which you would doubtless indignantly deny. Let us have no strife. This hostility is partly accounted for by such obvious and incontrovertible causes as prejudice, vainglory, provincialism, ignorance, presumption, bigotry, partisanship, conservatism and inertia.

This blind, unreasoning hatred, however, is also based upon something narrower than even the most zealous loving-kindness—baser than mere partisan advantage. It is based upon fear—a fear dating from three centuries back, when Spain and England grappled for world-mastery: from the day when the Invincible Armada went forth to benevolently assimilate the islanders.

Providence and Sir Francis Drake coöperated to defeat that philanthropic design, Providence contributing several ample little storms and Drake a desperate valor befitting the good English blood; but England has never quite recovered from the scare. And the English-speaking races have inherited it. It is part of their early training and education.

When a Spaniard appears in an English novel he is the villain *ex officio*, bent upon dark and hellish designs, in the accomplishment of which he is ever thwarted by a blond beast with a Gibson face. When, at the play, a swarthy man with strong white teeth and flashing black eyes comes down C., garbed in gay velvet, mystic, wonderful—some sort of a bias basque, all shirrs, gores, darts, jabots and things, pieces-of-eight sewn on his panties, and a nobby silk sash amidships—you hiss instinctively. Don't you, now? For you know, without waiting for further developments, that he is Spanish, execrable and doomed to misfortune.

It is pretty hard to pass on without any briefest reply to the legion-voiced, scurrilous attacks upon the Spanish-speaking natives of New Mexico. The historians of early California speak of the native Californians as frugal, hardy, temperate, liberty-loving, proud, unindustrious, credulous, uninventive, hospitable, generous and brave; but then the early historians of California had the advantage of knowing the Californians. The wholesale detractor of New Mexico has generally been a car-window expert with a foolish license. I lived among the New Mexicans twenty-five years and found them startlingly like folks, running all the way from pretty bad to middling good—unlike the people of another section, where I was once snowed in for a few years, of whom I earnestly say that "when they were bad they were very, very bad; and when they were good they were horrid."

When such evergreen hostility has been shown to these territories all down the long road, why were all these promises made? It could not have been policy, since the denizens had no votes. Was it sheer wantonness? Was it love of lying for its own sake or simply for practice?

Not so, my masters. Every little movement has a meaning all its own. This puzzling problem is consistently controlled by the steadfast principles of barter. There is one place, and only one, where the denizens have had voice and vote. That is in the national conventions. These votes were needed for candidates or for measures—to point with pride or to view with alarm. At the p. m. the territorial delegates made their little bargain. Then they pointed or viewed—and in return got the conventional statehood plank.

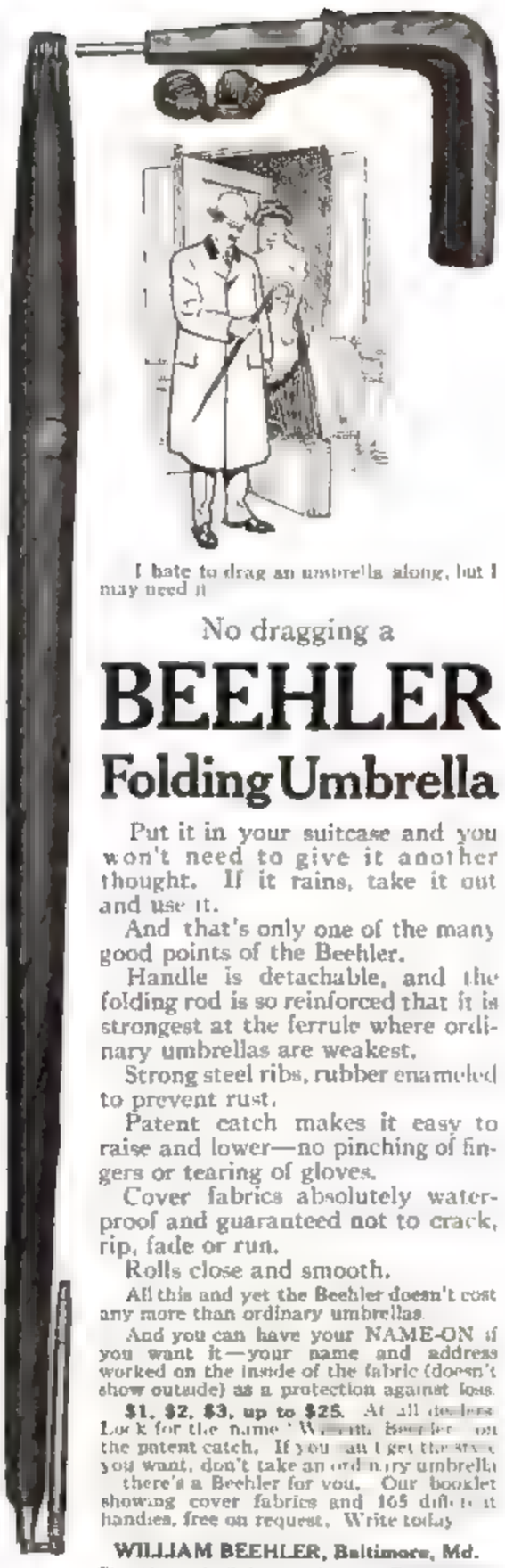
A Myth for a Vacuum

Let us take a modern instance: Suppose you were manager of a Presidential candidate selected some months before the convention. You are erecting a platform. A political platform is not a declaration of principles; it is a device to catch votes. Suppose, in your carpentering, you were confronted with this cruel situation: that a labor plank was vociferously urged upon you, of such a sort that it would please laborers and infuriate capital; that a substitute plank should be frowningly urged upon you, of such differing import as to please and thaw capital, indeed, but to infuriate the laborers. What would a fellow do, then, poor thing?

Obviously a poor fellow would straddle and trim. He would endeavor to get a third plank, a just-as-good plank, of no meaning whatever—sound and fury, signifying nothing; which, pleasing no one, should at least anger no one. If, counting noses, the poor fellow found that the vote would be close, it follows as the night the day that there would then be a statehood plank for the territories—with a mental reservation.

And this, if you please—in stealthy secrecy, with toil and anxiety, pain and precaution, solemnly to exchange a nothing for a delusion, a myth for a vacuum, a mirage for a chimera—this is statesmanship! Surely, who does such ghostly and marrowless deeds has lost contact with reality.

This is a hypothetical case, but not too hypothetical. If you should inquire in the proper quarter concerning the labor plank of the last Republican national convention I venture to say that you will get no information. The proper quarter to make such queries is of the Postmaster-General. The accepted custom of our time is that



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Strong steel ribs, rubber enameled to prevent rust.

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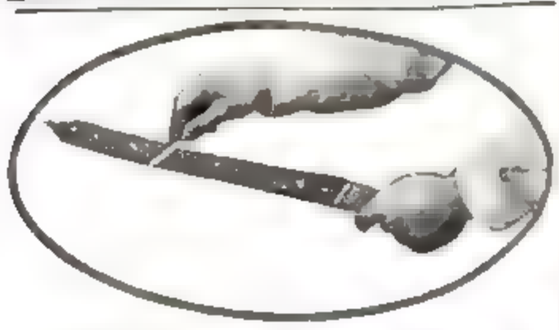

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AT THE BETTER OPTICIANS

the successful candidate for President shall appoint his campaign manager to be Postmaster-General. This may be because the qualities that go to make the manager of a successful campaign are precisely those that make a good Postmaster-General; but malignant folks say that such appointments are made in order that, as Postmaster-General, the appointee may be in a position suitably to reward special merit, he having met so many meritorious persons while yet but a campaign manager, and being also more thoroughly aware of what each meritable one would like as a suitable reward for his particular degree of merit than any other person whatever.

Mr Hitchcock is the present Postmaster-General.

Do not think this mention of Mr. Hitchcock is malicious, invidious or superfluous. Mr. Hitchcock is just now "It" in New Mexico. A paper on New Mexico which did not mention Mr. Hitchcock would be that Hamlet thing. Mr. Hitchcock is the third and, to my notion, the most satisfactory of the volunteer guardians of New Mexico. Mr. Quay and Mr. Beveridge were the others.

My objection to Mr. Beveridge as a guardian was not that Mr. Beveridge might not make an excellent guardian but that we did not really need a guardian—or if we needed one we nevertheless warmly did not want one. And we are growing no younger fast.

Mr. Hitchcock, as guardian, gives close attention to details. On some of these details I do not agree with Mr. Hitchcock—notably as to conditional candidates for our United States Senators. My own second choice for United States Senator is that same A. B. Fall, so justly rebuked for credulity by Mr. Taft, as explained above. This is not because Mr. Fall is of my political party; I have no political party. And I seldom know what party is Mr. Fall's. It is simply because Mr. Fall is by far the most suitable man for the place—one to whom New Mexicans may justly point with pride, or whom they may view with alarm, according to their several bents.

Those Pleasant Practices of Politics

However, I did not make Judge Fall my first choice because he has already seen forty-some-odd years and will doubtless be Oslerized before New Mexico chooses her first Senator. My first choice, therefore, fell upon my little son, now nine years of age, who will probably be in the prime of life when he assumes his toga.

Mr. Hitchcock has not seen fit to support either of my candidates. Now, though I have no very deep-seated objection to a dictator, I have the deepest possible objection to a dictator who will not do exactly as I wish. Such are the grounds of my opposition to Mr. Hitchcock.

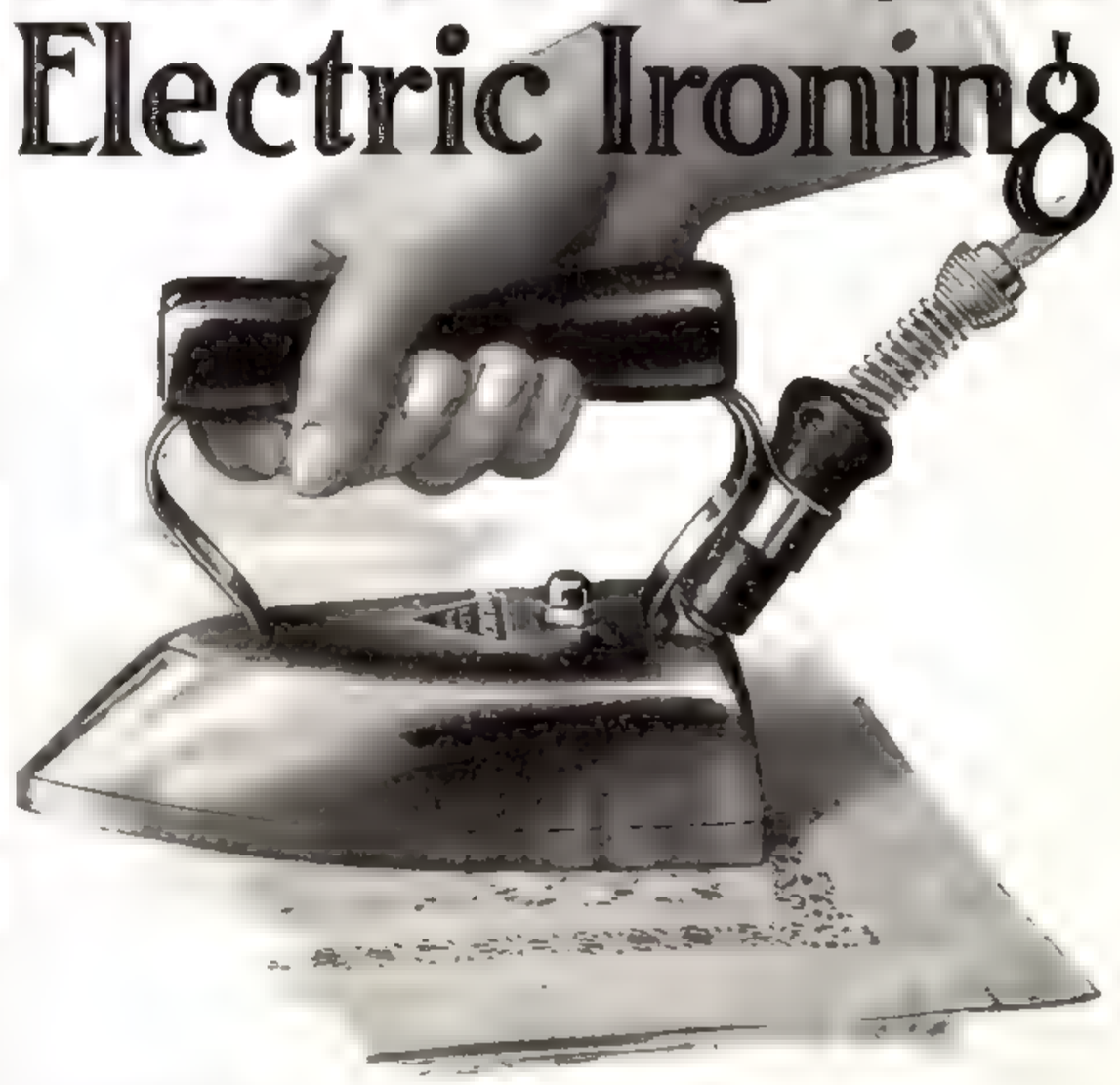
Perhaps, however, the next Congress will admit us? Cut it out, now—stop your kiddin'! Ours is the incredulous attitude of that Western correspondent of a certain magazine man, set forth as thus:

"P. S. Sam, are you on the water-wagon yet? Neither am I."

Congress has always "played politics" in the admission of territories—peanut politics. This does not imply that the senatorial objection to the recall was not conscientious. The storied wolf, you remember, cudgeled his poor head for a satisfactory excuse before he ate the lamb—satisfactory to his conscience, I mean; not to the lamb. Who am I to deny to a Senator as much conscience as a wolf? I make no doubt but that they squared it with conscience long ago. Ever since the Republican party lost so many senatorial seats in last fall's election it has been a foregone conclusion that Arizona's constitution would be defective or excessive. It was foreordained that Arizona should muddy the water supply.

The Democrats have long professed warm friendship for our territories—possibly from remorse for having defeated the statehood bill of 1875, because of their hasty, unwarranted and illogical assumption that Mr. Elkins, of New Mexico, was sincere in his cordial admiration for Mr. Burrows, of Michigan. The latter, you remember, had just made a "bloody shirt" speech, which Mr. Elkins had not heard; but, finding Mr. Burrows holding a levee for the purpose of receiving congratulations, Mr. Elkins warmly added his mite out of sheer neighborliness and guff. The nimble Democrats jumped to the conclusion that Mr. Elkins' action was

American Electric Ironing



WHEN an ordinary all-day ironing can be turned out in cool comfort by three o'clock, there's little reason to dread ironing-day. That's why every house that has electric lights ought to have an "American" Electric Iron. One iron will do all the household work. The heat is all in the bottom of the iron itself—continuous and easily regulated.

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These things are possible because the "American" Electric Iron is equal to the heaviest household work, and so efficient, strong and simple, that it can be economically used by anyone.

It concentrates the heat directly upon the work, without appreciable loss through sides or top. It can be attached to any ordinary electric lamp socket, and is so durable that it is fully guaranteed.

But to assure all these advantages, you must get the "American" Electric Iron—a product of the experience of the oldest and largest manufacturers of electric heating-appliances.

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the outward manifestation of Mr. Elkins' thought, and, therefore, they refused to let us play in their yard. Later they repented; and—ever since they have been out of power—they have warmly advocated statehood.

Far be it from me to say that the Democratic determination that Arizona and New Mexico must come in both at once, or not at all, was not due to disinterested devotion to the principle of the recall I only say that, being in power in the House, having every prospect of electing the next President, and with a slender, wan and pale majority against them in the Senate, their action would not have been different had it been prompted by "practical politics" and not by devotion to principle. Doubtless they favor the recall; but, even if they did not favor the recall, they would not have consented to prolong a Republican majority by letting in two Republican Senators from New Mexico without as many Arizona Democrats to offset them. Such is not the practice.

Senator Bailey, however, is, as is well known, an idealist. No practical politics for him. So repugnant to him was the recall, that to defeat it he was willing to forego party advantage. He has been willing to do that for some time. So wroth was he when his Democratic colleagues voted to let Arizona manage her own concerns that he resigned—so, in a manner, reverting to type; for this was practical politics of the highest order. He recalled his resignation, however, as you know, and, greatly peeved, went his lone, wild way to the wild, wet woods.

I have never wished to be President. Like O. Henry Clay, or whoever it was, "I would rather write than be President"; but there has been a time when I should have loved dearly to be governor of Texas.

The Need of Every Knee

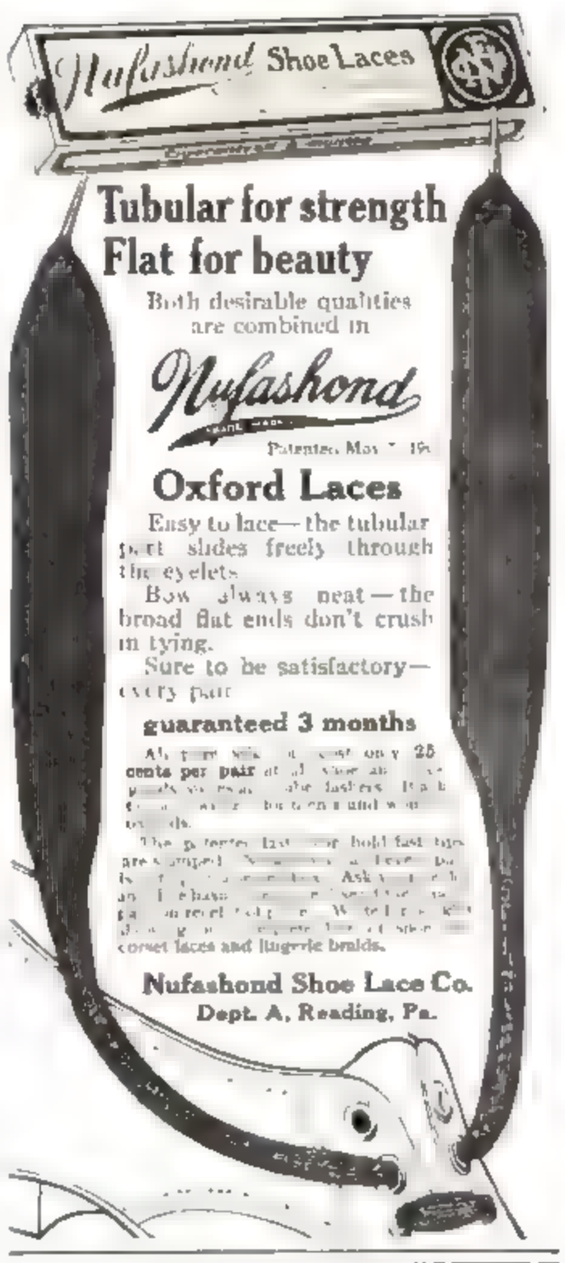
The objection to that luckless constitution was to the provision for judicial recall, as I understand it, and not to the recall of other officials. Personally I am not fierce and forward for that feature of the recall. I do not think it important that Arizona should have that feature of the recall. I merely think it important that Arizona should have self-government. Neither do I believe in the peculiar sanctity of judges. I note that the men who become judges do wrong before they become judges and do wrong after they return to private life; if they indeed become mysteriously infallible, the attack being coterminous with their stay in office, it is a startling coincidence. I am not disappointed or indignant, however, that judges retain humanity during their terms of office; I expected no less.

I do not believe that any judge not flagrantly and flamingly corrupt would be removed under the recall, any more than I believe that we would impeach our Presidents for amusement. Though it would be a grievous thing to recall a just judge, it would be a worse thing that a judge notoriously unjust could not be recalled. It is also a very silly thing to agree that we cannot in the future do what we may then be agreed to do because we have agreed that we could never agree to do that thing; as if a man were firmly to tie his own hands behind his own back with his own unassisted hands—which would be both foolish and difficult.

In J. G. Holland's novel, The Bay Path, is a parallel case: "She noticed that Mary Pynchon turned out her toes and moved her feet with a peculiar grace," he says. The statement caught my attention because the theory was new to me. My toes won't turn out. I have ridden the bounding bronco too long; whereon, if your toes turn out your spurs turn in, with lamentable results. Nor do I move with peculiar grace. For the same stern reason, my poor knees are stiff.

Yet I cannot imagine myself denying to any one the right to turn out his toes or the belief that to turn out the toes will result in peculiar grace of movement—any more than I would deny to others the right of either turning in their toes or keeping their feet pointing straight ahead, as pleased their fancy. To my mind, if Virginia and Wisconsin prefer to turn out their toes and not to have the recall, that is their business and not mine or Arizona's. In like manner, if Arizona wishes to have her feet parallel rather than at right angles and to have the recall, that is not my business, or Virginia's, or Wisconsin's. Every knee has its own needs.

Nufashond Shoe Laces



Tubular for strength
Flat for beauty

Both desirable qualities are combined in

Nufashond

Patented May 7 19[illegible]

Oxford Laces

Easy to lace—the tubular part slides freely through the eyelets

Bow always neat—the broad flat ends don't crush in tying.

Sure to be satisfactory—every pair

guaranteed 3 months

At [illegible] cost only 25 cents per pair at all shoe and [illegible] goods stores. Ask [illegible] but if [illegible] write us and we will [illegible] towards.

The patented [illegible] hold fast tips are stamped [illegible] Ask [illegible] and if [illegible] write us [illegible] of shoe lace [illegible] corset laces and lingerie braids.

Nufashond Shoe Lace Co.
Dept. A, Reading, Pa.

IMPROVED EDITION
"PRACTICAL BUNGALOWS"
Of Southern California

5 ROOMS $1500.

5 ROOMS $2000.

6 ROOMS $2500.

7 ROOMS $3000.

7 ROOMS $3500.

100 BUNGALOWS
One and Two story.

50 LATEST PLANS ADDED
5 color cover.

128-Page Book,
270 Illustrations.
Plans—Descriptions.
Reliable Cost Prices.

We have built 1600 houses and WE KNOW.

Price 50 cts.
Check, Order, Coin or 2c stamps.

LOS ANGELES INVESTMENT CO.
335 B—South Hill Street Los Angeles, Cal

CYCLING—A RETURNING FASHION!

POPE BICYCLES

Columbia, Rambler, Cleveland, Tribune,

Contain many distinctive features of great merit not found in other makes.

The Pope Daily Service Bicycle

A new proposition. Send for full particulars about this magnificent wheel and our convenient method of selling it

CAUTION! Thousands of very low grade wheels [illegible] paint and deceptive names are [illegible] at high grade prices. If you see a name plate that [illegible] it, beware! Every one has the Pope Quality. Pope wheels are sold [illegible] $30 to $100

THE POPE MFG CO., 477 Capitol Ave., Hartford, Conn.

Rowboat $20.00

Money in Boat Livery!

[illegible] any quantity. Need no boat house. Never leak, rust, check, crack or rot. Absolutely safe. Every boat has water tight [illegible] partments so [illegible] a [illegible] difference to go. Demonstrator Agents Wanted in Every Community

[illegible]

Michigan Steel Boat Co. 118 Bellevue Ave Detroit, Mich.

NOTASEME

(*Perfect Process*)

Silk-Lisle Hosiery

Firm and Elastic Rib-Top
Fine Sheer Silk-Lisle Fabric - Lustre and Color Guaranteed Permanent
4-Ply Cable Twist Toe
3-Ply High Spliced
4-Ply Cable Twist Heel
3-Ply Sole
Sizes Absolutely Accurate and Uniform

Wears like "Sixty"—Looks like "Fifty"—Costs but Twenty-five

For sheerness, lustre and durability, **Notaseme** Silk-Lisle Hosiery is in a class by itself. Knitted from the best yarns, made by skilled workers, colored with superfine dyes, subjected to the **Notaseme** "Perfect Process," rivaling stockings selling for twice the price.

Notice the re-enforced heels, toes and soles in the illustration, the shapeliness of the sock, the closely knit tops.

"Fuzz," that so often appears on some hosiery, after washing, is never found on **Notaseme**. Never shrinks. Knitted in actual size.

If your dealer has none in stock we will send post paid a pair of Silk-Lisle half-hose, ladies' hose or child's ribbed hose on receipt of 25c, coin or stamps; Pure silk—with cotton heels and toes and tops—50c.

NOTASEME Hosiery Co., Philadelphia

"Devices for Hanging Up Everything—Little and Big Without Disfiguring Walls"

Moore Push-Pins

Those world famous glass and steel devices for fastening up small pictures, draperies, etc., by a simple pressure of the fingers. Two sizes, Nos. 1 and 2. 10c. ½ doz., either size.

Moore Push-less Hangers

Scientifically constructed of brass and steel, capable of sustaining heavy framed pictures, mirrors, hall racks, etc. (See illustration.) Easily put up. Two sizes, No. 25, 10c ½ doz.; No. 28, 10c. ¼ doz.

MoorePushThumbtacks

Distinguished for their fine tool-tempered steel needle points firmly imbedded in brass heads. Useful everywhere. Three sizes, Nos. 31, 32 and 33, 10c. per doz., either size. Mounted on red blocks.

At stationery, hardware and photo supply stores or by mail

MOORE PUSH PIN CO
716 M 16th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Rugs Carpets Curtains Blankets

From the Mill We Pay Freight

Manufacturers' prices save you dealers' profits. We give a binding guarantee of satisfaction and save you 33 1-3 per cent. You can buy the well known **Regal Rug**, 6x9 ft., reversible, all wool face, at **$3.75**

Our Brussels Rug, 6x9 ft., greatest ... **$1.95** Splendid ... Brussels Rug ... ft. **$11** ... Invincible Velvets ... **$16** ... Axminsters, 9x12 ft. **$18.50** ... Lace Curtains ... Tapestry Curtains, Wilton Rugs, Linoleums at Mill prices.

Write today for our NEW ILLUSTRATED CATALOG No. 14. Sent free. Shows latest designs in actual colors.

UNITED MILLS MFG CO
2450-2462 Jasper St., Phila.

FREE SAMPLE goes with first letter Something new Every firm wants it. Orders $1.00 to $100.00. Nice pleasant business. Write at once

METALLIC SIGN CO., 493 W. Clark, Chicago

What I think about the recall is of no importance. What is of importance is that Arizona thinks about the recall very much as I do, only more so; and, therefore, will not abandon the recall; the more, that Arizona thinks that the objection to the recall was but a pretext; that if she abandoned the recall and turned out her toes another pretext would be found, about Heaven knows what and she fears to guess. The late Senator Dolliver objected to us because we were not muddy enough. He was accustomed to seeing a "break up" every spring. Arizona holds that silent influences are at work to keep her out because she is considered radical—and because, in the coming struggle over the income tax, no more radical states are desired by leading incomists.

Now!

(1) If Arizona doesn't jellyfish on the recall—bless the dear girl! she won't—the Republican Senate will not let Arizona in.

(2) If the Republican Senate will not let Democratic Arizona in, the Democratic House will be severely blamed if it lets Republican New Mexico in.

(3) Arizona and New Mexico will get in—not yet, but not soon.

If we are ever admitted it will not be for the justice of our cause or for our importunity, but because some party or faction needs our votes. If that time ever comes, and if, at that time, Mr. Taft shall have made his home in New Mexico or Arizona, we shall give him a hearty welcome as a neighbor; and we shall be pleased to have his aid and advice in framing our constitutions. The same is true of many members of the late Congress. However, if these gentlemen are not citizens of Arizona or of New Mexico, it will be, civilly speaking, strictly, literally and indubitably none of their business, so long as we provide for a "republican form of government," as prescribed by the Constitution of the United States.

Let me, this once, depart from my own rule and put forward a proposition to which you possibly may not agree. By Article IX of the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo it is provided that the people of the territory annexed to the United States under that treaty "shall be incorporated into the Union of the United States, and be admitted at the proper time—to be judged of by the Congress of the United States—to the enjoyment of all the rights of citizens of the United States according to the principles of the Constitution."

Better Than Promises

When the Congress of the United States passed the enabling act, by the unanimous vote of both your plagued houses, it may fairly be taken that they thereby pronounced judgment that the "proper time" had come; but, was it proposed in that enabling act to admit us "according to the principles of the Constitution"?

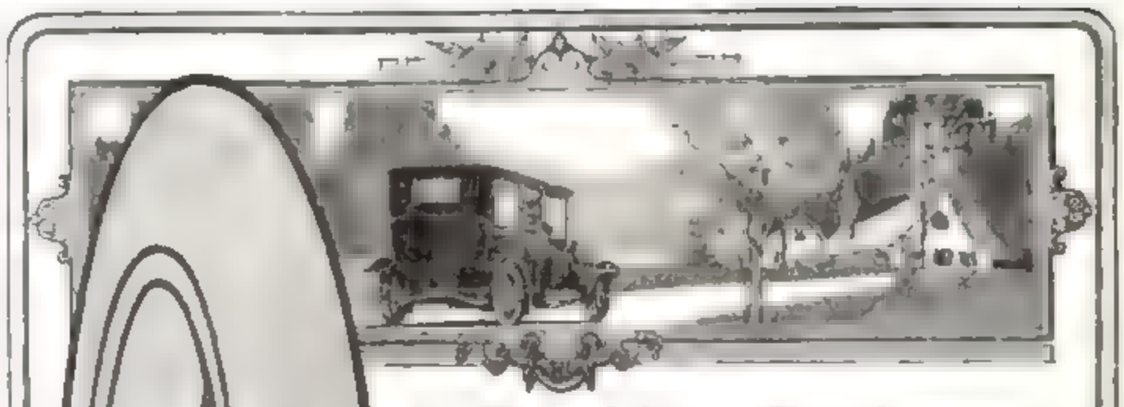
I think not. Certainly no such interpretation of the principles of the Constitution was used in fixing the terms of admission to other states. So far as I know, no one has ever denied that the requirement of that "amazing paradox," allowing the other states to frame our state constitutions, was extra-constitutional, undemanded by the United States Constitution. I charge that it is a direct violation of the guaranty to grant us admission "according to the principles of the Constitution"—said United States Constitution having provided for impeachment proceedings in nowise differing in principle from the recall—as well as an unwarranted insolence to us.

ADDENDA

I cannot close without calling upon you to share the admiration which I cannot withhold from my own moderation. "The hardest test of a gentleman," says Robert Louis, the well-beloved, "is to bear with fortitude the unspoken slights of the unworthy." There is a harder thing: to bear with fortitude the unspoken slights of the worthy.

Nor have I been mealy-mouthed.

And I trust you will not charge me with any tactful effort to ingratiate myself with you. Such endeavor was not needful to the accomplishment of my purpose, which was, if you remember, not to enlist your sympathies for New Mexican statehood but to enlist your aid in protecting us from any further promises. Will you do that? No—don't promise to make no promises. Just don't make them.



The United States Tire Company

has inaugurated a

Service Bureau

for the users of its tires—

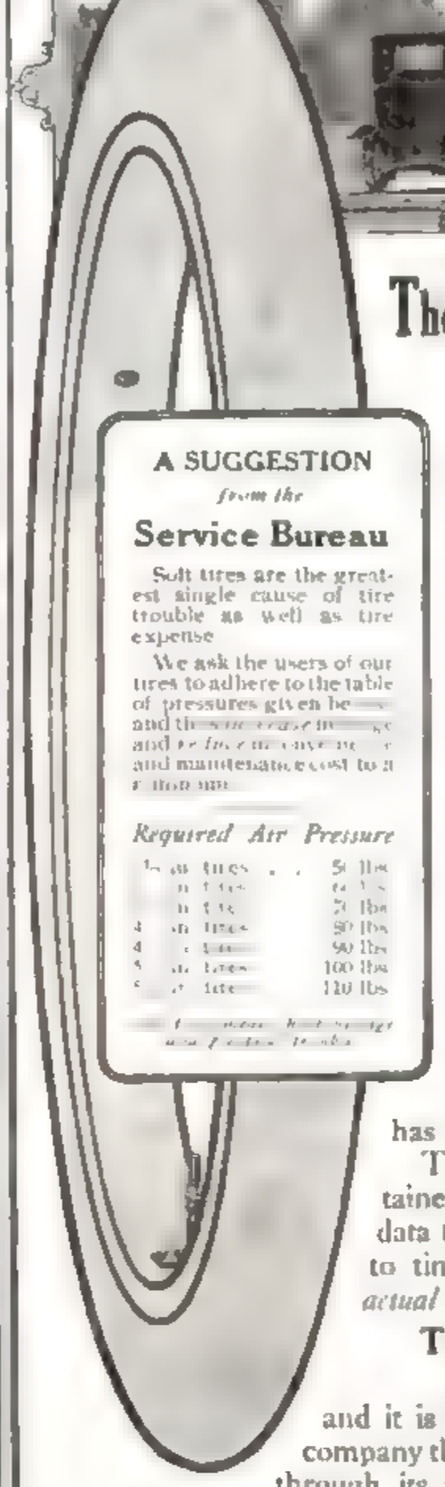
Continental G & J **Hartford Morgan & Wright**

This Bureau will supply motorists with the most authoritative information obtainable concerning the best known methods of *increasing* tire mileage and *decreasing* tire *trouble* and cost.

The tire manufacturer knows—just as dealers and garage men know—that where proper care is exercised in the use of tires there is a surprising reduction in the amount of the annual tire bill. *The United States Tire Company will see to it that this lack of care is not due to lack of information.*

As the first step in the service which the Bureau will render its members, it has prepared and is ready to distribute the most exhaustive treatise on the care of tires that has ever been published.

The practical, non-technical information contained in this book, together with the supplementary data that will be sent out by the Bureau from time to time, will, in hundreds of cases, result in an *actual saving of one-third in tire expense.*



This service will be unique in the history of Motor Tires

and it is fitting that it should be inaugurated by a tire company that is unquestionably in a better position today through its five immense factories, its five laboratories and its exceptional equipment—to furnish the motorist *extra serviceable* tires, than is any other tire manufacturer in the world.

United States Tires are today America's *Predominant* Tires

(selling at the same price asked for other kinds), and the inauguration of the Service Bureau is only *another* argument in their favor.

FILL OUT THE COUPON BELOW and get the initial Instruction Book and all subsequent information to be issued by the Bureau.

Please send all literature issued by your Service Bureau to

Name _____

Address _____

Make of Car _____ *Tires* _____

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United States Tire Company, 1793 Broadway, New York

COLLARS & CUFFS

Pat. Dec. 26, 1905 ... Pat. ... 1908

Are delighting thousands of satisfied wearers because they save collar trouble and bother—and because they save laundry bills.

Challenge Collars are waterproof—*can be cleaned with a damp cloth*—yet have all the style and correctness of the best linen collar you can buy. They fit like linen, too, and have a dull linen finish and texture so perfect you can't tell them from linen. *We guarantee every collar* to give satisfaction in service and appearance.

At your dealer's—Collars **25c**, *Cuffs* **50c**, *or sent by mail by us on receipt of price. Our new "Slip-Easy" finish makes the slide easily. Write for our latest style book.*

THE ARLINGTON COMPANY, Dept. A

Established 1883 **725-727 Broadway, New York.**

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Philadelphia, ... St. **San Francisco**, 318 Mission St. **Toronto**, 58-64 Fraser Ave.

"For my friendly neighbors
nothing is too good.
Few things good enough—
this is one of them."

"That *diagonal* stroke, that clean, easy, *smooth* action which you get only with a Durham-Duplex Razor will answer the whole shaving question for you."

You don't have to "adjust" it. It is "right there with the shave" you have long desired!

No Hoeing *No Scraping*

DURHAM-DUPLEX RAZOR

Standard Set, including Stropping Attachment and 6 Double-edged Hollow-ground Blades, $5.00. Extra Blades, 6 for 50 cents.

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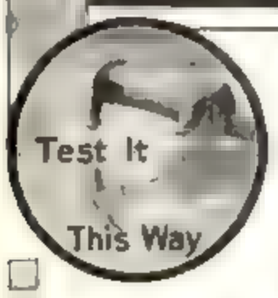
"61" FLOOR VARNISH



You may dent the wood but you can't crack the varnish

because "61" is proof against heel and hammer, against scratches from furniture and the hard wear most floors receive. Neither is it affected by water. "61" becomes a part of the floor—forms a tough, elastic finish that never cracks, chips nor blisters. Can be easily applied by anyone.

Send for Free Sample Panel finished with "61" and test it. It will prove the only finish you'll want on your floors and linoleums. Ask for free book, "*The Finished Floor*"—tells how to care for floors.

Read our other free book, "*Decorative Interior Finishing*," and learn the right varnish to use to get the best results on any particular work. There are 300 Pratt & Lambert Varnishes, each serves the special use for which it is intended better than any other varnish. Use "*38*" *Preservative* for interior trim; *P & L Spar Finish* for marine and outdoor work; *Vitralite* for white enamel work, inside or outside. Your painter and architect know about P & L Varnishes. Ask them.

Sold by dealers everywhere. If not at yours, send direct to us. Pratt & Lambert, Inc., 83 Tonawanda St., Buffalo, N. Y. In Canada, 25 Courtwright St., Bridgeburg, Ont.

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AMERICAN FACTORIES
NEW YORK BUFFALO CHICAGO
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ESTABLISHED 62 YEARS

FOREIGN FACTORIES
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We Start You in Well-Drilling Business!

If You Have Only a Few Hundred Dollars

Here's a big money-making proposition for the live man anywhere who has a few hundred dollars cash to invest and is in earnest. Dead ones who are looking for something for nothing need not reply to this advertisement. But for the right man with a little cash it's the greatest solid kind of business opening, with quick returns. Deeper wells demanded every year. **We have money-making locations for Well Drillers now.** More, better and larger booklet 6 months ahead. Over $1,000,000 in 10 years drilling wells. **Write today for 128 page FREE illustrated book.** Explains everything.

ARMSTRONG MFG. CO., 1541 Chestnut St., Waterloo, Iowa

THE PEOPLE'S PREROGATIVE

Concluded from Page 16

responsibility, as that power is defined—responsibility as placed by the great terms of the charter—is either grossly uninformed as to the history of the rise and reign of the people and the underlying principles of representative government, or in his nature and makeup an enemy of the Federal form of government. There can be no such thing as a great Federal Union without great and powerful states upon which that Union may rest. There can be no such thing as a free and powerful people without a virile, independent and self-governing citizenship. The only school in God's world for such training is local self-government. It was the great principle upon which our Government was founded. It is just as essential today as it was a hundred years ago.

Shall we not begin this effort to have the states perform fully and completely the duties devolved upon them by the Constitution, by relieving them of their most demoralizing, embarrassing and expensive duty? Let us leave these legislative bodies to the great task of building up these institutions, and of formulating the purposes and policies that attach so closely to, and deal so intimately with, the daily life of the citizen. Let us relieve them of that which often prevents for a whole session any attention whatever to state matters, which often controls legislatures even from one session to another, which dominates their selection, which leads to vast expense the people must at last pay, which leads to faction and strife. I urge that reflection will lead many who now think otherwise to the conclusion that the state legislature should be relieved of this task.

Now, after more than fifty years of discussion among all classes and in all the fields of political and economic controversy, after it is clear that this change is desired by the sober second thought of the great majority of ninety million people, after commonwealth following commonwealth has demanded it, after scandal and corruption have placed their stamp upon the old system, are we taking any chances to accept as our guide in the future the wisdom born of these years of experience and reflection? A reform that has grown to be as ancient almost as the Government itself cannot be said to be the result of passion, or prejudice, or ignorance, or folly, or fancy. It must have in it a vital, living principle. It must have in it an essential, abiding truth. We cannot afford longer to reject it.

A Stimulus to Good Citizenship

There are a vast number of things in this Government in which the people can have practically no voice, and upon which they can, therefore, have but a most indirect influence. That sphere of Government activity is unfortunately constantly increasing. We are fast becoming a Government by commission. Thousands of agents and representatives of the Government deal with matters of almost daily concern to the people, who are beyond the people's selection or dismissal and are fast becoming beyond their reach. With startling and almost mad celerity we are rushing in that direction. Not a Congress but a bureau must be created, with its hundreds of retainers; not a Congress but some part of the Government is pushed a little farther from those for whose welfare we are supposed to work.

Now, of necessity, many of these things must be done in this way; but, on the other hand, there should be every limitation possible to be made. There are, however, some things that the people may do that they ought to do, and that we ought to afford them the most convenient opportunity to do. They may select their political servants who make their laws. They may select the constitutional agents who execute the laws. This is a power that they can exercise and one that it will be wholesome for them to continue to exercise. It is our duty to place this power in constant, direct, immediate touch with the people. Dismiss every agent that it is possible to be rid of and go direct to the principal. Give him the responsibility, and his own patriotism will appreciate that responsibility, and he will not abuse it. It is only under such a system that men may grow to the full stature of citizenship in a republic.

ONE OF THE FAMILY

of ten Brisco-Kleanwell shapes. This is No. 61 Large, sanitary brush for men. Stiff, serrated bristles. Ventilating holes in back—easy to keep clean. You'll like it. Price 35 cents.

Brisco Kleanwell

The Brush That Holds Its Bristles

The ten Brisco Kleanwell shapes are on our sample rise at most dealers. One of them will exactly suit your mouth. You can choose from the samples, then receive its duplicate

Sold in a Sealed Box

Make your little girl a present of a Brisco Kleanwell baby toothbrush. Sent on receipt of 4 cents.

Brisco HAIR BRUSHES

penetrate to the scalp. The finest of imported brushes. Made in all styles, woods and prices.

ALFRED H. SMITH CO., 38 W. 33d St., New York

You Save $1.00 On Every Hat

when you send us $2.00 [illegible]

The **FRENCH POCKET HAT**

is made of finest fur felt, trimmed with neat outside and inside [illegible] in lightness, comfort, style and service. Colors—white, cream, light gray, dark gray, seal brown and black. All sizes. Tell us the size and color you want.

Money back by return mail if you don't like the hat.

We'll make your Old Panama like new for $[illegible]

French Pocket Hat Co.
23 So. 8th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

The RANCHER

The COLLEGIAN

The GOVERNOR

To be sure of getting a clean, fresh, unhandled sponge, buy only the

"MERMAID" Sponge

Antiseptically prepared and sealed in a transparent, air-tight package. SOFT, SILKY, STRONG, LASTING. Perfect shape—Guaranteed Quality.

For Baby's Bath

Shaving and Toilet Use

Trade Mark

Price 35 cents

At Drug and Department Stores, or sent postpaid on receipt of price.

INTERNATIONAL SPONGE IMPORTERS
73-75 Wooster Street, New York

Retail Druggists, etc., send for Trade Circular and Proposition

Produce All the Honey You Want for Your Home

Keep enough bees to supply your own table. Read about bee keeping in "*Gleanings in Bee Culture*"—6 months trial subscription 25c. Book on Bees and supply catalog, free.

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Overland

The First Step In The Purchase Of An Automobile

A CAR may look beautiful and apparently act splendidly as you see it hum around the corner, but what do you know about its regular day in and day out performance? What do you know of its reliability—of its general behavior? And what does it cost to keep in operation? When you buy an automobile, these conditions have a direct effect on your pocket book—one way or the other. Don't fall into the costly habit of taking things for granted. This hinders your better judgment. Get the *facts* and then you can determine the value of any car.

And you don't have to be a technical expert to select the best machine. You don't have to know all the ins and outs of a motor. Nor do you have to be able to write a treatise on the transmission. When a careful business man buys a typewriter, he does not pretend to intimately know the mechanism, but he *does* know that the machine he buys is standard and that it has a concern behind it who is responsible.

The selection of the best car for your money is merely a case of simple analysis and common sense comparison. Take several of the leading popular priced cars—separate the facts from the fiction—compare one with the other and the car that shows the best balance is the machine you can invest in with a feeling of security. Remember that the facts represent the real value—the fiction the false. When you purchase your car use your mind as well as your eye. Combine your reason with your sense of sight. This seldom fails to get you the most for your money.

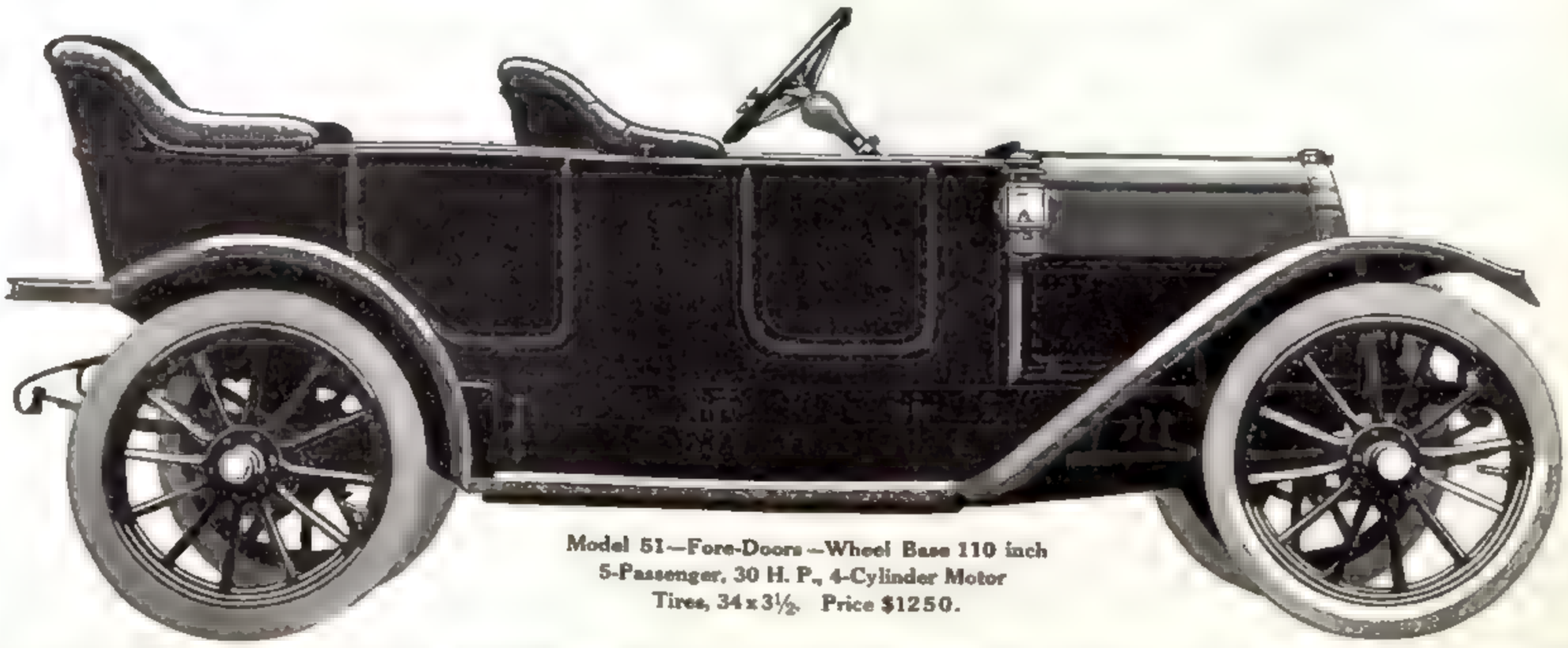
The Overland is the most highly standardized car on the market. For instance, compare the Overland priced at $1250 with any of the popular priced cars selling around $1500 to $1700. Take each list of specifications—compare item for item and see how you can make twelve hundred and fifty dollars go as far as seventeen hundred. Then compare this car with all other makes selling at about the same price and see the added Overland value. Then keep the fact in mind that more than 25,000 Americans own Overlands. On top of this remember that The Willys-Overland Company makes all of their parts in their own plants. The motor, body, steering gear—in fact the entire chassis right down to the tiniest screw is made by Overland machinery.

The Overland plants are the greatest of their kind in the world. They employ over 4000 men. The factories cover 30 acres. This great institution, with its scientifically managed army of skilled men is today turning out the best car for the price that can be made.

Make the simple comparisons we point out above and be governed accordingly. Take no risks. Automobiles cannot be bought every day. When you buy, *buy right*. The more you leave the matter to guess work, the weaker your investment will be. Get the Overland facts and you'll get the value you are entitled to.

Look up the Overland dealer in your town or drop us a line today for an Overland book. It shows the full line of cars—Roadsters, Torpedo Bodies, Small or Large Touring Cars with Fore-Doors and Open Fronts. Priced from $775 to $1675. Let us send you the facts about these cars.

The Willys-Overland Co., 136 Central Avenue, Toledo, Ohio



Model 51—Fore-Doors—Wheel Base 110 inch
5-Passenger, 30 H. P., 4-Cylinder Motor
Tires, 34 x 3½. Price $1250.

This Means Something to You When Buying Clothes

"56 Years of Knowing How"

(That is the Stein-Bloch Record)

From a Photograph

Look at the photograph of one of the new Stein-Bloch seasonable summer garments. It stands out from the ordinary. There is nothing idealized in its portrayal. The camera gives you actuality.

STEIN-BLOCH Smart Clothes

The nearest Stein-Bloch dealer will show you the new models. Examine them. Note their texture. Observe their beauty of line. Try them on. *They will fit you with more style at less cost than any other make in the world.*

Send for "Smartness," a Book of Photographed Spring and Summer Styles. You will learn the nearest dealer's name and address—and much more besides.

This is the Label That Means 56 Years of Knowing How

The Stein-Bloch Co. Wholesale Tailors

Fix it in your mind.

THE STEIN-BLOCH COMPANY

Wholesale Tailors for Men

OFFICES AND SHOPS
Rochester, N. Y.

NEW YORK
Fifth Avenue Bldg.

CHICAGO OFFICE
1422 Republic Bldg.

HOW TO MAKE CAPITALISTS

(Continued from Page 21)

of floating debt that it had contracted in connection with the building of the road. Mr. Villard, to quote from the memoirs, "even discovered downright treachery among his confidential advisers, two of the Oregon and Transcontinental directors using their private knowledge of the condition of the company for enormous 'short' sales of its shares."

Quite ruined in purse and apparently in health, and much crippled in reputation as a financier, Mr. Villard resigned and went to Europe. Five years later he was not only back in America but again in control of Northern Pacific. The road had become embarrassed. The people in control were unable to raise capital. They turned to Mr. Villard for help. He raised five million dollars by cable from his steadfast foreign friends, in consideration whereof the control of the company was handed over to him. At the ensuing annual meeting, say the memoirs, he voted 365,799 shares out of a total of 754,193, "although he himself did not own a single share."

Next came a sharp fight in the stock market between Villard and a combination embracing James J. Hill and Union Pacific interests for control of Northern Pacific. In the course of this fight Northern Pacific stock was practically cornered. On a smaller scale it was an exact prototype of the great Northern Pacific fight of 1901 in which, also, Mr. Hill played a stellar role.

Mr. Hill was then building the Great Northern, so nearly parallel to the Northern Pacific that, in the nature of the case, one must eventually absorb the other. Undoubtedly both Mr. Villard and Mr. Hill appreciated that. Having won this stock-market fight of 1889, Mr. Villard certainly kept the point in mind, and presently, having issued a consolidated mortgage for one hundred and sixty million dollars, he proposed to buy out Mr. Hill and thus gain possession of the rival line. He declares, in the memoirs, that after much negotiating Mr. Hill, for himself and associates, verbally agreed to sell out at one hundred and twenty dollars a share.

"An appointment was made for ten o'clock next morning," say the memoirs, "but Mr. Villard was the only one who kept it." After waiting an hour he began telephoning, and learned that Mr. Hill had slipped away. Had this purchase been consummated the cost to Villard would have been about twenty million dollars, and the profits, in view of the subsequent vast success of Great Northern, would certainly have been a good many times that sum. Mr. Villard declares, indeed, that this purchase would have been his greatest achievement as a financier.

A General Reorganization

Meanwhile Mr. Villard had built many branches and carried the Eastern terminal of Northern Pacific from St. Paul to Chicago. This, of course, had involved issuing and assuming a huge assortment of capital obligations. In June, 1893, he resigned again, and again Northern Pacific was hopelessly insolvent. It defaulted on bond interest and went into the hands of receivers in August of that year. Nothing remained but reorganization. Mr. Morgan took the job in hand. The reorganization plan, issued in March, 1896, starts off with the following succinct statement of the situation:

"The property of the Northern Pacific Railroad Company comprises, in various forms of ownership and control, a railway system of 4706 miles, a land grant of about forty-three million acres, and sundry bonds, stocks and accounts.

"This property is represented by fifty-four corporations which have issued $380,000,000 of bonds and stocks, of which all are now outstanding, and $271,949,044 are owned directly by the public.

"The present fixed annual interest and sinking fund charges amount to $10,509,690. The adjusted net income from all sources applicable to these fixed charges has been, for the year ending June 30, 1895, $6,015,846, and for the last five years has averaged $7,801,645."

Obviously a railroad can't pay charges that exceed its income by fifty per cent. The public turned its $271,949,044 of agglomerated securities over to the reorganization committee. After foreclosure, the new railroad company that took over the property issued one hundred and five million dollars of prior lien four per cent bonds and sixty millions of general lien three per cent bonds, which were exchanged for the old bonds. But as the new bonds bore a lower rate of interest and as there was accrued interest on the old bonds, each thousand dollars of old bonds received an amount larger than that, either in new bonds or in new bonds and new preferred stock combined. The new company issued seventy-five millions of preferred stock, which was given either to holders of old bonds or to holders of old preferred stock. It also issued eighty millions of new common stock which was exchanged for a like amount of old common stock.

The total amount of capitalization was largely increased by the reorganization, but the fixed interest charge was greatly reduced. This is the rule in practically all reorganizations. Owners of the old stock had an opportunity to convert their holdings, dollar for dollar, into new stock.

Thus, on the surface, reorganization means simply cutting down the fixed interest charge. But beneath the surface it means a great deal more. Almost invariably it involves a huge shifting of ownership, wiping out a mass of small investors and transferring their interests to new and more powerful hands.

Forty-five Million in New Money

At the time this reorganization plan was brought out, for example, Northern Pacific preferred stock, which many people had bought at par or above, was selling at only twelve dollars a share and the common stock was selling at a dollar and a half a share. A great many discouraged holders had thrown over their shares for whatever they could get. In order to participate in the reorganization, moreover, holders of the old stock had to pay in a cash assessment amounting to fifteen dollars a share as to the common stock and ten dollars a share as to the preferred. In those hard times many small investors did not have the money to spare.

Thus many old holders simply threw up their hands and were wiped out. Reorganization always contemplates this. One of its features is an underwriting syndicate, formed by powerful capitalists, which agrees to supply certain amounts of cash needed to carry out the reorganization and to step into the place of old security holders who fail to come into the reorganization. In the case of Northern Pacific the underwriting syndicate subscribed forty-five million dollars.

Northern Pacific common stock, selling at a dollar and a half a share when the reorganization plan was brought out, was exchanged at par, upon payment of the assessment, for new common stock. Five years later that new common stock sold, for a few minutes, at a thousand dollars a share. It is now worth much above par. But this huge accretion of value has gone very largely to the new owners who came in at the reorganization.

The dazzling success of Northern Pacific since the reorganization and the tremendous profits accruing from Mr. Harriman's famous operation in its stock, in 1901, are tolerably familiar. It was a liberal, not to say prodigal, use of the high credit of Union Pacific that enabled Mr. Harriman to make his brilliant operation in Northern Pacific stock; and Mr. Harriman came into control of Union Pacific as a result of a reorganization in all respects similar to that of Northern Pacific.

When Congress chartered the Union Pacific, in 1862, it granted, to aid in constructing the line, a loan of Government bonds that should be a first lien on the road, and five sections of public lands per mile on either side the right-of-way—equivalent to a strip ten miles broad. The promoters of the enterprise, however, deemed this aid insufficient, and by diligent lobbying secured an amendment in 1864. The amendment provided that the company might issue its own bonds, secured by first mortgage on the road, the loan from the Government to become a second lien, and it further provided that the land grant be doubled. In effect, the amendment doubled the amount of Government aid.

Under these terms construction proceeded. Congressional committees investigated the subject pretty thoroughly in

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AUTOMOBILE men have much to say about "Service." What does service mean? Here is what we think it means: Consistently good performance at all times, in all conditions of weather, on all sorts of roads.

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At the factory we maintain an extensive Service Division in which is employed a large staff of expert men who stand ready to give every Chalmers owner advice and assistance in the care and operation of his car. Or in case of accident, the Repair Parts Department will help the Chalmers owner out of his difficulty.

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We believe that all Chalmers dealers are imbued with the desire to make Chalmers service uniformly good in every section of the country. They advertise "Service guaranteed" and we are sure they mean it.

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Chalmers "30" $1500

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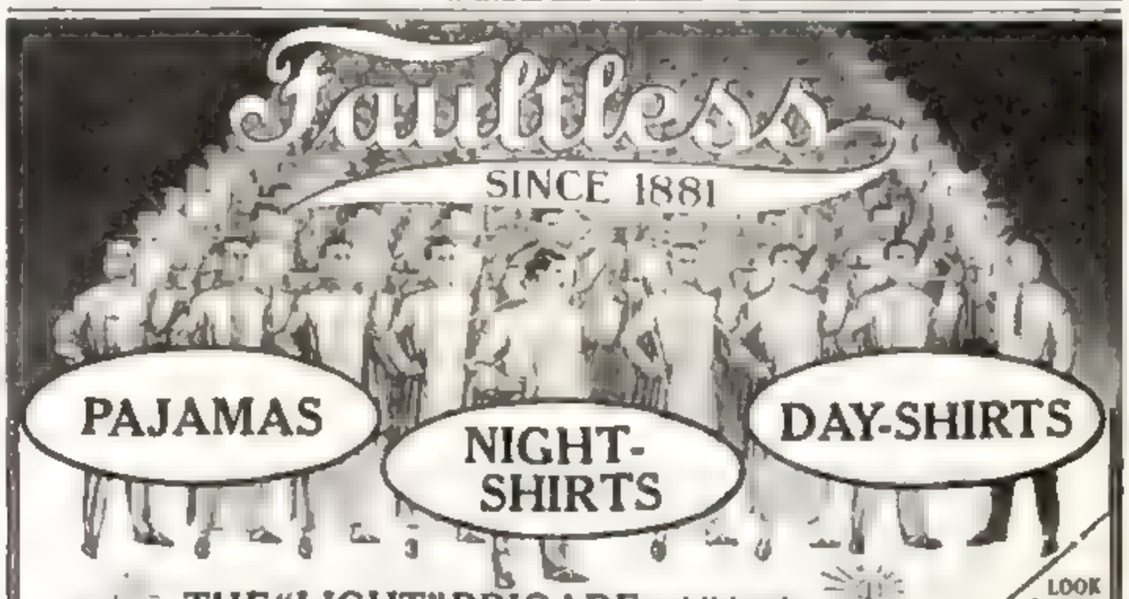

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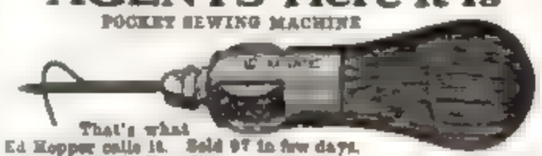

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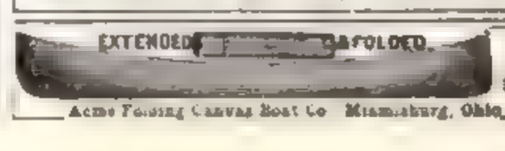

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If you want speed in a motocycle you can get all you want in the INDIAN, because the INDIAN is more powerful and efficient in proportion to its size than any other motoring machine ever produced.

Speed, however, is only *one* result of power and efficiency. The same qualities which give speed are invaluable to the tourist in the form of unusual power to be used on rough and sandy roads and on steep hills. The INDIAN Motocycle develops all the speed you want on the level, and all the power you need on the hills. It is not limited to a single use, but is good for *every* use

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The 1911 INDIAN contains an epoch-making motocycle improvement—the new *Free Engine Clutch*—by means of which the rider may stop and let his engine run free, or start at a snail's pace and increase speed at will. Not one or two speeds, but a hundred speeds at your fingers' end! No more running alongside to start the engine, no more stopping the engine when you dismount. Absolute comfort and control all the time. The INDIAN Clutch can not be burned out either by use or abuse.

Most INDIANS are made with *chain drive*—the most direct method of transmitting power, and best on hills and on *all* kinds of roads. The belt drive can also be had if desired.

The INDIAN for Pleasure, Health and Utility

Learn something about the pleasures of motocycling. Find out what it means to feel companionship with your mount—a genuine sense of comradeship, almost like that you feel for a horse—found in no other motor-driven vehicle.

Let us send you our new 1911 INDIAN Motocycle Catalogue,

containing complete descriptions of the new INDIANS, which mean more pleasure in motocycling than motocycling has ever known before. Enjoy thinking about it and let the purchase of a motocycle come when the spirit moves you. Write for the INDIAN Motocycle Catalogue *today*.

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1873 and again in 1887, examining the books and calling many witnesses. The committees agreed that the total cost of constructing the Union Pacific was $50,720,958. To meet this cost it had received twenty-seven million two hundred and thirty-six thousand dollars of Government bonds and had issued twenty-seven million two hundred and thirteen thousand dollars of its own first mortgage bonds. But it had sold its own bonds at a total discount of nearly three and a half million dollars, and there had been a slight discount in marketing the Government bonds. Thus the total cash received for the bonds was only $50,863,173, or a hundred and forty thousand dollars odd more than the total cost of building the road.

But the company had also issued nine million three hundred and fifty-five thousand dollars of income bonds, nine million two hundred and twenty-four thousand dollars of land-grant bonds and thirty-six million dollars of Union Pacific stock—which, so far as the committees could see, simply represented profits.

At about the same time the Government granted six million three hundred and three thousand dollars of bonds and six million acres of land in aid of the Kansas Pacific, running from Kansas City to Denver; and the Kansas Pacific, somewhat later, secured control of the Denver Pacific, a line of a hundred and odd miles running to Cheyenne.

In 1873 Jay Gould secured control of Union Pacific, buying first, as he informed the committee, one hundred thousand shares of its stock and later another hundred shares.

Meanwhile Kansas Pacific and the Denver Pacific, which the former owned, were doing very poorly. In 1877, says the committee, "when Kansas Pacific was *in extremis* and its securities selling for merely nominal prices, Mr. Gould commenced to purchase them." He purchased, it seems, several million dollars of them, and by the next year was in complete control of the road, involving, of course, control of the Denver Pacific, which it owned. Meanwhile Mr. Gould had been selling his Union Pacific stock.

When Mr. Gould came into control of Kansas Pacific there was a plan afoot to reorganize it and largely reduce its mass of outstanding securities. But Mr. Gould, it developed, had a quite different plan. This was nothing less than to consolidate Union Pacific and Kansas Pacific, converting the stock of the latter, dollar for dollar, into stock of the former.

Jay Gould's High Financing

The committee's experts reported that, on the average of the ten preceding years, Union Pacific's net earnings per mile were $5616 and its fixed charges $3185, leaving a handsome surplus; while Kansas Pacific's net earnings per mile were $1601 and its fixed charges $2294, leaving a handsome deficit, and Denver Pacific's net earnings per mile were $1332 and its fixed charges $1749. Not unnaturally, therefore, the Boston directors of Union Pacific demurred at Mr. Gould's benevolent proposal. Mr. Gould then threatened to build a rival railroad from the Missouri River to the Coast. Whereupon, says the committee, "the Boston directors appear one and all to have been terror-stricken." At any rate they hastily assented to Mr. Gould's consolidation plan.

The capital stock of the Kansas Pacific was then ten million dollars and of the Denver Pacific four millions. So the capital stock of the Union Pacific was increased by fourteen million dollars and the new shares exchanged, dollar for dollar, for Kansas Pacific and Denver Pacific stock. Moreover, Mr. Gould made an exceedingly ingenious arrangement whereby the Denver Pacific stock that was in the treasury of the Kansas Pacific was handed over to him personally. Thus the amount of Union Pacific stock was raised from thirty-six to fifty million dollars, in round numbers, for the purpose of acquiring railroads that failed to earn the interest on their bonds, and by becoming responsible for the bonds of those roads its funded debt was increased from eighty-eight to one hundred and twenty-seven million dollars.

Mr. Gould then gracefully retired from Union Pacific.

In the course of the next few years the road issued ten millions of additional stock, which was paid for at par, the proceeds being used to build branches. At the period of its insolvency and reorganization this ten millions was the only part of its capital stock that represented any investment of money.

To aid in constructing the Central Pacific from Ogden, where it joins the Union Pacific, to the Coast, Congress granted a loan of nearly twenty-eight millions in Government bonds and over eight million acres of land. The road was built by Leland Stanford, Collis P. Huntington, Charles Crocker and Mark Hopkins, operating part of the time as Crocker & Co. and part of the time as the Contract and Finance Company. The exact cost of construction could not be ascertained, because the books of these two constructing companies could not be found. After going over much collateral evidence the committee concluded that the cost of construction from Ogden to Sacramento did not exceed thirty-six million dollars, which was decidedly less than the amount of Government bonds and first mortgage bonds; also that undoubtedly the fifty-four millions of Central Pacific stock was all profit. Mr. Stanford indeed admitted that each of the big four received thirteen millions of stock as his share of the profits. Mr. Huntington some time before had testified that his share of the profits was only one million.

The Central Pacific was very profitable—for the four gentlemen who controlled it came also to control, pretty largely, the government of California, which meant that they could charge about what rates they saw fit.

One Hundred Million in Profits

Obviously, ability to fix the profits of a railroad by exercising arbitrary control over its freight and passenger rates is quite as helpful as a direct grant of bonds out of the public treasury. Realizing this profound truth, the big four engaged extensively in railroad building on the Coast, without any direct subsidy of Government bonds. The congressional committee of 1887 analyzes a long list of extensions and branches built by them and grafted upon the Central Pacific system. It concludes that for 1339 miles of the main system the cost of construction was in round numbers fifty-eight million dollars, for which the builders received forty-one million dollars cash, nineteen million dollars in bonds and sixty million dollars in stock; while for 1171 miles of leased road, the construction of which cost twenty-seven million dollars, there were issued nearly thirty-four million dollars in bonds and forty-nine million dollars in stock. The committee finds, therefore, that in their railroad constructing and combining Messrs. Stanford, Huntington, Crocker and Hopkins made a profit of one hundred million dollars in stock, besides several millions in cash and bonds.

This was all good stock, too, for transportation charges on the Coast were high and the railroad dominated the politics of California. In ten years, from 1874 to 1884, the Central Pacific paid over thirty-four million dollars in dividends, and the committee finds that up to 1877 Stanford, Huntington, Crocker and Hopkins were substantially the only holders of its hundred millions of stock.

Government aid extended to the Union and Central Pacific roads consisted of sixty-four million dollars of Government bonds as a loan and twenty-six million acres of public lands. The proceeds of these Government bonds, together with the proceeds of the first mortgage bonds issued on the lines and bought by general investors, was no doubt sufficient to build the roads. To December 31, 1886, the companies had realized, in round numbers, thirty-nine and a half million dollars from the sale of granted lands, while the lands unsold were valued at twenty-six and a half million dollars more. Just what the several capitalists did that was so tremendously important as to entitle them to profits exceeding a hundred million dollars is a trifle obscure. They certainly didn't supply any considerable amount of the capital for one reason because, at the beginning, they didn't have any considerable amount of capital. They had great amounts of it at the end, and no doubt solemnly discussed with their friends whether this wasn't getting to be a country in which capital could no longer count upon the consideration and protection to which it is entitled.

Editor's Note—This is the third and last of a series of articles by Will Payne.

Win Profit and Prestige

as Local Agent for the New Wonder in Typewriterdom

On top of all the innovations that have given The Oliver Typewriter such amazing success and sales we have placed the crowning improvement—PRINTYPE!

The Oliver Typewriter now *typewrites print.*

To the first acceptable man in each locality, where we have no local agent, we offer the exclusive agency for The Oliver Typewriter, which carries with it absolute control of all sales of Printype Oliver Typewriters in the territory assigned.

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Printype, the beautiful new type face, unobtrusively introduced to the public by The Oliver Typewriter Company a year ago, is today the reigning favorite in Typewriterdom.

The beauty—the individuality—of Printype has turned the heads of some of the greatest business executives of the country.

Just to see Printype is to become an ardent admirer—and most likely a purchaser of The Printype Oliver Typewriter. If you have not had the pleasure of an introduction to Printype ask for a copy of our pamphlet—

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Printype is an adaptation, for the typewriter, of the regular book type universally used on printing presses.

An old friend in a captivating new dress—the last word in typewriter type-style. It is twice as artistic and easy to read as the old-style sharp, thin outline letters and numerals used on all other typewriters.

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Although The Printype Oliver Typewriter is worth a premium, we placed the complete machine on the market at the regular catalog price.

The effect was electrical. Inquiries came thick and fast. Demands for demonstrations kept our Local Agencies working at high tension. Sales jumped. Public appreciation of the innovation was so impressively shown in actual orders that today one third of our total output of Oliver Typewriters are "Printypes."

Printype Belongs Exclusively to the Oliver

The Oliver Typewriter Company originated "Printype." We control it. The Oliver Typewriter is the only writing machine in the world that successfully typewrites print.

Agency Department

This triumph in typewriter type, added to the numerous other exclusive features of The Oliver Typewriter, greatly increases the value of our Local Agency Franchise. It puts our great Sales Organization still farther in the lead.

It's Your Supreme Opportunity

We distribute Oliver Typewriters through a world wide Agency System. Each Local Agent is given exclusive control of all sales of new Oliver Typewriters in the territory assigned, during the entire life of the arrangement. The demand for demonstrations of The Printype Oliver Typewriter necessitates a heavy increase in our force of Local Agents.

Printype — OLIVER Typewriter

The Standard Visible Writer

Every city, every town, every village must be quickly assigned, so that the vast number of inquiries that are pouring into the General Offices may have the prompt personal attention of a direct representative of The Oliver Typewriter Company. This is undoubtedly the greatest business opportunity of your life. Ask for the details of our Exclusive Agency Proposition. Get posted on the profit-possibilities. Remember that a Local Agency Contract is an exclusive Franchise that entitles you to all the profit on every sale made in the specified territory.

"17-Cents-a-Day Plan" Booms Sales

As local agent for The Oliver Typewriter you have this three-fold advantage:

(1) You can offer the world's only "Printyper" at $100, the standard price of ordinary typewriters.

(2) You can offer the liberal, attractive terms of "17 Cents a Day."

(3) To apply on the small first payment, you can accept any make of old machine your customer may own.

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We do not surround our Local Agents with annoying rules and restrictions. In the territory assigned them, they are given full control. They are free to work when and how they choose. We require men of character and standing, who will act on their own initiative. Loyal, efficient service wins generous recognition. Exceptional ability is rewarded by promotion to more important positions in the Oliver Organization.

Whether you can give your entire time to the work or only an hour or two a day, you cannot afford to miss this wonderful money-making opportunity.

Rush Your Agency Application!

Lawyers, clergymen, school teachers, bookkeepers, public accountants, physicians, merchants, clerks, real estate and insurance men—all classes of people—find the Local Agency for The Oliver Typewriter profitable and congenial. Applications should be mailed promptly, as the territory is being assigned very rapidly.

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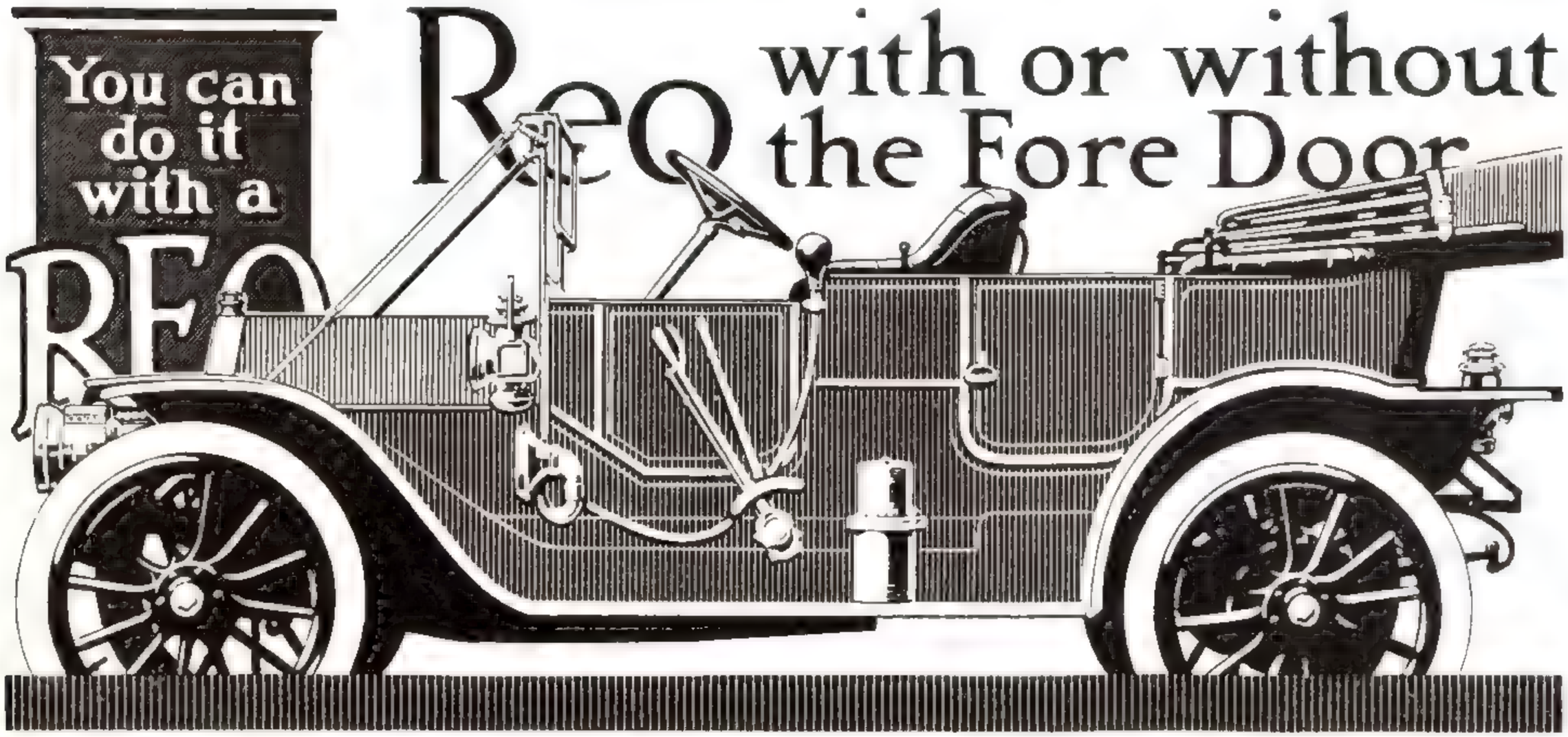

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With Fore Door and Windshield at $1300, or
You can get the Fore Door parts separately (fit any 1911 Reo) for $25.

But that isn't the main thing. You get proof with your Reo—real proof in advance. If you could get everything else proved so completely, life would be mighty easy.

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Your Reo is just as good as that one.

Send for catalogue and "Coast to Coast in Ten Days"

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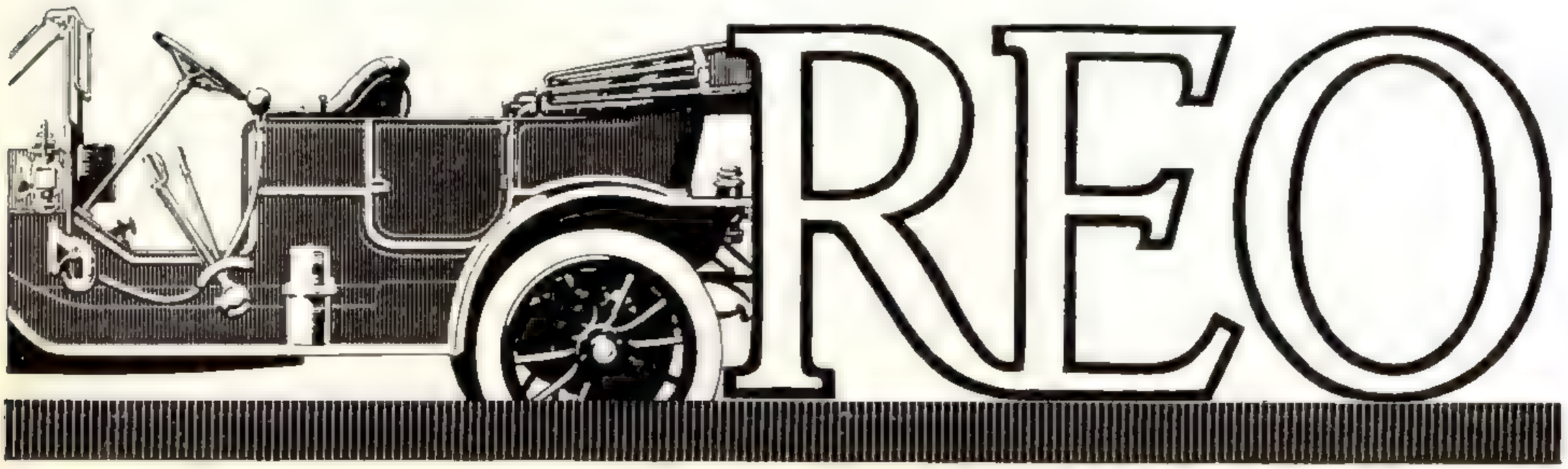

THE GIRL IN THE SANTEE

(Continued from Page 5)

much as laid a finger on my shoulder. Perhaps he thought that the doing away with me by direct means might be construed, by the voice that had threatened him on that occasion, into an actual laying on of hands. Be that as it may, whatever his hopes were he took no active steps -that I know of -to realize them.

But passive steps he did take—many, many miles of them. He was forever encouraging me to be a man; to learn to take care of myself. He gave me the use of a little boat. He gave me a gun, an old flintlock, by a good maker, but much rusted. He kept me supplied with ammunition. He told me to hunt and fish when I pleased and where I pleased. And he kept me very short of shoes; so that, barefoot and barelegged, I used to be for whole midsummer days in the snakiest swamps of the Santee country.

That nothing happened to me was a miracle. Sharp eyes, sharp ears and a good bump of locality are not enough to account for it. I have just missed snakebite -far from help—a hundred times. I have been chased and treed by wild cattle; by wild pigs. Once I was lost for some hours and only got myself out by the purest good luck.

One Christmas my uncle and Mr. Blunt dared me to climb a certain oak tree and lower to them, by a rope, a very wonderful head of mistletoe, growing near the top. The climb was easy enough; but the work of cutting the tough, leadpipe-like stem of the mistletoe, attaching the mass to the rope and lowering it without knocking off too many of the berries, was too much for a boy of twelve.

I became exhausted and fell sixty feet — not sheer, for I struck branches on the way down which saved me a little, but still with sickening violence. I lay on the ground, all the breath knocked out of me and making horrid noises, but sound still in every bone.

"Quick, Blunt!" I heard my uncle cry. "Is he dead?"

Mr. Blunt, bending over me and testing my arms, legs and ribs for fractures, shook his head and said, without any show of enthusiasm:

"Not unless he's hurt somewhere inside."

VII

MAMMY MANNEE, upon whom the passage of time seemed to have no effect, often uttered dark sayings about my property: "Yo' angel father was a pow'ful rich man, honeybug; but don' ask ol' mammy where de money went—caze she don' know." And the like. Such utterances fell on deaf ears. I knew my uncle to be a brute and a villain; I had the gravest suspicions of the affable and not uncultivated Mr. Blunt—but I was happy. I had a gun; a boat; health; enough to eat; books; I had a playground the most varied and wonderful—cottonfields; ricefields; woods; a great river, creeks, bayous; black, fresh waters, spreading for miles and miles—the dismal trees standing in them to their knees. Toward the ocean were salt ponds, packed in the winter with wildfowl; and beyond were hard beaches and the ocean itself—peaceful, troubled or raging. I could hunt duck or quail, wild cattle, pig, deer. I had dogs. There was never a soul to say "No" to me, except Mammy Mannee—and you may imagine, at fifteen years of age, how much attention I paid to her advice.

Of books I had already an excellent knowledge; of manners, none. I was at once rather uncouth and rather learned; a big, resolute, swift-moving boy—terribly self-centered and blind to everything save the possible pleasures of the moment and of the morrow.

I had heard of money—I had read of it. But whether I had any or none mattered no more to me in those Arcadian days than politics or international law.

I must tell you that at this time the court, upon the application of my uncle and Doctor Chestleton, had voted me a very handsome increase of allowance. Of this annuity my uncle had the spending; and it was not until six years later that I even heard of the transaction. My uncle had represented very feelingly to the court the needs of a young gentleman of my station in life: a French master; a dancing master; suitable clothes, horses and hounds, traveling expenses. He regretted that he was unable to supply me with everything out of his own somewhat uncertain fortune. But the main point, as he saw it, was that somehow or other I must be supplied with all proper perquisites and advantages. "My nephew," said he, "will be a rich man when he comes of age. It is highly suitable that in the mean time he should learn something of the value and something of the power of money."

Doctor Chestleton never visited us but the once. To my uncle he wrote often in the way of business; to me seldom. He complained that I did not answer his letters and it was obvious that with the passage of years he had lost interest in me. "A young gentleman," he wrote, "should answer an old gentleman's letter in detail and promptly, however much the effort may bore him."

It was in vain that I replied: "Sir, I have answered every letter you ever wrote me upon the nail. I have even confided to you that I think my education is not receiving proper attention. But it is you who do not answer my letters," and so on. Naturally any such pompous effort underwent first the censorship of my uncle's eyes and then the purging effects of the nearest fire.

You will ask what use my uncle or Mr. Blunt had for money in a region destitute of shops, restaurants and theaters. Well, for one reason, they loved money for its own sake. For another reason, they were heavy and not fortunate speculators in both rice and cotton. And third, one or other of them—never the two at once was nearly always off traveling upon the track of dissipation. Of Mr. Blunt's junketings he often regaled me with details wholly unsuited to my years and understanding. For, like all men thoroughly evil, the sight of innocence was as irritating to him as that of an empty bottle to a drunkard.

Once Mr. Blunt returned from Philadelphia with a lady whom he introduced to us as his wife. I remember making the pair a high-flown little speech of felicitation, such as is to be found in old-fashioned plays, that caused Mr. Blunt and my uncle to laugh aloud, but brought a blush of shame to the lady's cheeks and a downcasting of her eyes.

Wife or not, she brought little happiness into Mr. Blunt's life, for she had soon, by one of those wild whims to which women are subject, formed a preference for my uncle. So that one night at supper a quarrel arose, and the two men, three parts drunk, fought each other all over the dining room, through the hall and out into the garden. Here my uncle secured a death-grip on Mr. Blunt's throat and must have choked him to death but for the sudden advent of a violent nausea. For three or four days the gentlemen went about uttering blood-curdling threats against each other, but taking good care not to meet.

On the fifth day the woman disappeared and a mutual interest in her welfare brought about a sort of reconciliation. They declared a truce, at the least, until she should be found; and to that end they called in the laborers from the fields and hunted for her high and low. It was I who found her.

There was a smokehouse, built of brick and mounded over with soil, where my uncle had his hams cured. And it was there I found her. In a moment, I have always believed, of dreadful remorse and memories she had hanged herself with three long lengths of gay ribbons twisted together.

VIII

MY NINETEENTH year differed spiritually if not materially from those that had gone before. Mr. Blunt brought home with him from Philadelphia a slender volume of poems—it was the edition of 1845—by a gentleman named Poe. I have that volume still. I think it is the only thing I ever stole.

I had gone to Mr. Blunt with a message from the overseer and, not finding him in his room, was considering—lips pursed—where to look for him next, when my eyes chanced on the volume of Poe, lying open and face down on Mr. Blunt's bureau. I could never keep my hands off a book till I had sampled it. This one I turned over and caught a name with my eye—Annabel

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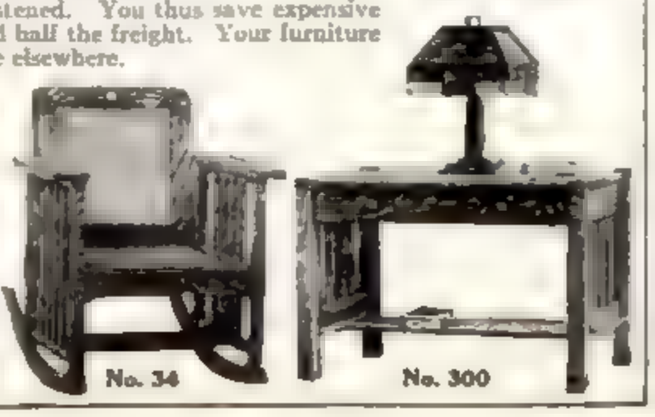

No. 34 No. 300

Lee; and then the insouciant, melancholy lines with which that greatest ballad opens:

It was many and many a year ago,
In a kingdom by the sea,
That a maiden there lived whom you may know
By the name of Annabel Lee.
And this maiden she lived with no other thought
Than to love and be loved by me.

I was a child and she was a child,
In this kingdom by the sea:
But we loved with a love that was more than love—
I and my Annabel Lee.

I forgot the overseer's message; I forgot Mr. Blunt and the laws of property. Book in hand, I fled the house and sought the shade of a certain live-oak wherein I had had many an orgy of reading. And here, during a long summer's day, I read and reread the poems of Edgar Allan Poe, until I had most of them by heart and had changed from a boisterous, natural boy into a melancholy young gentleman, full of unhappy love affairs of the most ethereal and exalted purity.

Mr. Blunt never mentioned the loss of his book and I hid it away in my sleeping room, behind a loose piece of wainscoting. I was not content to read Poe and to recite him at the top of my voice to remote fields, woods and seabeaches; but I must fashion poems exactly like his. And some of that maudlin, talentless collection I have still, to be burned when I am dead. I keep them because of the many memories which they wake of that melancholy, blissfully happy year.

I was above slaughter at this time. Upon my expeditions I no longer carried a gun. Paper to write on, a pencil to write with, a memory crowded with poems that cried to be imitated—these were weapons enough. But how I longed for a little reality! Actually to be in love with a beautiful girl—whom we may as well call Ligeia—to lose her and to mourn for her through a short, haunted life of profoundest melancholy and immortal verse, seemed to me the acme of human happiness!

Well, it was not so long before I was to be in love; and when that happy time came my silly melancholy morbidity passed from me forever.

The war for secession had just begun to rage, but I did not know it. I ought, however, to have guessed that some sort of an accessible war was going on somewhere, for Mr. Blunt at this time began to take me aside and try to fire my youthful mind with the glories of a soldier's life; but he found me deaf to any glory of that kind. Finally, somewhat piqued, he "put me in train," as they say, and told me that my country—our glorious South—was hard beset by traitors; and that those of us young enough and old enough to bear arms ought to feel our obligations.

"Don't you want to fight for your country, Stephen—for your state?" said he.

"Why, no," said I. "What's the fighting for?"

"For liberty," said he.

"I have all the liberty I can use as it is," said I—"and more too."

"You are too phlegmatic, Stephen. War is a glorious opening for a young man. Do you intend to dawdle away the whole of your life at books and hunting? You would see the world, great cities, battles, fine women. With your strength and craft of a hunter you might rise to be a general officer. I tell you, sir, promotion is swift in civil warfare."

I suppose it was the wish of my uncle that I should enlist and get myself killed. I was, however, free from all sectional passions; and you cannot inflame a man and make a fanatical partisan of him in five minutes.

"If you feel so strongly, sir," I said, "why don't you enlist?"

"I'm too old," said he.

"You weren't too old to go up to Philadelphia last winter," said I, "and raise the devil, by your own accounts!"

He assumed a smug, conscious look and winked one of his small, bright eyes. And then, recovering his serious expression:

"Your uncle's influence," said he, "could procure you a lieutenancy to start with—think of that!"

"Mr. Blunt," I said, "you can't make me enlist, can you? Well, I don't know what they are fighting about. I've been brought up, as you and my uncle ought pretty well to know, in ignorance of everything but books and the effects of liquor on grown men. I intend to be a writer, not a soldier. And I don't see why I should start in by getting myself killed—to please anybody. If you want to be rid of me—as I have reason to think there must be simpler ways. But you can't make me fight in a quarrel concerning the merits of which I know nothing and am not likely to learn from any one here and I won't."

Mr. Blunt shrugged his shoulders.

"I should hate to think any man of your name a coward, Stephen."

I bent my brows upon him, frowning.

"If you really think it, Mr. Blunt," I said quietly, "just oblige me by saying it. You're not too old, I suppose, to take a licking?"

The man smiled gayly.

"What nonsense!" he said.

Well, we stood smiling at each other with smiles that were only skin-deep, when suddenly there came a dull, booming, far-off sound that shook the solid old house to the foundations and made the windows leap against their casements. Mr. Blunt's expression changed to a kind of puzzled consternation. Again the booming came, and again.

"For God's sake," said I, "what is that?"

"Cannon-fire," he said. "Ships are fighting off the Santee." We stood, listening. "Yes," he said; "it must be that."

Five minutes later, gloriously excited and elated, I was driving my canoe upon a strong ebb-tide down a branch of the Santee River toward the distant ocean and the thundering cannon.

"If only they keep it up till I get there!" I thought. "If only I get there before dark!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Hints for the Hunter

SPORTSMEN often ask: Where are the great game fields of the world today? It is difficult to answer that. Alaska, especially coastwise Alaska, is an old story now, and has been written up in books and magazines by sportsmen from every European country, although the interior of Alaska is more difficult than Africa today. Out beyond Alaska, in northeast China and in Kamchatka, you can get some nice long-haired tigers if you like. Still farther, in Tibet, you may get some rather uninteresting brown bears, or, if lucky, secure what is perhaps the prime sporting trophy of the world, a good head of *ovis poli*. In the Himalayas you may get the rival of that great sheep, the argali, with splendid wide-spreading horns. In the Canadian Rockies you can still, by great good fortune, get the lesser but almost equally interesting trophy of the American bighorn. Perhaps you did not know that in Sardinia is one of the most interesting hunting countries of the world, though one not much visited or written about. You may get mouflon there.

Northeastern Greenland is a country that before long will come into note. It costs rather a pretty penny to outfit a ship for that country, but if you have the price it is perfectly feasible to go there and get your fill of shooting on polar bear, walrus—perhaps incidentally a North Pole or so. Labrador is a salmon and caribou country not yet outworn. Salmon fishing in Norway is perfectly correct and is well systematized. Newfoundland has caribou, to be obtained under somewhat restricted and expensive conditions. Moose hunting is a business in New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and Ontario, and so is bear hunting in British Columbia, and has been for a long time.

A trip up the Amazon and across the Andes is perhaps more dangerous than one in upland Africa, where the railroad has brought in a quasi-civilization. Bits of sport in odd corners of the world, in China, in Ceylon, in the islands of the South Sea, may be had here and there, and have been had by those who have written of them. But the sportsman of today faces a world rapidly growing short of sport. From Greenland's icy mountains to India's coral strands, and eke the torrid fountains and golden sands of Africa herself, the world has been literally combed out for something to kill. To a calm and dispassionate observer up a tall and dispassionate tree, this seems rather a singular age of the world. One wonders what will be the attitude of man a few generations hence toward our attitude of today.

BIG CORPORATION HAS rare opportunity for fine appearing, tailor dressed young man whose appearance typifies the accuracy of detail and tasteful good sense we put into our product. He is to call on out of town trade. We want his looks and bearing to rightly reflect the high quality of our goods and policies. T. O. 42 Tribune

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Tailored-to-order clothes are invariably preferred by business men because they symbolize the very aims of business itself. The tailor-idea stands for precision, accuracy, nicety of detail. It stands for the "exactly right" result—versus the "pretty nearly right."

Do not forget that the calibre of an institution is mirrored by the men who represent it. Distant customers often get their only mental picture of a house through the personality of a visiting salesman.

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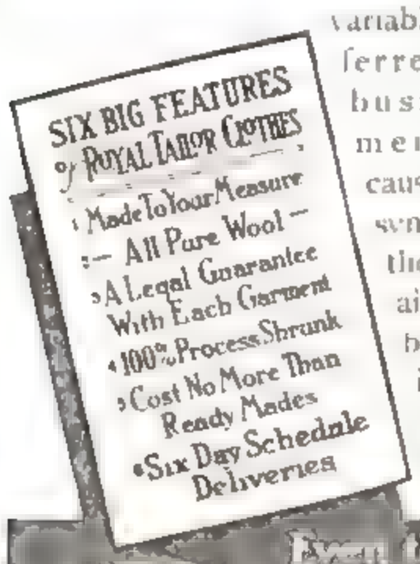
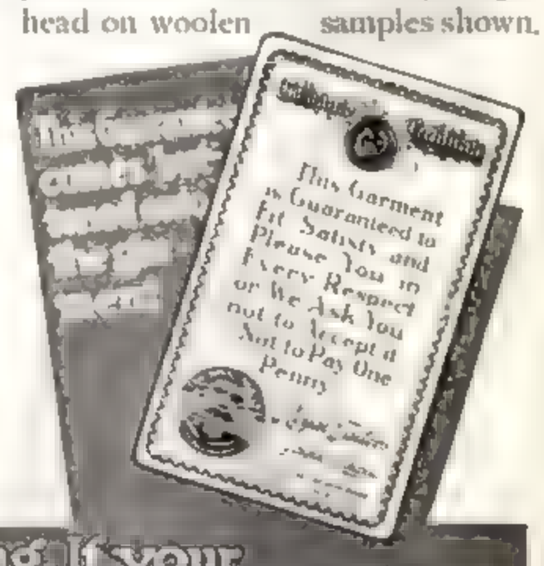
CAUTION:—It is important in these days of cunning substitution to beware of imitations. To protect clothes buyers—we will prosecute any attempt to use the Royal name and trade-mark on tailored clothes not made by us. But for your own protection—look for the Royal tiger head on woolen samples shown.





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Clean Hands for Every One by Using

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A very clean and sanitary, can be used by the whole family. Use with soap and water.

Cleans the teeth perfectly and polishes the enamel without injury. Never irritates the gums. Can be used with any tooth wash or powder. Ideal for children's use. No bristles to come out. *No. 1, 25 cents, No. 2, 35 cents.* Mailed on receipt of price.

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This tip won't slip on any surface. Made in five sizes, interior diameter. No. 17, ⅝ in., No. 18, ¾ in., No. 19, ⅞ in., No. 20, 1 in., No. 21, 1¼ in. Mailed upon receipt of price, *30 cents per pair.*

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Dealers Write for Prices.

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A WOMAN PIONEER

Continued from Page 15

pack. It's a bit of cleared ground between two creeks and several springs, down at the bottom of a gorge where she has always corralled and branded her horses. Her father squatted on the land forty or fifty years ago and there's a couple of bunkhouses and a few shacks they've built from time to time."

"I guess," remarked Mrs. Jensen, "that Hetty and her father saved a good many lives in the bitter snowstorms by taking men into those same bunkhouses; and they never asked a cent for it either."

"All that's cut out now," Mr. Jensen said. "For this summer, while Hetty had temporarily left her ranch, a man named Parsons had it surveyed and took up a homestead right on it. Hetty had just squatted. Case was tried up in Boise a couple of days ago. I haven't heard the outcome yet, but I guess the law will be against her."

"Hetty won't give a hurrah for the law," returned Mrs. Jensen.

"Maybe not; but it's not just a question anyway between her and Parsons," said Mr. Jensen. "We'll see tomorrow, I suppose. Here's the hotel and I'm aching for supper."

Already I felt the spell of the West; all day long I had been yielding to it as Mrs. Jensen and I had walked through the progressive little town, intent on our shopping. It was a friendly world, with room for all. I liked the looks of the people I met in their khaki or corduroy clothes, jumpers and blouses and soft hats. What impressed me especially about them, though I suppose I had really learned it through the Jensens, was the calm way in which they rose to any situation that presented itself, grasped it, turned it to their own advantage and did practically no talking about it.

When, next morning, I drove away with the Jensens in a crowded stage I did not feel like an alien. The night before Mr. Jensen's wagons had set out with his mine supplies and my food and furnishings. All the men in the stage were miners who were either going to work for the companies, at four or five dollars a day, or were going to file claims for themselves. Mr. Jensen knew them all.

There was one named Pinkie—because of his good complexion, I suppose—between whom and Mr. Jensen there seemed to be an especial attachment. Mrs. Jensen told me that the friendship dated from the time that Mr. Jensen had to put a hole through Pinkie's shoulder because once, when he was drunk, he tried to hamstring some mules which Mr. Jensen needed for his tunnel work.

The Ride to the Island

The sun was not particularly hot till toward the middle of the day, but the dust was heavy. We passed through irrigated country, beautiful but almost woodless—dotted, however, with tiny orchards and "prove-up" shacks. Far away on one side were the misty Sawtooth Mountains, and on the other the Nevada Range. The talk was of mining companies and shafts and sluices and lucky strikes. Sometimes a cattleman or a sheepman was mentioned and there was more than one allusion to Hetty Martin's troubles. I wanted to ask more about her, for to me she was a romantic figure; but I divined that her affairs had some connection with those of the stageful of men; that they were waiting to see what was going to happen; and that if I asked them questions about Hetty Martin I might be asking them questions about their business.

It was past noon the next day when we reached Hetty Martin's Island or Ranch. By this time we numbered more than our original stageload. Indeed, we formed to my eyes a sufficiently impressive cavalcade; for all along the road we had "picked up," as they said, men driving and riding and walking, singly and in pairs and groups, some of them packing their blankets and food and tools, others bare of even tools, trusting to luck to assist them once they were in Jarbidge. I had my first inkling then of what I was often to see later—that everywhere in the West the gambling spirit is strong. People take long chances, hopeful that their good luck will hold. If it has held in the past they interpret that as a sign that it will in the future; if it has not held in the past they think it is time it changed. If the luck is good they accept that as a matter of course; if it is bad they don't complain.

Before I saw Hetty Martin's Ranch I thought myself sufficiently habituated to Western scenery. I had standards of comparison, having passed through the well-defined, soft-colored hills of New York and Pennsylvania; the flat prairies of western Ohio, Indiana and Illinois; the slopes and curves of Nebraska and eastern Wyoming, so massive and soft, and that horrible, skinned-looking scenery of western Wyoming and Utah. I had seen the Eastern soft light change to the Western high light; restful green hills change to shimmering lavender hills. And on the stage drive we had come closer to the mountains—"raising the peaks."

There was a distinction about Hetty Martin's Ranch. It almost seemed as if Nature and some individual—Hetty herself—had contrived to shape it to her needs. It lay in a cañon six hundred feet deep—a little cleared patch of two or three acres between two small rivers. On the farther side of one river were flats where, as I learned later, her horses used to range. Behind were the Nevada Mountains. On the cleared ground were two warm springs, while some fifty feet up the bluff was a spring, which was quite hot. At one side of the clearing was a corral where Hetty did her branding and sorting. In the middle were a bunkhouse and two shacks. On the other side of the clearing and nearer the public road was another bunkhouse, larger than the first, but not in such good repair. And all about gleamed the gray walls of the cañon, rising higher and higher, sharp, bright, touched here and there with green groups of fir trees.

Hetty Martin Arrives on the Scene

Such was the fundamental picture; but for the moment it was blurred by the numbers of men camped everywhere—on the clearing, across the streams and by the side of the road. Some had wagons and some had tents, and between wagons and tents the horses were picketed; everywhere men walked and sat, smoked and talked, and looked up toward a trail along which the pack mules were slowly moving to Jarbidge.

"You see how it is," said Jensen to his wife as we stiffly dismounted; "everybody swarming to Jarbidge so hard that the stuff can't be packed in quick enough. Parsons will put us up in his bunkhouse."

We approached the smaller bunkhouse in the middle of the clearing. A dark, nervous man came out to meet us.

"Well, here y'are, Mr. Jensen," he said, "and here'm I, though I got word this morning that Hetty was going to take the law in her own hands and put me off."

As if what he had said were a cue for her appearance, I got my first sight of Hetty Martin. From the direction of the town they call Three Crick a woman galloped, followed by five mounted cowboys. She wore a khaki divided skirt and a blue riding cloak; and on her thick, curly brown hair was a dark tam-o'-shanter. Straight down the road she came and straight among us, and leaped from her horse at the door of the bunkhouse.

Then, rather dramatically, she cast her cloak inside and stood on the threshold, her arms akimbo, looking at Parsons. Presently she nodded in the direction of her cowboys.

"I don't want no trouble with you, Parsons," she said; "but you have no rights here; I don't care what the court in Boise says. My father built that bunkhouse you're in; and where you're charging the boys for grub we always give free. You've stole my land and my houses. Them five boys of mine, they're going to put you off, Parsons."

"Why—I guess not, Hetty," he said, with a nervous smile.

The campers had crowded nearer—fifty or sixty men. Hetty Martin turned to them and said:

"Boys, some of you know me, but the most of you are new. I guess you've all heard of me, though, and you know I don't want nothing but my rights. I ain't thinking of disturbing you. I just want Parsons and his men and horses off my place. I won't run any of you off and I'll treat you right. You'd better come inside," she

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added to Mrs. Jensen and me, "while my boys settle things."

Hypnotized, I moved up to the doorway, but Mr. Jensen put a detaining hand on his wife's arm. Hetty stood, arrested by the gesture, and stared at him.

"We can't have any trouble, Hetty," he said.

She looked past him to the cowboys.

"You know what to do, boys," she called, and they pushed their horses closer to the house.

Mr. Jensen's cool blue eyes took on a steely color; as Hetty turned her back he put his hand on her shoulder and she faced him again defiantly.

"I said I wouldn't run any of your campers off," she said hoarsely.

"It won't do, Hetty," Mr. Jensen said. "You know I'm responsible for a good many of these boys, or will be when we get to the mines. You know when a thing like this starts there's no telling where it ends. If Parsons is run off we'll be run off too—unless there's gunplay. One shot here today means fifty shots."

"That's right," spoke up the miner, Pinkie; "we don't want nothing started. We want to git to Jarbidge."

"The time for gunplay in this country has gone by, Hetty," Mr. Jensen said. "Things can't be run any more the way your father and you ran them. We've got to live by the law."

"The law that done me out of my ranch and give it to Parsons?" she asked sardonically.

"If you've a mind to put it that way," he replied. "I've never said the law doesn't bring in justice."

Hetty looked long and sharply at him and at the campers, whose attitude plainly showed that they sided with him. At last she spoke to the cowboys:

"Go home, boys!"

She entered the bunkhouse and sat down by the window. I followed her and presently Mrs. Jensen came in too. Hetty did not speak to us. Hour after hour she sat there, her elbows on her knees, her blue eyes fixed on the floor, her tam-o'-shanter slipping from her rough brown hair.

Guile Instead of Gunplay

Some of the campers who knew her came in and addressed a few words of explanation or sympathy to her. They felt that her luck had been hard, and they had prevented her from ejecting Parsons merely in self-defense. She nodded as if impatient at their words. By-and-by they seemed to forget her and talked among themselves of their own concerns. The Jensens and I had been talking of when we'd get into Jarbidge and of my commissariat scheme. Now and then Hetty had looked out of the window. About sundown she gave a grim little smile and said:

"Well, Jensen, here are my boys coming back, but they're without their guns this time."

He looked at her questioningly, as if uncertain of her motive.

"The law," she went on scoffingly—"what did it mean here in the old days? When the Indians killed us did the law get after them? When another squatter jumped us where was the law? We settled our own differences with guns. When my horses were stolen did the law get them back for me? When my man was shot, protecting the spring that we'd held for thirty years, did they give the fellow even a week in jail? When we picked them Government fellows out of a snowdrift and fed them and their horses—and nursed them, man and beast, for two weeks—we didn't get or expect no return. All we ever asked was to stand on our rights; and now the law takes them away and gives them to Parsons—and you outsiders that ain't got the right to mix in, you make it your business to side with the law."

Mr. Jensen took on that expression that every man assumes now and then, be he Eastern or Western—that look of tolerant resignation that means, if it will do a woman good to free her mind, let her go ahead. Hetty laughed at him.

"Well, I guess if it was the custom to change from guns to knives, I could do it," she said; "and so I'm going to knife Parsons with his own law. You see them cowboys? It's not guns, but pots and pans and dishes and blankets they've got; and they're going into that old bunkhouse by the left stream——"

"By George!" cried Mr. Jensen, an admiring comprehension growing in his eyes.

"Yes, sir!" said Hetty. "Your law says no man can take up, entire for himself as homestead land, anything that has mineral on it. So I've filed for twenty acres of a placer claim on the same land. Parsons can't stop that with his law. I'll shovel the dirt and sluice all that's needed. And it won't be Parsons but me that runs the hotel and has the stables for the boys going through to Jarbidge."

Gravely Mr. Jensen got up and shook hands with her.

"Bully for you, Hetty!" he said. "Parsons did play it low down on you."

"Your law lets me take it out of his pocket if not out of his hide," she said. "I'll run such a good table and stables here that Parsons'll be throwing up his hands in a week."

Mr. Jensen took from his pocket three silver dollars.

"Here's the supper for us three tonight," he said.

"Not tonight," she replied. "I've no grub yet."

The Jensens told me afterward that at this point I showed I was born for the West.

"I have supplies," I said; "I see that the wagons have just come. If you like I'll be your partner and stay here instead of going to Jarbidge. I believe it would pay us both better."

"All right, girl," she said instantly. "There's more than work for two women the way men are coming and going. Besides, I'll have to put in some of the time shoveling and sluicing."

A Partnership That Paid

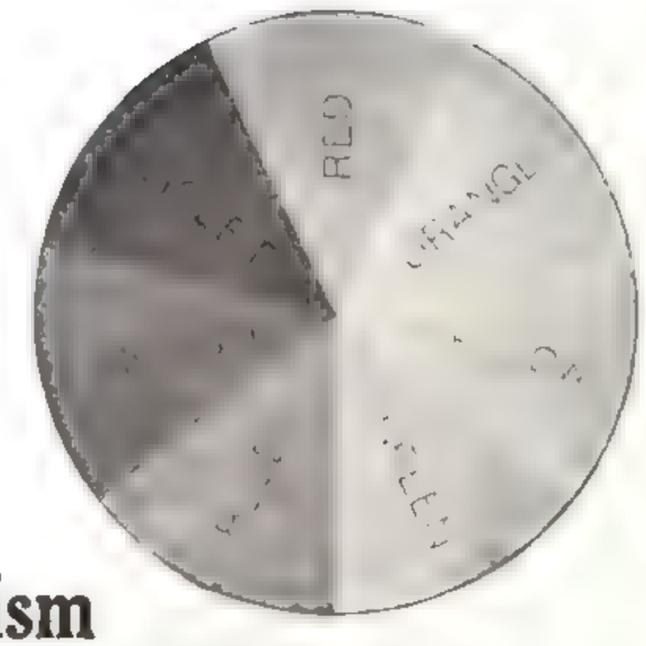
Ten minutes later a number of enthusiastic campers were helping Hetty and me nail tight the rickety shelves in the pantry of the old bunkhouse, and were bracing the long table. They set up our stove and unpacked our dishes and our other supplies. And every now and then some one gave an irrepressible cheer for Hetty. At half past seven we set our first table, and we had set five before the night was over, for even the men who were boarding themselves patronized us on this occasion. Nobody wasted a thought on Parsons—alone in the other bunkhouse.

So began my first occupation in the West—the primitive woman occupation of feeding men. Our quarters consisted of kitchen, pantry, dining room—or cookhouse—and bunkroom, containing eight bunks. In the next few days we had three shacks put up by our cowboys, in one of which Hetty and I slept. We charged seventy-five cents for each meal and a dollar for a bed if we supplied mattress and blankets.

There were days when we fed sixty men, though never more than ten slept in our bunks, as most of them packed their own bedding. We worked so hard that we had to sit up late at night to do our bookkeeping, for Hetty was just as businesslike as a New England schoolma'am. We shared the expense of the food, but I charged her rent for my dishes and cutlery and stove; and she charged me for the blankets and for my share in the work of the cowboys we sent to Three Crick and to Buhl for our supplies, and for the sheep and cattle and pigs we used from her Bruneau Ranch, for which she asked wholesale prices. Generally the cowboys killed the animals for us, though once—in time of need—Hetty killed a sheep.

There were moments of relaxation when I sat by Hetty as she pretended to shovel dirt on her placer claim under the gloomy eyes of Parsons; and I listened to her stories of what had happened among those mountains when the West was young, and railroads were a vision, and men were taken for what they were. She told of how the Indians attacked the Martin Ranch, when she was a child, and of how her father had killed one of them between his two hands, as he would have twisted the neck of a chicken. She told of Nigger Henry, the foreman of the Shosole outfit, under whom a dozen men were glad to work and who handled seven thousand of the finest cattle that ever ranged the West. As she talked of him her speech was full of such words as "chuckwagon," and "tarp," "cavi" and "stragglers." She told of old Wilson, the fifth man to settle in Idaho, who started in gold mining and then contracted to supply food to the Union Pacific, and finally took up thousands of acres of land—one of many who made fortunes in the early days. She spoke with a sigh of her only daughter, married to a sheepman in Wyoming—for

The Truth About Orthochromatism



WHAT ORTHOCHROMATIC QUALITY IS. In the earlier days of photography the plates used gave very untruthful renderings of *color values.* Yellow and red, for instance, photographed as black, while violet, indigo and blue photographed as white. The chart above shows the range of the spectrum from violet to red. The ordinary plate is highly sensitive to violet, a trifle less sensitive to indigo, and so on, until, as we approach the other end of the spectrum, the yellow and orange rays affect the plate but little and the red rays hardly at all. An orthochromatic plate or film is one in which these errors have been so far corrected as to give truer color value, i.e., the emulsion is sensitive to a wide range of colors in an equal or nearly equal degree.

WHY IT HELPS. With a non-orthochromatic plate you might be making a picture, with say a bed of flowers in the foreground—some light yellow and others dark blue. The negative, owing to its deficiencies, would give a print in which the yellow flowers would appear darker than the blue ones, though, to the eye, the yellow flowers would appear lighter. In other words, it would not give, in the resulting pictures, the true color values. The fully orthochromatic plate or film corrects these mistakes and renders the color *values*, (the depths of color) in their proper relation to each other. In the same way the orthochromatic film helps preserve cloud effects, differentiating between the clouds and the surrounding blue sky.

DEGREES OF ORTHOCHROMATISM. There is no difficulty, in factories such as ours, in making any desirable degree of orthochromatism. We make many brands of orthochromatic plates and make them not only in Rochester, but in Toronto, in Harrow, England, and in Melbourne, Australia. It would not, however, be practical to make them all orthochromatic or color sensitive in the same degree. For instance, we make one plate called the "Panchromatic" which is used mostly by engravers in preparing for three color process work. This plate is so sensitive to red that not even the usual ruby lamp can be used in the dark-room. It must be developed in absolute darkness. It is quite evident that such a plate would not be practical for ordinary purposes.

Kodak film was first made as an orthochromatic film in 1903. Up to that time we had literally sold hundreds of thousands of orange dark room lamps in our developing outfits. Immediately it became necessary to substitute a deep red for orange because this orthochromatic film was so sensitive to yellow.

PRACTICAL ORTHOCHROMATISM. As the largest manufacturers of dry plates in the world, as the largest manufacturers of orthochromatic dry plates in the world, to say nothing of our being the largest film manufacturers in the world, we have, at our command, every advantage that experience and scientific research can give. We know to what degree and for what colors the film should be orthochromatised in order to give the best possible average results in the hands of the Kodaker.

For eight years, Kodak N. C. film has been an orthochromatic film. What is more important, it is properly orthochromatic. Our unequaled experience with plates and films has enabled us to make and maintain in *Kodak N. C. Film the most perfectly balanced film in the rendering of color values.*

OTHER QUALITIES. Kodak N. C. Film adds to its superiority in rendering of true color values—the highest speed, freedom from halation, duplex paper (red on one side and black on the other) which absolutely does away with the offsetting of numbers on the film, latitude, which in the greatest degree compensates for errors in over and under exposure, and above all, *dependability.* It is the dependability of Kodak film that makes it the film invariably chosen in every event of world wide importance—the film chosen for making news pictures everywhere.

That Dependability which makes Kodak Film the accepted film for Events of Importance, makes it preferable for every-day use.

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY,

ROCHESTER, N. Y., *The Kodak City.*

"That which eliminates extra work and motions is scientific saving"

Scientific Management

demands the use of a Smith Premier Typewriter, because when one machine will do the work of several, a Scientific saving is effected.

THE MODEL 10

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being designed to meet the greatest number of requirements in any office, can be furnished with carriages in six different lengths (all instantly interchangeable on the same machine) handling paper from one inch to three-quarters of a yard in width.

THE SMITH PREMIER TYPEWRITER CO., Inc., Syracuse, N.Y., U.S.A., Branches Everywhere

Good News for Out-of-door Folks

Everyone who loves the out-of-doors and enjoys a lunch in the open will want one of these Hawkeye Refrigerator or Fitted Lunch Baskets. They are built in styles and sizes to meet the requirements of everyone—the touring motorist, the family that picnics in the park or woods—the folks who go fishing and boating—all who enjoy the out-of-doors.

Hawkeye Refrigerator and Lunch Baskets

The Refrigerator Basket—The outside case is built of tough rattan that will stand all kinds of rough usage; it has a nickel-plated metal lining that can easily be kept sweet and clean and will never rust—between these walls is a packing of asbestos and mineral wool that won't let the cold out or the heat in. It is dust and air tight. The ice is kept in a separate covered compartment and it requires just a little to keep it cool for twenty-four hours. There are five sizes.

The Auto Basket—This is built in the same solid manner as the Refrigerator Basket, but it is longer and narrower. It is built in this shape so it can be strapped and locked on the running board of an automobile—so no matter how warm the day or dusty the road, when you open the Hawkeye you find your luncheon cool, fresh and inviting. There are two sizes.

The Lunch Basket—Built of strongly-woven wicker and completely lined. Equipped with all the dishes and tableware necessary to the serving of a luncheon—and with covered nickel-plated boxes to keep the food clean and fresh. Made in three sizes.

Every American family should have one of these baskets. Ask your dealer to let you look at them. If he cannot, write to us for name of nearest dealer and our free booklet of dainty lunch-basket recipes.

Dealer's Note—If you would like to see what these Hawkeye baskets are like, fill out the coupon below and we will send you one [illegible]—we pay the expressage both ways, and refund it if you don't want to keep the basket.

Dealer's Coupon

BURLINGTON BASKET CO.,
31 Main St., Burlington, Iowa

Send me a Hawkeye Refrigerator Basket for examination. You paying expressage both ways, if I don't wish to keep it.

Name

Address

Town State

Hetty retained the prejudice of the cattleman for the sheepman.

I never dreamed that any one could work so hard and feel so well. I was so preoccupied that a camper or miner came to mean no more to me than a mouth and stomach to be satisfied. I breathed the splendid air and forgot to look at the mountains; but—for I'm a New Englander I never forgot that I cleared on an average from twenty to twenty-eight dollars a day—I, who had formerly received sixty-five dollars for a month of hard, wearing work; a month, for Saturday and Sunday were not holidays, but recuperative days to make me fit for the yoke of the rest of the week.

We never could have made so much money in the bunkhouse, of course, if we had had to pay laundry-women, cooks, chambermaids and waitresses. We used oilcoth on the table, we had no napkins and our own hands did all the work. I never saw Jarbidge, with its streets of tents. Another woman went there and started a boarding house; and if, on account of competition, she did not make twenty dollars a day, still she did well. To me Jarbidge remained a place to which many men went hopeful whom I fed by the way, and whence came many, restless or discouraged, for whom I was sorry, but who still had to be fed.

I knew it could not last; but the West is full of opportunities and already I had planned my next venture. And the wonder that assailed me was that other women in the East did not see these same opportunities. They could easily do as I was doing: new mining camps were starting; or, if not, there were new towns where a small hotel or boarding house would be a boon. In the oilfields, if oil were not being overproduced, owners of large leases would pay a good cook as high as eighty dollars a month and give her two assistants. Besides, in a land where eggs are fifty cents a dozen there are plenty of chances for poultry raising and also for the keeping of bees; they love the alfalfa, of which the land is full. Everywhere I saw chances for women, not only in a new land but among a new kind of men, who treat women as their equals and who let them vote.

Every night—when I counted out my net silver and gold, breathless to see that it did not fall below twenty dollars; radiant once, when it ran up to thirty-five—every night I said to myself, thinking of my sister Lucy and of thousands of other tired women, with heads full of fractions and geography and worry and prunes and prisms:

"Oh, why don't you come out here, where you can breathe and be careless whether your clothes are of the 1911 cut or not, and where superintendents don't matter! Come and find your opportunity, and make money—real money that will keep you from the fear of a starved old age! Come out, if you are young enough, and marry! Come and be free! Have courage enough to be a pioneer!"

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of articles by Maude Radford Warren. The second will appear in an early issue.

Good Advice

THE following incident is an apt illustration of the old adage, Nothing ventured, nothing won:

A piano dealer, who was failing to make money, went to a selling expert for advice.

"We find it increasingly difficult to make sales," explained the manager; "and yet we have made concessions to the public. We advertise our pianos. We employ the best canvassers obtainable. But the business does not grow."

"Get still closer to the public," counseled the expert. "Whenever you find a man who ought to have one of your pianos put it into his house for a month's trial free of all conditions."

"Never!" exclaimed the piano man. "Why, we should only have the instruments thrown back on our hands after a month of banging and scratching. They could be sold only as second-hand. The losses would be ruinous!"

"Try it," insisted the counselor. "If you can't sell your piano after you have got it inside the house, better give up the piano business and get into another line."

The suggestion was acted on—timidly at first—and from the day the first instrument was put out on those terms the house has never had a piano sent back.

This

trade mark stamped on the reverse side of Hub Gore fabric used in Congress shoes, Romeo and Juliet slippers signifies undisputed quality, as well as a guarantee that this fabric will retain its stretch for two years from date when supplied the manufacturer, and that your shoes or slippers will be regored free of charge if the fabric wears out within this time.

The little heart trade mark is stamped on inside—look for it.

HUB GORE MAKERS

Manufacturers of Hub Brand narrow elastic fabric

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makes it superior to *other* fountain pens. It possesses distinguishing features that no other fountpen can boast of.

THE LADDER-FEED is a device that supplies the ink steadily with a delightful sufficiency—no surplus flow, no blotting or spattering.

THE SCREW DOWN CAP prevents leaking. The pen may be carried with safety in any position, up-side-down or horizontally.

At all stationers and jewelers, price $2.50 and upwards; write for illustrated list.

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The modern way to keep chickens [illegible] a large [illegible] garden no bother [illegible] house and keeps the hens [illegible] year round. Big enough for 20 hens. Made of heavy one inch lumber with weather proof [illegible] steel roof [illegible] complete with [illegible] nests and [illegible] ready to use. Best [illegible] Any one can put it up properly. You [illegible] and also [illegible] this house at $25. We will prove [illegible] by selling them on 40 days' trial and will return your money if you are not satisfied. Immediate shipment guaranteed.

Our book "The Modern Method of Poultry Keeping" sent to you free. Full of valuable information.

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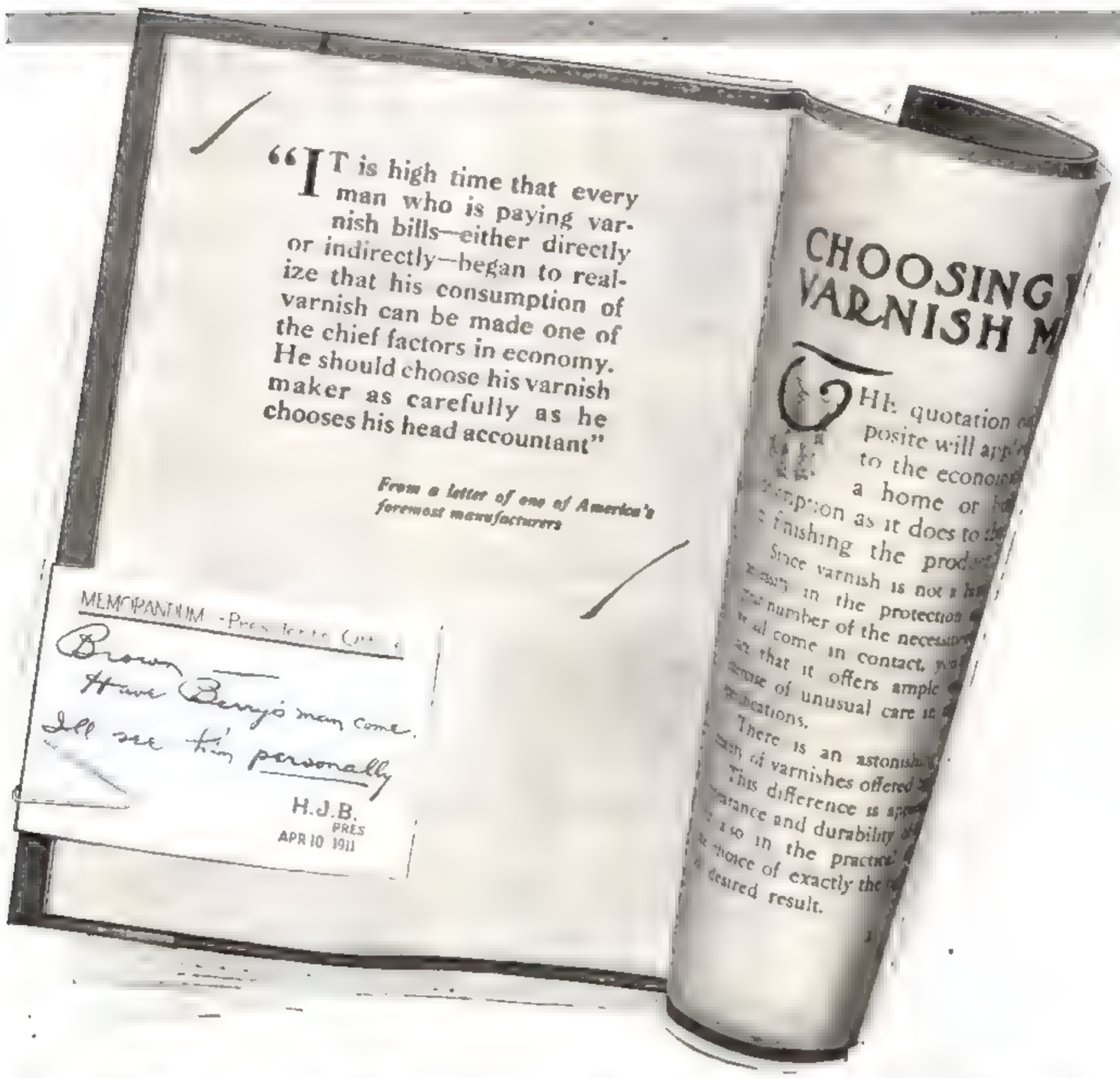
"IT is high time that every man who is paying varnish bills—either directly or indirectly—began to realize that his consumption of varnish can be made one of the chief factors in economy. He should choose his varnish maker as carefully as he chooses his head accountant"
From a letter of one of America's foremost manufacturers
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An Efficiency Engineer in *Your* Varnish Shop

An Advertisement Showing How it Pays the Manufacturing Executive to Look Into the Varnish Buying

NOT long ago the head of a large manufacturing establishment took a notion to look into the use of varnish and other finishing materials in his shop.

His desk and duties were far removed from the finishing department, and he knew very little about its detail operation.

But he did know that the annual purchase of varnish, stains and fillers ran into a large figure.

He had also heard that similar departments in some lines of business were not always conducted as economically, honestly and efficiently as possible.

So he sent for one of Berry Brothers' experts—a varnish-shop efficiency engineer—to aid and counsel with him.

As a result:

He reduced the cost of finishing on five different classes of work about 20%.

He cut down the time of handling the finishing on two of these from 48 hours to 24—thereby increasing his output.

He improved the quality and appearance of the finishing all the way through to such an extent that his salesmen were furnished with complete new samples.

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FOR ALL KNOWN PURPOSES

BERRY Brothers' Products not only meet the complete requirements of nearly 300 different classes of manufacturers.

They also include everything needed in Architectural Finishes for floors, doors and woodwork in homes and all other buildings—another field that should command your personal interest in the selection of good and proper varnishes.

It is important that you know a varnish maker whose label and trade mark you can trust—and then personally see that the goods you select are *actually used*.

You can always trust the Berry Label—with its fifty-three years of honest varnish making and honest dealing back of it. You will find it on nearly all leading dealers' shelves. The highest grade varnishes can be supplied under this label in the following four brands—each made to do the best and most economical varnishing for the four principal architectural needs:

TRADE LIQUID GRANITE MARK — For finishing floors in the most durable manner possible. Its quality has made it the best known and most widely used of all [illegible]

WOOD LUXBERRY FINISH — For the finest rubbed (dull) or polished finish on interior woodwork. It has for years been the standard to which all other varnish makers have to aim.

ELASTIC INTERIOR FINISH — For interior woodwork exposed to severe wear such as window sills and sash, bar room and kitchen woodwork, etc. Stands the action of soap and water to an unusual degree.

ELASTIC OUTSIDE FINISH — For front doors and all other surfaces exposed to the weather. Dries dust free in a [illegible] time and possesses great durability under most trying conditions.

Look for the Berry Label and insist upon having it—whether you use the varnish yourself or pay some one else to do the work for you.

Send for free booklet, "Choosing Your Varnish Maker."

On receipt of 10 cents (in stamps) we will send a copy of Denslow's cleverly illustrated 56-page book, "Around the World in a Berry Wagon." Very interesting and instructive for children.

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WE HAVE successfully solved the problem of producing a good, clear Havana Cigar, which sells at the popular price of five cents—no secrets about our achievement—simply a question of *superior* manufacturing facilities *plus* our proximity to the Havana tobacco fields, *plus* skilled Cuban cigar makers, *minus* the exorbitant expenses of marketing the finished product. The smoker gets all the *benefit* of our economy and efficiency.

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The only *5-inch* Clear Havana Cuban Hand-made Cigar in the United States for which the dealer pays **5c** $40.00 per thousand net cash—*direct* from the factory—and which sells at five cents.

The *rich, sweet taste and absolute freshness*, together with a *delicious aroma*, will be a pleasant surprise to you. You'll wonder that we can make such a good cigar to retail at 5c. The only difference between a Norma Martinez Smoker and other more expensive Havana cigars, is the price. Judge for yourself—try a Norma Martinez Smoker today.

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J. M. MARTINEZ COMPANY, Tampa, Florida

BILLY FORTUNE AND THE ABLE-MINDED LADY

(Continued from Page 25)

He dropped it on the ground and put the fire out with his foot; but when he picked it up again it was just plumb spoiled for looks. We could see that five rods off where we was settin' in our saddles.

The three of us we'd been struck so dumb we couldn't say a word. Wouldn't it kind of deprive you of language to look on at a thing like that? Ben was takin' it terrible hard too. He'd dropped down on the tongue of the sheep wagon, holdin' the smokin' thing in his hands, brushin' the sparks off, blowin' the ashes away, and tryin' to smooth it out; but it didn't appear to suit him much when he'd got it finished, noways at all. Nor you couldn't blame him any. It looked as forlorn as an old rooster in a rainstorm.

Steve was the first one that could talk. "Billy," he says, "that man has been hidin' somethin' from you. And don't it sure change him?"

It sure did. Lookin' at him, do you know what come over me? I begun rejoicin' away down deep inside of me. I wasn't sorry for him a lick; I didn't even wonder what the matter was with him, nor why he'd done it, nor nothin'. The only thing I could think of was the comical figure he'd cut goin' back to the women. It's funny, ain't it, how a woman is about that? She'll stand for pretty near anything in a man but havin' him look ridiculous; the minute he does that he might just as well cash in and quit. That's what I was thinkin'. No, I didn't want 'em myself, not either one of 'em; but I was horrible well pleased with thinkin' how it was goin' to be with him. He'd have to start in all over again, wouldn't he?

But after that I begun to wonder. We'd edged up to him slow on our ponies, closer and closer, till we was right around him. He was a good while gettin' his mind back to us, he was so occupied; but after a bit he looked up at us, first one and then another, with his face all puckered with trouble.

"The old thing's no use to me any more," says he. "What am I going to do?"

"Put her on wrong side out once," says Steve, "and let's see how she looks."

"I knew a man once," says Black's Jim, "that run a grocery store, and one fall he lost his false teeth in a barrel of pickles. He recovered 'em the next spring after the pickles was used up and they wasn't hurt at all. But I don't expect you'll ever get that hair back, will you?"

"No," says I. "It looks about as useful as a pair of suspenders with nothin' to go with 'em. If it was mine I'd throw it in the discard."

"But I need it," says Ben. "I can't get along without it. What can I do?"

Steve picked up his rein and made as if he'd be goin'. "I never suffered the loss of one of 'em," says he, "so my advisin' you wouldn't have much virtue."

"Me neither," says Black's Jim. "There's not many things I can think of that would do to use in place of a head of red hair. You can make up a substitute for pretty near anything else; but not that."

"If I was that way," says I, "I'd not travel around the country without carryin' an extra one in my pack; or mebbe several, with different colors."

Ben had listened to all of us, real solemn, but without seemin' to arrive anywhere in his mind. "Oh, shut up!" he says. "You're a bright lot!" If he hadn't been so strange to the gang he'd have knew that that was about all the comfort he was likely to get out of 'em. We told him quite a lot of things before the boys went, but there hadn't been one of 'em that he seemed to feel grateful for. When Steve and Black's Jim had rode off he was holdin' the remains on his knee, with his face buried in his hands.

"Billy," says he all of a sudden, "you've got to see me through with this. You'll have to go and tell Mrs. McGee, and prepare her for it."

"Who? Me?" says I. "Me tell her? Yes, and she'll believe me, too, won't she? I've told her too many things already." I didn't ask him how he wanted me to explain it to her. If he didn't choose to tell me that was his business. "It would destroy all the reputation I've got left if I was to go to her with it," I says.

"Oh, come, old man," says he; "be a good fellow. I would for you. Go on! I don't care how you fix it up; but tell her."

He had to coax me some; but it ended up by our slippin' back cautious, and into the bunkhouse; and then I went to hunt the widow.

She was all alone in the dinin' room in a big rockin'-chair over by the east window, studyin' a livestock paper. There's not many ladies you'll often see doin' that on a Sunday afternoon, especially when they're in love; but she was. She seemed to be enjoyin' it, too, because she looked up at me as if she didn't like bein' interrupted a bit.

"Well?" she says, right short and crisp.

"Say," I says, just to break it to her gentle, "Ben has had a bad accident."

She dropped her paper and got up half out of her chair. "What?" says she.

"Yes'm," says I. "He's lost the best part of his head."

"Billy! You don't mean ——"

"Yes'm," says I. "He's got all his red hair burned off him."

I guess mebbe she'd been kind of startled or something. She'd turned just about the color of a new saddle, and her mouth and eyes both had come wide open. At that last she shut her mouth up tight, and her eyes was squintin' at me through a couple of thin slits where she'd brought her eyelids together. I'd saw her do that before; so I reckoned I'd better explain to her.

"Yes'm," says I. "It was Crawford's nigger that done it."

"Billy!" says she. "What's the matter with you? If you're lyin' to me ——"

"Now, there it is!" I says. "There's just no encouragement for a man to tell the truth around this place. He can't get believed. But it's so. Crawford's nigger has burned all the red hair off of Ben Slater, just like I'm tellin' you. I seen him do it. He threw it in the fire and it got all burned up."

You'd have enjoyed seein' her. For the life of her she couldn't tell whether to take stock in the tale or not. She fretted over it for a good spell before she said anything more.

"Where's Ben?" she asks me suddenly then.

"He's hidin' down in the bunkhouse," says I.

"Go send him up here to me," says she; and I went down and done it.

He was with her in there for as much as half an hour. Then, from where I was watchin', I seen him come out again and go trailin' off hot-foot down the creek with the Able-Minded Lady standin' on the back porch to see him go.

"Oh, Billy!" she calls to me when he was out of sight. "Sit down here on the step," she says, when I'd got up to her. And there we was right across from each other, with our backs up against two different posts.

"Billy," she says, as soon as we'd got fixed—"Billy, tell me this: How does it feel to be a goat?"

Wasn't that a curious sort of a thing to say to me? I couldn't see the sense of it. Nor I didn't like it either. A goat's right next thing to a sheep, for one thing; and if there's anything in this world I can't abide it's a sheep. Didn't it sound as if she'd started to trifle with my feelin's?

"Who's a goat?" I says. "You needn't think, just because I chew the rag a little once in a while ——"

She fetched a picture out from under her apron where she'd been hidin' it, and held it out to me. Ben's picture it was. He wasn't dressed like I'd knew him; I judged he must have put on his best things to have it made; but I could tell in a minute it was him. He didn't have his stack of red hair neither. It was black and cropped short.

"That's him, all right," says I. "But how did you come by it? I didn't know you was runnin' a rogues' gallery."

"Don't you know him?" says she. "I got it off of Daphne's bureau beside her lookin'-glass. The gentleman's name is Sims. He's from Chicago."

I reckon you've felt that way, haven't you?—as if your wagon had hit a great big bump in the road, while you was dozin' up on the seat, and jolted every joint of your backbone loose all the way up, and

knocked your teeth together so hard it made you bite a piece out of your tongue real abrupt. That's the way I felt. Nor it didn't ease me any when the widow told me to turn the picture over and look on the back. There it was: "To Daphne from Montgomery."

It didn't seem to leave me with a word to say. "Oh," says I, "is that Monty? I wouldn't have thought it of him." And then I let the picture drop and looked across at the Able-Minded Lady. She saw how I was fixed and she was enjoyin' me fine. I said the first thing that come in my head.

"It must have made you feel funny to find it out," says I.

"To find it out?" says she. "To find it out! You mean to say you think I didn't know? Billy, you are a goat! Why wouldn't I know when I sent for him to come?"

Say, let me tell you this: You go outdoors some time and try stoopin' away over and lookin' between your legs up the side of a high hill. After you've stood that way long enough things'll begin to look all upside down to you, and you won't seem able to get 'em placed right, and you'll hear a lot of little noises in your ears, and you'll catch yourself breathin' hard through your mouth, and everything'll get all mixed up. And when you try to straighten up it gives you a funny, sweet feelin' right in the pit of your stomach. Well, I felt as if I'd been doin' that for weeks and weeks.

"Why, sure!" says I. "Why wouldn't you know when you sent for him to come? That's what I always did say: Why wouldn't you know when you sent for him to come?"

I had to stop then. All my ideas had been stampeded on me and I had to let the talk sort of dribble away till I could circle out around 'em and get 'em bunched up again. It was slow work; and all the time there set the widow relishin' me.

"Yes," I says, "I see how it is now. You knew who he was because you sent for him to come. And he knew who he was, too, didn't he? And the girl knew who he was, besides, because you'd sent for him."

"No, that's not correct, Billy," says she. "Daphne didn't know I'd asked him out. She knew who he was, of course; but she sent for him herself."

"Oh!" says I. "Why, certainly! You both sent for him. And then he come. And that's him—the man I've been unbosomin' myself to all this while. It's gettin' terrible plain to me. Everybody knew who he was exceptin' me. And people don't run around tellin' secrets to goats much, do they?" The notion come to me then like a faint little flicker of heat-lightnin'. "But, say," I says, "if everybody knew who he was but me what did he have red hair for? He'd not hardly take all them pains just to fool me, would he?"

She was laughin' all over at me. "Listen, Billy," she says. "Can't you see how it was? I told you part of it the day after Daphne got here."

"So you did," says I. "That was the day you put me up to makin' love to her to make her forget him. I remember."

She laughed again, real shameless. "I'll have to square that part with you, I reckon, somehow," says she. "But you listen now. After she'd been here a couple of days and I'd got to know her I changed my mind. She was just worryin' herself sick for him, and I set my head that she was goin' to have him if I could fix it for 'em. I didn't say anything to her; I just wrote him to come. I didn't know she'd written him; but she had. He told me all about it when he got here. She wrote him that he'd have to disguise himself because she'd shown me his picture. So he put on the hair. It was just for a joke, more than anything else, till—well, Billy, till he met you, that first day, and you told him your part of it, about the sport you were having with us. Then he stuck to it."

I was gettin' cross. "But what the Sam Hill did he start makin' love to you for, with the girl around?" says I.

It kind of took the gimp out of her for just a minute. "It was strange, now, wasn't it?" says she, with her voice gettin' dry and hostile. But she fetched the laugh back again pretty soon. "She didn't know I'd invited him, I tell you," she says. "She don't know it yet, unless he's told her. He's gone down to the lower spring now to find her. She's a fearfully jealous little body. He told me that. I could see it for myself. So we well ——" It was the only time I'd ever saw the Able-Minded Lady real flustered. "I didn't resist," says she. "Mebbe it wasn't the right thing to do; but we all act that way once in a while, don't we? If you want to you might say it was just a part of the joke, like the red hair. He knew she hated red and he did it to tease her. Besides, he's jealous himself, though it's bigger than her way, and when he found out how you two had been actin' ——"

I let the talk sort of sag after that. My interest was fadin' away. But by-and-by there was somethin' else come to me. "Say," says I, "will you tell me —— Oh, well, it don't matter. I was just wonderin' what she wrote that last letter for when he was right here; but I reckon it was because she'd likely begun to enjoy havin' a pet goat to play with too."

"That's it," she says. She said it real calm and nasty as if she was pleased with a chance to get back at me for the thing I'd said to her. "That must be it. I didn't understand it myself when I got hold of the letter: but that's how I've figured it out. She wanted to keep you fooled, I guess. And honest, Billy, it wouldn't have done to tell you, don't you see? You wouldn't have played your part as well then, and it wouldn't have been half as amusin'. I knew you weren't going to break your heart about her. She's human, too, and she knew how jealous he was of her, so she thought she had to play even with him. Yes, you helped. And it was that last letter that settled the thing after all. He got it from you, you know; and he tore it open and read it. I don't know; mebbe she thought it wouldn't ever get to him. She was aching for him all the time, and she wrote in that letter all the things her jealous pride wouldn't let her show him. That's the woman of her. And now they're fixin' it up together down yonder. You and I are all through with it, Billy, except that I've got to try and get that precious family of hers reconciled to it, if I can, while they're finishin' their courtin' in peace. I reckon I can. I don't care whether I can or can't; they're going to have each other. I've made up my mind to that."

She broke off then with a low, cooin' sound in her throat. "Look there!" she says. "Just look there!"

They was comin' toward us up the path through the trees. He had his arm around her and her little head was down on his shoulder, with their faces close together. They didn't seem to be carin' who saw 'em; I expect so far as they knew there wasn't anybody else on earth just then but them, out there with the good blue sky over 'em and the good earth under 'em, and the warm wind driftin' away all their troubles.

Listen to me: I'd lost money on it—twenty-five dollars to Red and four bits to the nigger, you understand; but I'd give that willin', and play the goat besides any day you'd like to name, for the sake of lookin' at another picture like the one they made, all so full of joyfulness and love and youngness. Yes, sir, I sure would.

(THE END)

Editor's Note—Week after next we shall begin the publication of a new serial by W. J. Locke, entitled The Glory of Clementina.

Do You Know the Food Value of Peanut Butter

Do you appreciate what a wholesome and nutritious food Peanut Butter is? Do you realize how many ways it can be used to give variety to the home menu?

Peanut Butter contains more food value than the best roast beef, and is a thorough delight to the taste when used for sandwiches and luncheon dishes.

Heinz Peanut Butter will give you a new idea of how good Peanut Butter can be. It is smooth, rich and appetizing with all the flavor of fresh roasted nuts. Like all the 57 Varieties,

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is made in clean surroundings, by accurate methods. Only the finest selected peanuts are used. They are uniformly roasted, thoroughly ground and salted in exact proportion. ¶ It is packed into jars directly from the grinder, preserving its fresh, nutty flavor until served on your table.

Each package of Heinz Peanut Butter is a trial package. You may try it at our risk, and your grocer will return the full purchase price if you are not pleased.

To Make Heinz Peanut Butter Fudge

2 cups confectioner's sugar; ½ cup sweet milk; 2 heaping tablespoons of Heinz Peanut Butter. Boil five (5) minutes exactly; remove from fire and stir until it thickens; pour into buttered platter and cut into squares.

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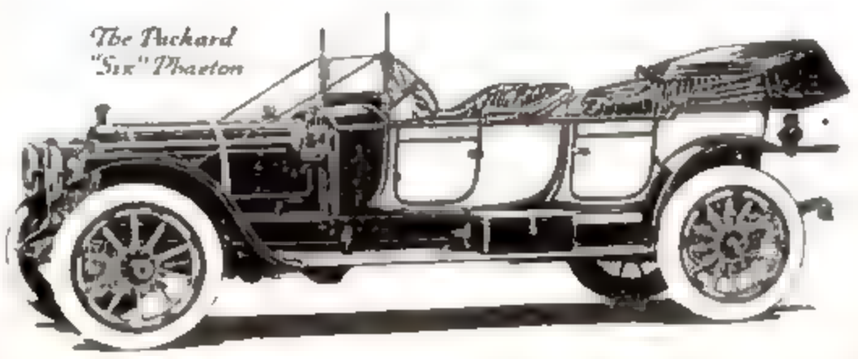

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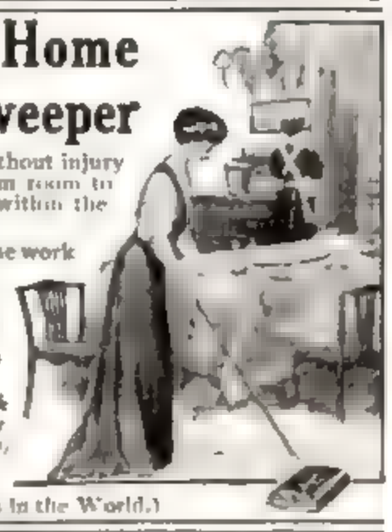

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WHY LONDON IS THE CENTER

Concluded from Page 23

apparent balance against him is the magnet that draws trade to London—his commercial lodestone.

Lately, to be sure, a good many Britons have been taught, for political purposes, to shudder every time they see that excess of imports and to feel cold chills at the sight of something made in America or Germany for sale in a British shop; but the bigger the apparent balance against John Bull the better off he is, because those figures are just a memorandum that foreigners owe him so much wealth in goods.

It is easy to get turned upside down in fiscal thinking. Most people think of money as wealth rather than of goods; but goods are the real wealth. The nation that has the balance of goods after all the international trading is done is the richest. John Bull finishes his fiscal year with goods piled high on his doorstep; and all around the world ships are bringing more goods toward London.

How does he do it?

If our balance of trade goes against us we have to hurry all our spare cotton and foodstuffs to Europe—and then send over bonds and stocks as well. In effect, we clean out the pantry and mortgage the house; but John Bull's "unfavorable" trade balance is already paid. He meets it with what are termed "invisible exports."

First come his ships. Nearly half the mercantile marine of the world is his and he is always earning money from other nations by carrying freight, passengers and mails.

Brokerage and banking profits on goods at home, fire and marine insurance on goods at home and abroad, profits on money sent to finance goods and crops all over the world, profits on the American tourist's shopping and his letter of credit—all these many items also count as invisible exports and help to draw goods.

Last come John Bull's foreign investments; for, in addition to his purchases of goods each year, he sends abroad hundreds of millions of dollars to develop railroads, mines, plantations and factories, and to finance foreign governments and cities. He has been sending tens of millions of dollars abroad each year for two generations. Some of it has been lost forever, but much of it is profitably invested. Interest upon it and dividends from it are ceaselessly flowing toward London. They go, first, as money; but dividends and interest soon come back for reinvestment and then goods must be sent.

So, when the farmer harvests his crop, and the manufacturer finishes his goods, and the miner brings up copper or gold, and the native collects crude rubber, they are taken down to the railroad and sent off, marked:

J. B.
LONDON
This Side Up Use No Hooks

The railroad carries them to the seaboard and pays London a dividend. The local bank buys a bill of exchange in payment and pays London a discount. British ships take them aboard and pay London a profit. Finally, in London, there are brokerage, insurance and banking profits; and then the stuff, perhaps, is sent up into the Midlands, to be made into goods and exported again at still further profits.

Sometimes, in the flush of good times, we Americans take stock of our activities and imagine that we are becoming a dangerous rival of London as a trade and banking center; but the truth is that our facilities for handling foreign trade are still rudimentary and we are by no means always able to bank for ourselves. American ships earn profits chiefly on the Great Lakes and along our seaboards. American investments in foreign countries—apart from Canada—amount to nothing. In farming, mining and manufacturing we are eminently successful; but against the tremendous banking and trading lodestone of London we exert scarcely the pull of a twopenny toy magnet.

Even the news takes on a tone of world trade in London.

American dailies devote a large part of their space to the latest local murder, the current political program at the state capital or at Washington and the prominent personalities of the moment. Foreign news is always remote from our interests.

In London, news is just the other way about. A local murder is probably chronicled in six lines at the bottom of a column, under the staid heading of "Dreadful Occurrence," while a leading article is devoted to the forthcoming note to Persia or a consideration of the new Japanese tariff. Everything bearing on customs duties, international treaties, parliamentary proceedings or political changes anywhere on earth is of direct and peculiar importance to Londoners. The city is filled with middlemen of every variety, each with his own trade lingo and equipped to take off every shade of discount or brokerage. Men with no capital to speak of have shiploads of jute or soy beans on the high seas and make fortunes dealing in goods they never see. So everybody is concerned with news that foreshadows changes in conditions anywhere on earth. A Whitechapel murder may be truly a dreadful occurrence, but it will not affect the bank rate. If six prominent Chinamen in Hongkong cut off their pigtails, however, it may mean that the bottom will fall out of spot silver of its own weight at the next weighing. In other words, London takes the Wall Street view of the world—a brokerage and investing view. It trims discounts off every event, reduces the future to bare net and hopes for the worst, with the logical outcome that it is always suffering from the many disasters that never happen.

An optimistic young fellow from Chicago went to London to open a selling agency. When he left home business was booming. After six months on the other side, though, he was out of touch with his own country except for the American news in London papers. This dealt wholly with railroad and corporation reports, rumors of broken diplomatic relations at Washington, bad weather, warnings of shrinkage in steel orders and similar matters, which our newspapers mercifully bury in the market page. He got awfully gloomy about his native country and the selling agency made very slow progress.

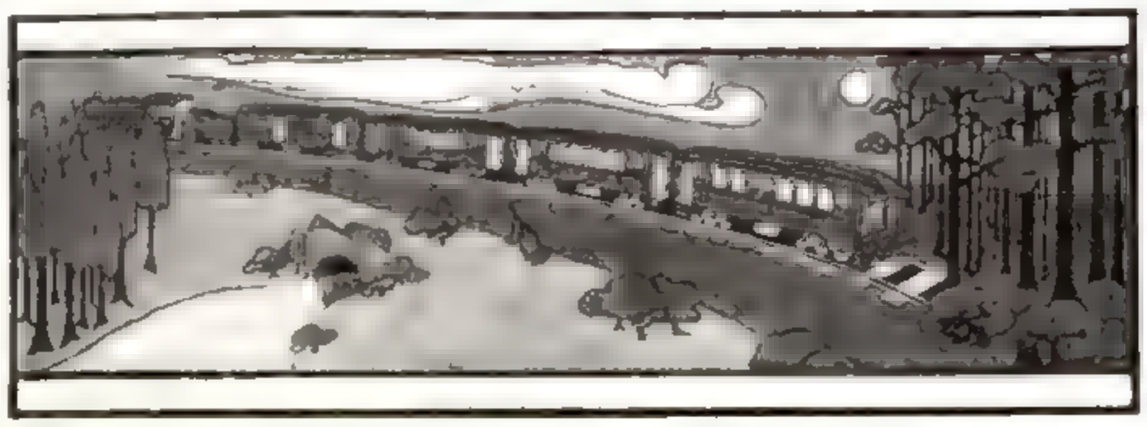
One day, when he had been in London a year, a friend dropped in from New York. They went out to dinner. The Chicagoan recounted his troubles and was full of conservative forebodings.

"The moment business gets the least bit better at home," he said, "I'll chuck it and go back, you bet!"

"Better?" said the friend. "Why, the whole country is working overtime now! Crops never were so big or money so plentiful. The reason you get on badly here is that your house is too far behind its orders to back you up."

"You don't say so!" said the Chicagoan. "Why, Bill, I'd have gone back six months ago, but ever since I began reading the American news in these London papers I've been afraid to. Yes, sir! I've been afraid that if I went back I couldn't get another job."

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of articles by James H. Collins. The second will appear in an early issue.



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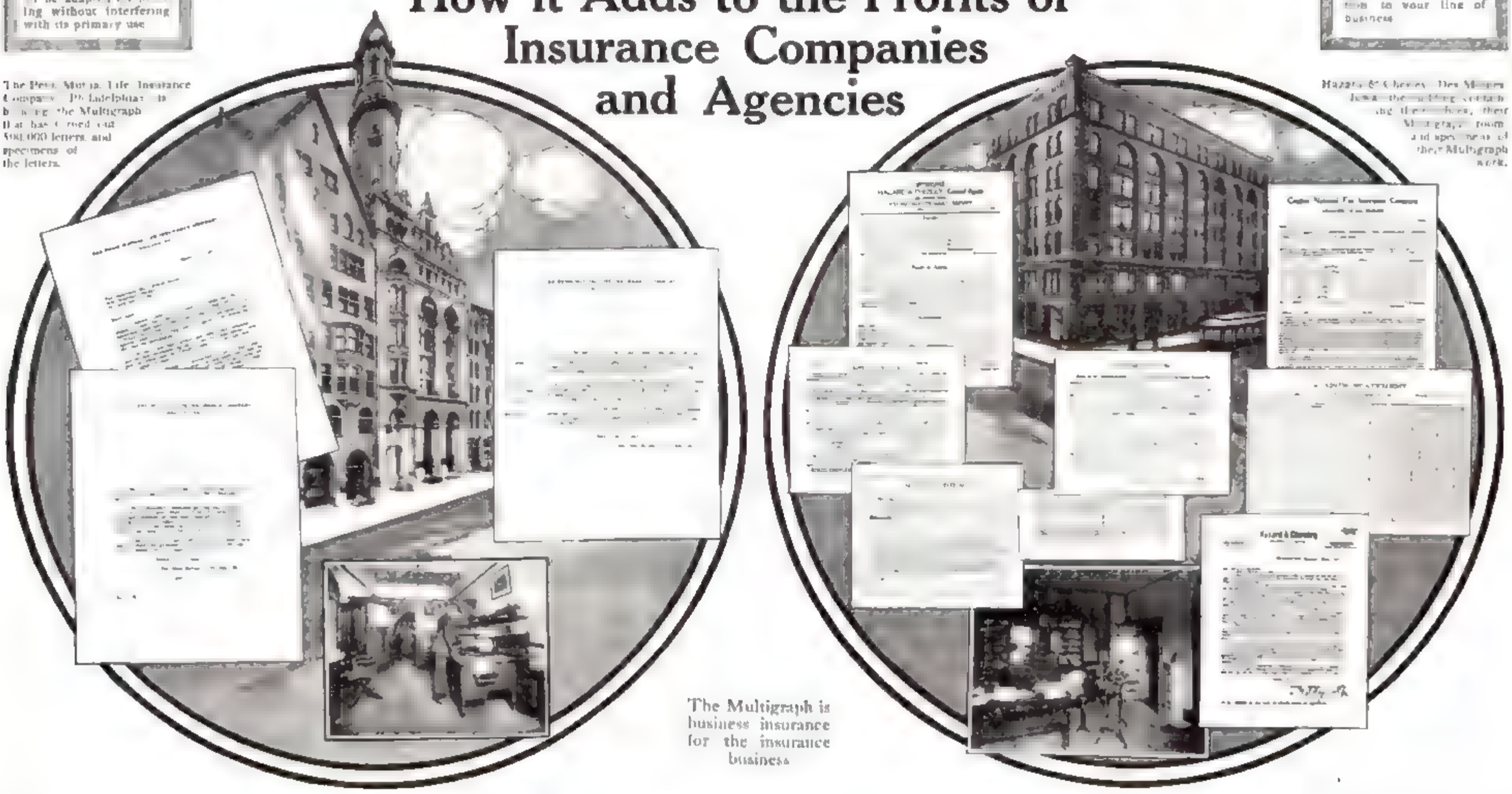
How it Adds to the Profits of Insurance Companies and Agencies

The Penn Mutual Life Insurance Company, Philadelphia, is buying the Multigraph that has turned out 500,000 letters, and specimens of the letters.

Hazard & Chesley, Des Moines, Iowa, the building certificate and their letters, their Multigraph room and specimens of their Multigraph work.



The Multigraph is business insurance for the insurance business

This advertisement is addressed to insurance men, because in the insurance field—either home office or agency—there is a wonderful opportunity to get more business and to decrease expense by means of the Multigraph. But the same facts apply to many another line, and so there is meat here for thinking minds in almost any vocation.

What the Multigraph is, and How it Works

THE Multigraph is a multiple typewriter and rapid rotary printing-press combined in one handy machine that occupies about the space of an ordinary typewriter desk. It is so simple that your own employees can easily learn to operate it.

It produces typewritten forms by the impact of metal type, through an inked ribbon, upon a rubber cylinder. The result is actual typewriting—a whole sheet at every quick revolution, instead of pounding out one character at a time. The typesetting is semi-automatic, and you can't spill or lose the type.

By means of electrotype plates the Multigraph prints any size or style of type desired—as well as cuts, borders and ornaments—with real printing-ink, and in a manner that would do credit to a good printer. Operated by hand or electricity, it turns out either typewriting or printing at the rate of 1200 to 5000 sheets an hour.

Insurance Uses of the Multigraph

TO develop productive agents is one of the great problems an insurance company has to contend with. Put a new man out with a few verbal instructions and a book of rates, and he *may* develop into a good agent. But wouldn't he become a profitable business-getter a lot sooner if the man who knows were to send him frequent letters of advice, encouragement and suggestion from the home office?

Try the same treatment on your older agents. Suggest that now is the time when business looks brightest to house-painters and decorators, to tailors and clothiers, and that you expect every agent to make a special effort to land business from these lines. Is there an agent who would not thus be spurred to a livelier energy?

Send a series of direct, convincing letters and printed literature to a list of prospects in a given territory. Tell the reasons why your insurance is better or cheaper. Set the minds of your prospects thinking about your company and its advantages. Ask questions that will sift out the live prospects from the dead ones. Won't it be easier for the agent when he calls? Won't he get the signature to the application in less time than if the way had not been prepared for him?

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Yes—75% of fuel bills, 75% of your time and worry saved—food cooked 75% better than ever before—these are a few of the benefits you'll get from my Rapid Fireless Cooker. It gives you the best tasting, most healthful food—and it's the one thing that *will reduce the high cost of living* in your home.

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Last year I sold 30,000 Fireless Cookers. Often one customer brought me three or four others. Now I'm going to hurry out 10,000 Cookers to all parts of the country quick at an astonishingly low price—and reap my profits in the extra sales they'll make.

Rush a postal today for this startling price offer, and the 30 day free test you can have before you decide to keep the Cooker. This offer is on the famous Rapid Fireless Cooker—the cleanest and most sanitary—all metal—no pads or cloth lining—beautifully finished cases with dust proof tops.

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Racine Boat Manufacturing Company
Member National Boat & Engine Co.
Dept 35 — Muskegon, Mich.

Salesrooms: Chicago, New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Buffalo, Detroit, Seattle

THE RINGER

(Continued from Page 19)

"They've brought back my bag, father," explained the daughter. Then, turning to Steve: "I'm awfully grateful; but I—I don't quite understand. Where was it? How did you make Mr. Bu—that man—give it to you?"

"Oh, we didn't have a word with him," Steve answered. "The clerk told us about the trouble, and Mr. Daniels and I did a little detective work of our own. We went around th' bases, as you might say; and what d'you suppose? Back of the woodshed—that's where it was!"

"Some nigger stole it," put in Bunts, his soul delighted at his partner's cleverness. "That's what I told St—Mr. Stevens."

"Not a bit of it!" denied Bolton hotly. "Bunts took it and no one else. He knew we'd search his room. That's his idea of a joke. He's a professional ballplayer. You've probably heard of him—Bunts, of the Pioneers? I begged Miss Brewster not to meet him. This is the result!"

Big Steve straightened his shoulders, his glance threatening. "Well, what of it?" he questioned.

"Good and bad in all professions," Bunts hastened to say.

The sheriff had not spoken a word, automatically clamping his jaw on a ration of fine cut.

"Time is flyin', folks," he now interrupted; "an' my advice is to look in that satchel and see if anything's been stole." He squinted shrewdly at the heroes.

Lord Hemmingway suggested adjournment to the billiard room, where Bunts and Doyle wetted their whistles on a brand of Scotch whisky that few lucky mortals can afford. Heightened color lent attraction to Dan's strong face, and the millionaire philosopher peered at him with favor, as one might at a gallant three-year-old emerging from the paddock.

"Well, anyhow," insisted the sheriff as he saw fame and reward slipping away, Miss Brewster reporting that the contents were intact, "there's enough to get a warrant out for him. We have his suitcase for evidence - "

Dan's cheeks paled. "The newspapers!" he exclaimed, invoking his teammate.

Big Steve launched his eloquence: "Make th' mistake of your life, Miss Brewster. They'd have a fierce article in th' papers. You know—anything about a ballplayer. That's what they all read. Know—myself. I played a while—you un'erstand; an amachoor. It'd go all over the country. Better just let me take his suitcase back an' drop it behind th' desk or some place. That's it—you take my advice!"

"He's fifteen miles on th' road by this time," murmured the sheriff; "but I c'n loose the dogs an' get him 'fore sunrise."

There was a chorus of dissent. "No; oh, no; please!" implored Miss Brewster. "I wouldn't have this come out for anything in the world. Mr. Stevens is quite right. Let it drop; do! I've forgotten it already."

Lord Hemmingway noted the sheriff's bargaining challenge of eye, and a crinkling of bills was heard as he led the official out to the veranda. Half an hour later, Dan Bunts and Steve Doyle cavorted down the moonlit road, chucking the suitcase aloft, thwacking each other and exclaiming: "In dutch—we certainly got him in dutch!"

They fell asleep smiling, their capacious lungs drinking in the sweet night air, Mr. Bunts with glove on hand.

To find a human being so unselfish and great-minded that he or she never entertains a grudge or desire for revenge is as difficult as Diogenes' task. Even though not expressed, the thought is there. Oftentimes a bitterness of this sort becomes a soul obsession, to be erased only by a gluttony of retaliation, if then. That choleric, redfaced, hard-swearing, hard-drinking trooper, General Blucher, when defeated at Auerstadt, his hussars and horse batteries cut to ribbons, conceived an everlasting personal hatred for Napoleon. The French emperor had a like feeling for this "debauched old dragoon," as he termed him; and, being dictator, forced his retirement from the Prussian army. Hence it was that afterward on the night of Waterloo the English were content with victory; but Blücher, rankling for revenge, pursued the Grand Army, sabering, shooting, hacking without mercy until darkness stopped the slaughter.

As the days sped by in Atwater, Lucius Bolton grew more and more vindictive toward the man who had humiliated him, albeit young Caruthers had packed up and departed. Two messages "Slats" sent, the last one containing a full confession that explained everything but the suitcase mystery, which he himself did not understand. Both missives were returned from the Brewster mansion unopened. Chafing under the miserable indignity, he changed his abode to Greytown, the neighboring county-seat, and also changed his name. His telegrams to Caruthers, Sr., were in turn pleading and sarcastic, but the only answer was: "Progress—hold out another month." He wrote to his sister, asking her to help him; to find out if she did not, with the Brewsters, have some mutual friends. One notion was uppermost—he must straighten things out with Dorothy, as he already called her to himself. He determined to see her at all hazards before he left the South—and the opportunity came in an unexpected way.

An active, vigorous fellow, not given to moping, Caruthers kept up his baseball training with the local club, which, upon witnessing his skill, extended him its warmest fellowship. Would he pitch for them in the first of their championship games against those "lobsters" over in St. Charles? Would he! Would a duck run from water? Would a hungry dog shun a succulent bone? In contemplation of this tilt—what he had hoped and longed for—the Harvard athlete was able temporarily to forget his grievance and mishap.

By all tokens, it was going to be an old-fashioned battle for blood between communities that had cherished a fierce rivalry since before the war, a provincial contest under the auspices of Southern chivalry and beauty, with much glory for the victors, plenty of betting and turbulent rooting. Caruthers, of Harvard, caught the enthusiasm and passion of Greytown's citizens; and when the day arrived and he looked over the partisan crowd it occurred to him that he had never seen such intensity at a ball game. Somehow it took him back to old pictures of the Johnny Rebs, Andersonville Prison and desperate deeds of the Civil War. Even the scores of pretty girls in summery frocks, who occupied the grandstand and chairs that flanked the right foul line, could not dissipate this fancy. They were daughters and granddaughters of those heroines who loved their country and their protectors with a blind devotion, ready to sacrifice life for the cause. Instead of a merry diversion, this affair—he could not abandon the foreboding—promised to be serious.

"The St. Charles bunch!" shouted one of his teammates when a great cheering was heard down the street. "They're a tough lot, but we cleaned 'em up one year in a free-for-all." A brass band, blaring Sunbonnet Sue, appeared at the gate, followed by two hundred men and boys; and, as the delegation arranged itself in a solid body along the left foul line, Caruthers recognized the red hair and long nose of Clerk Heinze.

"Slats" felt his spine chilling. So this was the foreboding—this marplot of a hotel clerk—this "picture of hard luck."

"I knew it; I knew it—knew something was going to happen," he repeated bitterly.

There was the chug-chug of a big purple touring car that, contrasted with the other and smaller machines, suggested a transatlantic liner surrounded by dumpy tugs; and, following the darting movements of Heinze, "Slats" saw him shaking hands with the Brewsters' chauffeur. In the tonneau were Dorothy, Miss Dearing, Bolton and Hemmingway. The Harvard man made a step in their direction and then halted. Yes, they had seen him. Dorothy, conspicuous with her black hair, her Panama hat, saucy brimmed, and her white serge suit, swept him briefly with a surprised glance; then turned away. But Caruthers held his gaze, drinking in every bit of her—the shape of her lips with their winsome upward twist at the corners; her ivory skin; the brown eyes of such wonderful depth and humor. Ye gods! What a vision of loveliness! What a woman to call one's very own! She was the sort, soliloquized "Slats" as the band struck up

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THE EVERITT 30

In the EVERITT you get far more for your money than you can buy elsewhere. You get a thoroughly modern, Fore-Doored automobile of rare mechanical excellence and certain performance. You get a completely manufactured car. You get an unusually comfortable and easy-riding car. And the cost—*fully equipped* is only $1500; or from $190 to $350 *less* than any other in its class.

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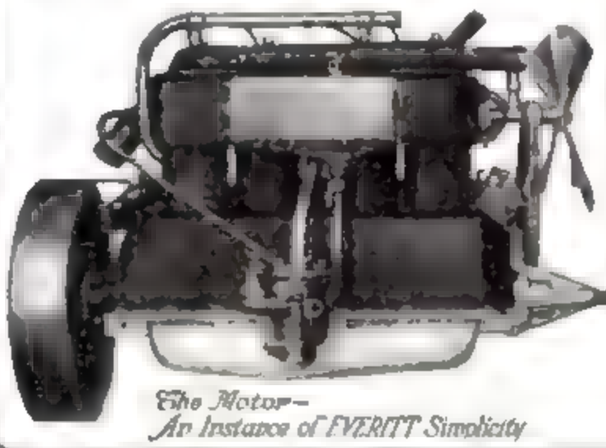

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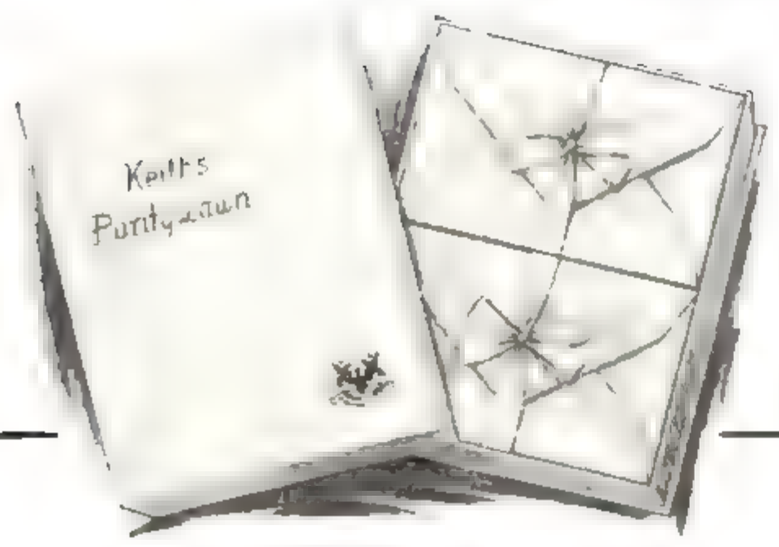

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In texture, quality and shade, Keith's writing paper is pre-eminently suited to meet the exacting requirements of the most exclusive correspondence. This paper has long been sold to the fastidious users of stationery; but limited facilities have until now precluded a wide distribution. A growing demand has forced increased production.

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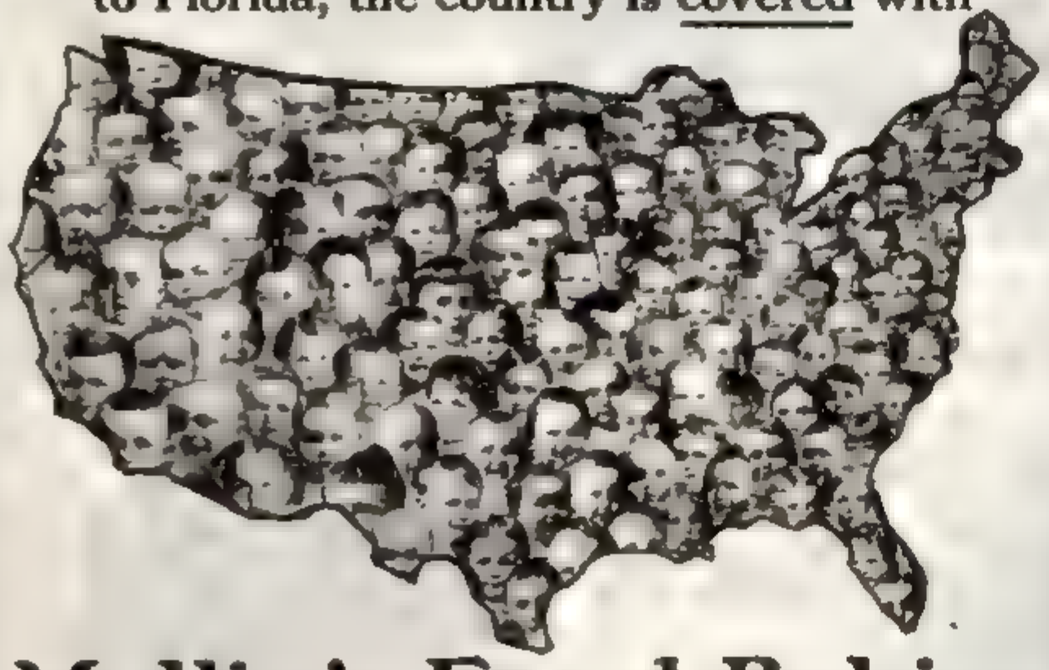

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There are Mellin's Food Babies in every city, town and hamlet, and wherever they are, they are the sturdiest, healthiest babies in the community. In your own neighborhood you will find that the babies whom you most admire for their sturdy health and rosy cheeks were brought up on Mellin's Food.

These thousands of sturdy, rosy-cheeked Mellin's Food babies and children are the best possible proof that Mellin's Food is an adequate and absolutely dependable substitute for mother's milk.

If you would have your baby sturdy and healthy and happy start him on Mellin's Food. He will thrive on it. Get a bottle at your Druggist's today.

We have a valuable book, "The Care and Feeding of Infants," which tells just the things you ought to know about feeding and caring for your baby. We shall be very glad to send you a copy of this book, together with a Trial Size Bottle of Mellin's Food, if you will write us.

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Dixie, who could turn him from a half-baked college graduate into a man of affairs. She could

"Well, there's one good thing!" Doc Leeds, the Greytown catcher, broke up Caruthers' reverie. "They've picked Ham Doggett f'r umpire, and I know Ham's got his roll on us." It was an aid not to be despised, but "Slats" only smiled vaguely. He was still regarding Dorothy and his gaze shifted with hers to the visiting bench, where Lucius Bolton stood talking excitedly with two sunburned, business-looking ballplayers. Then young Caruthers, of Harvard, awoke indeed.

Except the white jacket of a bartender, there is no better disguise than a ballplayer's uniform. Proportions, lines, even countenance, appear changed. On the field you know him well; on the street he is a stranger.

"Slats" had passed by Big Steve Doyle and Dan Bunts in the Atwater hotel without recognizing them; but here, in their uniform, he only had to recall the spring of 1904, when Harvard came within one run of trimming the Pioneers. And Caruthers was not nervous. He remembered that Doyle had struck out twice on a low one outside and that Bunts could kill the same sort. He met the stare of Doyle, Bunts and Bolton with a nasty, grim smile, but the two professional ballplayers returned it with a familiar hand-wave. Once having faced a good pitcher, your big leaguer never forgets him. They said nothing to Bolton.

"You leave it to us," assured Big Steve. "We don't care for Dan Bunts or anybody else. He'll get all he's lookin' for"

Steve and Dan, having settled down to regular training in Atwater, had nearly forgotten the pretender Bunts. When Clerk Heinze arranged for them to take part in the St. Charles-Greytown game they consented, the more readily because Miss Brewster and her party were going over. It would be a good work-out for Bunts, who was gradually acquiring the coveted underhand raise.

The reinjecting of the pretender into the scene did not alarm McNabb's stars—only amused them. It was "that Harvard lad," and a "swell pitcher, all right." He was "kidding" somebody—maybe "himself." But Bolton took the matter seriously, tragically, revengefully. He wanted to expose the "professional" to the gulled fans from St. Charles. It wasn't "fair." Then he promised Steve and Dan five hundred dollars if they won the game—and Big Steve listened closely. Five hundred to a ballplayer in the springtime! Sweet music, this. Steve was not backward.

"That'd help my friend Daniels through college," he observed thoughtfully. "And, say, old man, you might as well write out that check now, f'r we'll cop this game. Nothing to it!"

Bolton, only half assured, made his way back to the Brewster car.

It has well been said that of all honest sports baseball is the most uncertain, the reason being that there are eighteen men engaged and any one of them is likely to do the unexpected, the unusual. In this instance, advantage would appear to have been with the professional battery; and yet there were three handicaps for Bunts, of the Pioneers. To begin with, Dan did not dare "cut loose" at this time of year. There was a long season ahead of him, with its bonus. He must nurture and fondle his "salary wing." Secondly, and not counting in the umpire, he did not have the Pioneers' machinery behind him. And, finally, he had been upset by a traveling salesman who accosted him by his right name: "Hello, Dan! Remember me? We met down in the Piedmont at Atlanta last year. Hopton is my name. Go to it, old boy. No fear," he said, as Dan froze him with a look. "Won't say a word. I got twenty-five on St. Charles."

There were no such restrictions upon Caruthers, of Harvard. "Slats" concluded that his footsteps had been dogged and that this whole event was a "frame up" by Bolton and the Brewster crowd. The notion was nauseating; but when he saw Dorothy wave to Doyle and Bunts it was convincing. Every muscle in his body tightened. He was eager to pitch his arm off.

He motioned his catcher. "Those two men"—he pointed—"are professionals and in the big league too ——"

"That's funny," laughed the other, interrupting. "There's a redhaired guy—hotel clerk over in Atwater—going round saying that you're Dan Bunts, of the Pioneers. Of course nobody believes him. I wouldn't 'a' said anything, only ——"

"Well," instructed "Slats," "I just wanted to say that I'll sign you when they're at bat. An' watch me—watch close!"

Caruthers surveyed his battle array and at any other time he would have been regaled. His shortstop wore Sunday-go-to-meeting togs, white boiled shirt, high collar and pointed-toed patent-leather shoes. His blue serge, peg-topped trousers were properly creased. To him the occasion was social more than athletic. The third baseman wore an extravagantly padded football uniform, with some college insignia on the sweater. He was a favorite with both sexes, with all the spectators, because he was fat. Every time he jumped for a drive or stooped for a sod-cutter one could hear from the side lines: "You're all right, Bob." Some said he should have been a professional.

For Messrs. Doyle and Bunts, accustomed to the greased whir of Barney McNabb's machine, the game did not progress favorably. Belts flew off; levers jammed and wheels stopped. The teasing raise ball that was to become famous in fast company later on did not fool the "rubes" so much as the lightning speed of Caruthers, aided by the umpire. If a curve was very wide the latter called "ball" when the leather was twenty feet from the plate. Doyle stood it for three innings—and then rushed at the arbiter and with trained skill stepped on his toes.

"Call 'em when they're over," he demanded. "You got an eye like a dead fish!"

Steve tried to explain to the St. Charles men that the enemy's pitcher had nothing but a "high fast one," but it did not help. Bunts himself, hero of many a batting rally, struck out principally because the umpire called two strikes that were neck-high. On the third, Caruthers sneaked over a drop and his catcher, though fumbling, recovered in time to nail the illustrious Pioneer at first.

"Slats" glanced over at the Brewster party. Was Dorothy smiling? In his exultation "Slats" thought so.

Big Steve had even harder luck. With two on base and two out, he pulled a drive between third and short—a drive so terrific that the football-clad Bob did not know which way to jump. But, as village clown, his impulse was alive; and, flinging out his cap, lo! did the pill not stick?

This was looked upon, even by St. Charles, as a manifestation of genius.

"Aw, what's the use, now, you men? Give the boy a chance. That ball would 'a' knocked him down if he hadn't 'a' took his cap to it!" they shouted when Steve and Dan protested to the umpire.

The latter was defiant. "Get out o' here, you smart Alecs!" he ordered. "I know all about this game; that ball ain't teched the ground yet!"

By this time McNabb's stars were in a fine state of frenzy, for the game and five hundred dollars were slowly and surely fading away in spite of their heroic efforts. One, two, three, four runs they either scored themselves or drove in with solid wallops, but the others backed from the plate, dazed by the college man's speed, and seldom got on base.

Doyle and Bunts, with midsummer zeal, from the coaching lines poured forth upon Caruthers such calumny as only a big leaguer can muster: "Hey, keep y'r toe on the rubber! Watch that step, Mr. Umpire. Yellow? Why, you're right from the daisy fields. When'd you leave deah old Hahvad, kiddo? It's a balk, a balk!" And then, from Bunts: "Better take back that suitcase you stole!"

But "Slats" had been through like ordeals and only clamped his jaws the tighter and let out another link in his speed. So madly bent was he on winning this game that, as victory fluttered near, he failed to notice the crowd's sentiment. Even his own teammates eyed him coldly; Heinze had done his work well. Instead of an ovation when the last St. Charles man "died" in the ninth, there was silence; but only for a moment. The pretty girls, with gestures and cries of alarm, scrambled from the grandstand; automobiles spluttered and wheeled away, but five hundred men and boys surged to the center of the diamond; and they of St. Charles, the losers, joined in one mighty, threatening accusation:

"He's a ringer! A ringer!"

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Not a person there but had learned that Greytown's pitcher was Dan Bunts, the renowned Pioneer.

North, East, South and West, in this free land of ours, a legion of fans are quickly stirred to violence by one rank decision of an umpire. But to be imposed upon and lose money through the "ringing in" of an impostor, a professional, what honest, law-abiding American citizen would not lend a hand with the "tar and feathers"! For that was the program.

Like a chip in a flood, the unfortunate "Slats" was carried this way and that. They ripped off his baseball shirt, then his undershirt. Naked to the waist, he fought a good fight; but a hundred blows fell upon him, a dozen hands throttled him. And now came that inevitable weapon of a baseball mob—the pop bottle. Willing hands passed the missiles forward; others hurled them indiscriminately. One landed square on the victim's forehead, cleaving the flesh. Blood spurted and down he went, lost in the crowd.

Big Steve Doyle and Dan Bunts, careful of their arms, had rushed to the bench for their sweaters, intending, after the big-league habit, to hurry away and escape the crowd. They stopped now. Judgment told them to run. It was a nasty, dangerous fray to mix in. But there was another instinct. The game over, they bore no grievance, no personal revenge. They glanced at each other, wordless; but what they said was:

"He's a grand ballplayer—one of us."

And now, plunging into the mass, Dan leading, there were presently heard groans and oaths, for two of the toughest warriors that ever broke into fast company were the assailants.

Immediately in their wake followed a partly bald, checksuited stranger, whose ancestors had fought with the Black Prince at Crécy. His language was ambiguous, but not his blows.

With two sweeps of his arm Big Steve cleared a space around the unconscious Caruthers; and Dan, thumping himself on the chest, shouted:

"Hey! Hey! Let him alone. He's only a college kid. I'm Dan Bunts, if you want t' know! I'm Bunts, of the Pioneers!"

"Yes, damn you, and you threw the game!" It was the traveling salesman. "What'd I tell you-all? That's Dan Bunts! I know him. And that's his catcher, Steve Doyle. All bets are off!"

Five seconds of amazed silence and then the rooters of Greytown joined those of St. Charles in a blood-curdling yell:

"They're all ringers! Tar an' feather 'em! Kill them! Ringers!"

For the first time Steve noticed Lord Hemmingway.

"Duke," he said coolly, "get behind us and hold 'em off. Over there!" He nodded toward the purple touring car. Each taking an arm of the helpless collegian, Doyle and Bunts, heads down, butted, kicked and pounded their way, digging their cleats into the earth, humping their powerful shoulders, straining their sturdy legs, but never releasing hold on Caruthers. Shooting out his fists, jabbing with his elbows, Lord Hemmingway ably protected the rear; and in this wise they reached the car.

"Here! Here! Yes, I have him! Quick! Quick! Oh, hurry!" Leaning out of the opened door, Miss Brewster, a breathing passion of distress and terror, dragged Caruthers into the tonneau. The others piled in on top. Two halting "chunks" of the giant machine, then a gatling volley, and away they went through a plowed field, over a ditch, to the highway, followed by stones, clods and pop bottles.

They had gone a mile before Mr. Doyle discovered that he was sitting on Miss Dearing's lap.

"Excuse me, miss," he apologized, blushing. "I was kind o' rattled." He crawled over to the front seat and sat down by Dan.

Caruthers still lay unconscious, his naked body and bleeding head resting against Dorothy's knees. With her arm about his neck, she held a lace handkerchief to the wound.

"Oh, I'm so glad—so glad!" she kept repeating.

Five miles farther on, Big Steve took a look around.

"What'd I tell you?" he nudged Dan, who had borrowed a cigarette from the chauffeur.

"Said she'd sign up 'th him. I c'n read 'em like a book."

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If you have ever operated an electric car, you will realize at once how much this feature contributes to conservation of power and economy of current.

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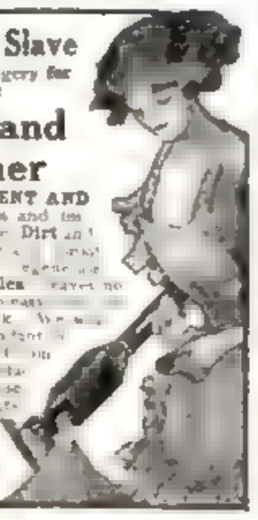

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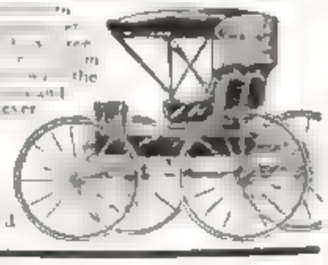

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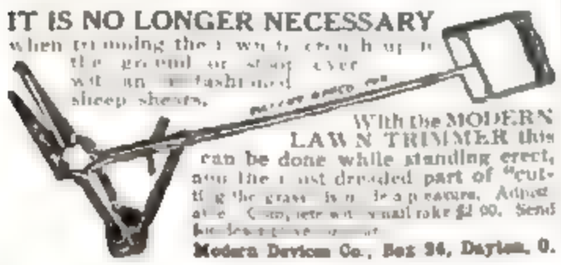

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A GODFATHER OF THE POOR

Continued from Page 11)

"'Does this remind you of your own youth?' he demands, peering into the cradle.

"'Me mother—Heaven keep her from ache or pain!—went widhout stockings that I might sit be a war-rm blaze,' says I. 'Though poor, she was decent.'

"'What do you mean?' says Tommy, staring at me.

"I took me courage in both hands for the sake of the woman widh the sad face. 'Whin I was a child me mother sent me father to wor-rk, though little he liked it, because she said that childher should be war-rm and have comfort. 'Tis the right of mothers to keep their boys and girls in luxury. I see me godchild in a poor cradle by a small fire. There is no woman in the kitchen and your wife sits on the edge of a chair whin she is used to a sofa.' I got up on me legs and wint out and got me hat. I retur-rned widh my last paycheck in me hand, which I had got from Mary, me sister, widh har-rd words and a twist. 'Here is money,' says I. 'I will not see me godchild suffer.'

"He refused my offering widh a scowl. 'What now?' says he. 'Am I not to raise me own child as I will? He shall not know luxury and become as the childher of the rich.'

"'I have begged on the docks,' I retor-rted. 'Me hands still close like a clamshell whin I see a crust. I read books by the grace of a man who threw me old shoes whin me toes curled widh the frost. Me godchild will not be poor like that. I have me pay, and I'll see that he has an education widhout having to scrap widh the lads on the steps of the night school.' And I handed the Governmint's check to the misthress.

"She looked me straight in the eye, a tear ready to melt the hardness of her mouth. Then she took the check. 'Your child shall not suffer, Mickey O'Rourke,' says she.

"'What is this?' roars Tommy. 'He is but the godfather!'

"'Lucky for him that he has a godfather—my little boy,' says the misthress. 'His own father expicts me to run the house, and nurse the child and raise him, on fifteen dollars a week. Thank God, Mickey O'Rourke was poor once!'

"'I was poor mesilf!' roars Tommy.

"'Tis true,' I interrupts. 'Yez were bor-rn poor and yez didn't see your mother wor-rkin' nights that yez might eat hear-rty in the mor-rnin'. There is no pride like that of the poor made rich. If yez had niver been rich yez would give me godson a good cradle and save his mother the wor-rk that you expict her to do and which she cannot do. Praise Heaven, yer son will despise yez for the deed ye've done, and no mass will he pay for that your soul may rise from Purgat'ry. But me bould Mickey will pay for the bhoy's keep so long as the Governmint keeps him on as chief engineer.'

"'Mickey,' says the misthress. 'Speak no more har-rd words. 'Tis for the boy's sake.'

"'O'Rourke,' says Misther McCarthy very stern, 'ye are no longer welcome in me home.'

"'Tis the way of the rich,' I retor-rts. 'Whin a wor-rd is spoken plain the poor nod their heads and 'tis all right. The rich call a flunky to kick you out. You are playing to be poor, but your manners are those of the wealthy. A poor man respicts his wife and his childher even whin it means overtime. Godfather I am, and I have me rights.'

"'But the childher of the millioners are wasters,' says Tommy.

"'And the wife of Thomas McCarthy is worse than anny poor man's wife,' I says bouldly. 'Mother and childher are the same. I pay no masses for the soul of me father; for me mother was weary when she died.'

"He dug his fingers into his beard. Thin he said: 'Julia, are ye weary?'

"And widh that she bowed her head in her hands and cried. And the child waked on his pillow, and I wint out into the kitchen and found a dry pot on the fire, smelling of emptiness. I drew water and poured it into the kettle, and freshened the fire and made a loud noise. Thin I wint back into the setting-room. Julia sat on her husband's knee and the babe lay on her

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lap. Tommy looked up. 'Have yez anny money, Mickey?' says he. 'I left the office width only fifty cents in me pocket, thryin' to be a poor man.'

"And I took up the paycheck and laid it on his open hand. 'Tis not much,' I says honestly; 'but it will buy food. A Governmint check is good in anny saloon.'

"'We will cash it,' says he.

"Julia turned hersilf on his knee, the child in her war-rm arms. 'Mickey O'Rourke,' says she softly, 'why did yez niver marry and have childher of your own?'

"'Because I was bor-rn poor,' says I. 'I remimber me mother, width the chill on her and poverty heavy across her face. Who am I that I should make a mother to poor childher? My own hands are crooked with the har-rd wor-rk, but niver a son have I got to wor-rk and think of his mother width a full throat—full width the cur-rse of a son who remimbers his ould mother and the chill of her grave. And yet ——'

"'Wouldn't she marry ye?' she whispered.

"'Who am I to ask a woman to wed me?' I demanded. 'I had no Governmint paycheck in those times—and I would not make her the mother of poor childher.'

"'You're the godfather of a poor boy,' she said width a smile.

"'He will yet sleep in a golden cradle,' I retor-rted.

"'He will,' said me bould Tommy, fingering the check. 'We will call a carriage and go to a hotel.'

"Julia bent over me poor godchild and kissed him on the wet lips. 'Mickey! Mickey!' she whispers.

"'Twas the very voice of me poor mother. But she had forgotten me, had Misthress McCarthy, and 'twas her son she spoke to, the godson of poor Mickey O'Rourke. I wint out on the little porch to wait for the carriage."

Children as Citizens

THE following story is told by a substitute teacher in New York:

"I was put in charge of a class of boys and girls in an East Side school in New York. Their behavior was good, though but for one boy it might have been excellent. It did not take long to make up my mind that this boy would have to be reduced to submission at once. I learned that he had driven the previous substitute from that schoolroom. He met my friendly advances with a grin of derision. He kept the whole class in a state of suppressed excitement and apprehension. I pretended not to notice him, but it was of no use.

"At last the moment for action came. I was giving out a spelling test. That boy leaned across the aisle and deliberately copied another's work, smirking at me and leering at the others in triumph. I remonstrated, coaxed, and remonstrated again, but all in vain. Judging by my lamblike appearance, he expected me to submit tamely to this imposition upon my authority. Catching him off his guard and using all my strength, I seized him about the arms and body, jerked him out of his seat, dragged and pushed him to the nearest wall, thrusting him violently back against the chalk-shelf with such force that he roared with pain and fright. I still clutched him so tightly that he could not fight back, as had been his wont, so I conquered him then and there. It was a terrible strain upon my nerves and strength, but he was only cowed. He was still my enemy when I left to take charge of the class of another teacher.

"A few weeks later I was again assigned to this same room. How I dreaded that boy! Though I summoned all the dignity I could command, my heart was in my mouth when I entered that school. Usually when a teacher does not appear early the children are found in great disorder. I fully expected to be greeted with a whoop and much confusion, but lo!—all was so still that I supposed a neighboring teacher had come into the room to quell the regular riot. But I found no teacher, no monitor, *nobody* keeping order, yet the children were all sitting there, quiet and occupied.

"I looked furtively to see if that awful boy were not absent; but no, he sat in his place, busy and tranquil. 'Good morning, girls and boys,' I said, wondering as I gave my salutation, and half afraid to interrupt the strange stillness.

"It developed that the School City had been organized in my absence with this astonishing effect upon a most troublesome scholar."

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Panhard Oil
For Motors—

Beware of imitations. [illegible] advertisement. I will send [illegible] the name of your dealer

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and you will see that, unlike all other Collar Buttons,

THE ONE-PIECE

KREMENTZ

is double thick where double strength is needed on the [illegible]. Not a weak point. Made of purest Hammered Gold or Solid Gold that [illegible] 22 styles for gentlemen 14K gold, 10K gold and 14K rolled gold plate. Free booklet, "*The Story of a Collar Button*," tells all about them. Want one? Yours for postal.

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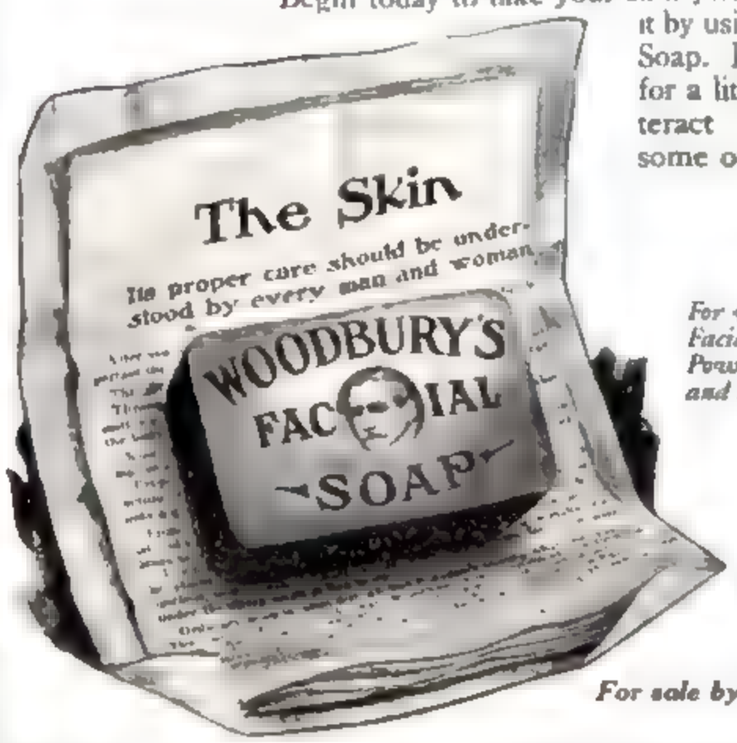
A skin you love to touch

A skin of this kind is so rare because so few people understand the skin and its needs. They neglect it, and then use some powerful remedy. Or they take excessive care of it, and then forget it.

You don't give your teeth this haphazard treatment. Begin today to take your skin just as seriously. Protect it by using Woodbury's Facial Soap. Don't use Woodbury's for a little while—then counteract its good effect with some other soap.



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under the conditions we now live—by the stress and strain and higher living. Write today for samples.

Use it regularly, not spasmodically, and gradually the texture of your skin changes until its clearness and radiance make your complexion exquisite. The feeling it gives the skin at its first use is a promise of what its steady use will do.

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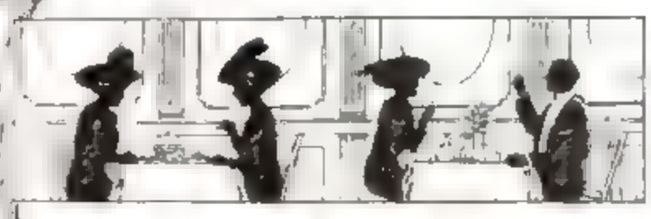

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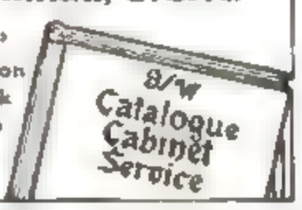

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Don't pump tires by hand any more—the Goodyear Air Bottle will do your pumping for [illegible] years [illegible] Also [illegible] you get **double the tire mileage** [illegible] worth it to be free from pumping drudgery.

Send no money. Simply mail us the order blank. It does not obligate you in any way. The Goodyear Air Bottle will be sent to your office or home—then you may approve the choice or reject it. Please tear out and mail the order at once.

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—a really refreshing shampoo—that will clean the hair and make it soft as silk, and then allow you to do it up perfectly, immediately afterwards

LAVOX SHAMPOO POWDER

This preparation is entirely different from any shampoo you have ever used. It contains no injurious chemicals to split or break the hair or leave it streaked.

It Is Absolutely Harmless

Lavox makes a quick, cleansing, creamy lather—the ideal shampoo for men, women and children. Send your name and address for a free sample. Mention your dealer's name.

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Send for Samples, circular and prices.

THE BONSILK CO., Dept. A, 43 Broadway, New York City

THE SENATE AND THE PEOPLE

(Concluded from Page 7)

of the committee that made the half-baked investigation, they got enough votes and sustained the committee by forty-six to forty—and Lorimer kept his seat in the Senate.

That is a sample of the work that incensed the people and caused the overturn of last November, and that is the kind of work that will cause the future overturnings that are coming, until the Senate shall find itself and become what it should be—truly representative of the people. Nor did the people overlook that silly attempt to give Lorimer a chance for a grandstand play by the inclusion of an item of twenty-five thousand dollars in the general deficiency bill to pay Lorimer's expenses in the contest. This item was immediately questioned. Several Senators, some of whom belong to the Appropriations Committee—and one in particular, Mr. Culberson, who belonged to the subcommittee of that committee that had in charge the general deficiency bill—said they knew nothing about the item. Mr. Bailey announced it was not suggested by the Committee on Privileges and Elections, and Mr. Hale, chairman of the Appropriations Committee, contented himself with the statement that nobody reported the item. It just got into the bill. Sure enough! It got into the bill and Lorimer had his chance for his grandstand play in refusing to take the money, which he made in his finest injured-innocence form. A little thing this, but typical.

Feeding the Lame Ducks

Another feature of the leadership of the now discredited bosses, and a feature that had its share in arousing the people against the Senate, is the commission business. When this Congress closed Senators Burrows, Hale and Money stepped gayly from their seats in the Senate to the full enjoyment of as much salary as they had been getting in the Senate by virtue of their becoming civilian members—where they had been formerly Senatorial members—of Mr. Aldrich's pet National Monetary Commission, joining there the ancient Henry M. Teller, also an ex, and being joined by appointment by Senators Flint and Taliaferro, both ex's and both with credit at the financial desk for seventy-five hundred dollars a year each as civilian members. Nobody ever contended, so far as known, that Hale, Burrows, Money, Flint, Teller and Taliaferro have any special financial knowledge. They are not financial experts. Still, that doesn't matter. They were "taken care of." And it was so with a Canadian Boundary Water Commission and in various other matters.

When they were sure they had enough votes to prevent the necessary two-thirds for the passage of the joint resolution providing for a Constitutional amendment for the election of United States Senators by the direct vote of the people, they let the resolution come to a vote, granting absolution to a few who had heard sharply from their states, but holding enough in line for defeat. Had they needed more votes they would have dragged others in; and the others would have allowed themselves to be dragged. Aldrich was absent, but he would have voted nay. Hale was there and he voted nay; and so did Burrows, and Crane, and Depew, and Lodge, and Smoot, and Warren, and Penrose, and many of the others. They knew the people demanded this reform and they know the people will get it, too, before long; but they stood out stubbornly, just the same, and refused to acquiesce.

The old order has changed. The Senate that is now in session is a different Senate, a chastened Senate, a subdued Senate and a shorn Senate. It can blame its troubles on its majority. The Republicans who have controlled it for years are responsible for the condition in which the Senate now finds itself. The Senate leaders scoffed at the warnings of the people. They refused to read the signs of the times or to be instructed therein. They were drunken and greedy with power; and they are solely and personally blameworthy. What they will do to regenerate themselves and the Senate, no one can foretell; but the chances are the Senate will be regenerated and be brought closer to the people—either with or without their help.

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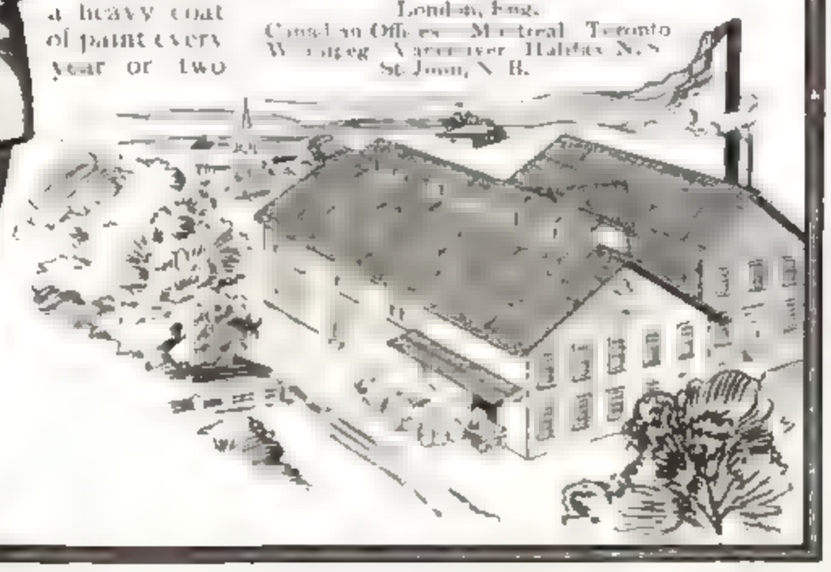

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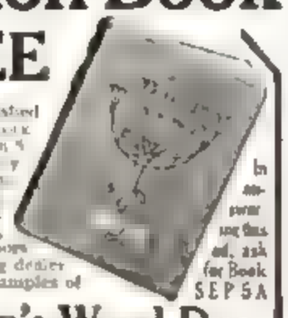

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VOTES FROM WOMEN

(Continued from Page 13)

had entertained the independent men in the gymnasium that night, and had served lemonade and wafers. She had alluded to them playfully as slaves, and they had broken up about fifty chairs demonstrating that they were not. When the election came off she had the unattached vote solid, and we lost out by a comfortable majority. An estimable lady, who didn't know athletics from croquet, was elected. And when the reception committee of the prom was announced the next day it was composed exclusively of men who would have had to be led through the grand march on wheels.

After that we gave up. I tried to resign as campaign manager, but the boys wouldn't let me. They admitted that no one else could have done any better, and, besides, they wanted me to go over and see Miss Hicks again. They wanted me to ask her what her crowd wanted. When I thought of her pleasant conversational hatpin work I felt like resigning from college; but there always have to be martyrs, and in the end I went.

Miss Hicks received me rapturously. You would have thought we had been boy and girl friends. She insisted on asking how all the folks were at home, and how my health had been, and hadn't it been a gay winter, and was I going to the prom, and how did I like her new gown. While I was at it I thought I might as well amuse myself, too, so I asked her to marry me. That was the only time I ever got ahead of her. She refused indignantly, and I laughed at her for getting so fussed up over a little thing.

"Marriage is a sacred subject," she said very soberly.

"So was politics," said I, "until you came along. If you won't talk marriage let's talk politics. What do you girls want?"

"Oh, I told you a while ago," she said.

"But, great Scott!" said I. "Aren't you going to leave a thing for us fellows who have done our best for the college?"

"Now you put it that way," she said quite kindly, "I'll think it over. We might find something for you to do. There's a couple of janitorships loose."

"Hicksey," says I.

"Miss Hicks," says she.

"I beg your pardon—my dear girl, then," said I. "I've come over to the bunch to confess. You've busted us. We're on the mat nine points down and yelling for help. We don't want to run things. We only want to be allowed to live. We surrender. We give up. We humbly ask that you prepare the crow and let us eat the neck. Isn't there any way by which we can get a little something to keep us busy and happy? We're in a horrible situation. Aren't you even going to let us have the Athletic Association next spring?"

"I was thinking of running that myself," said Miss Hicks thoughtfully.

I let out an impolite groan.

"But I'll tell you what you might do," said Miss Hicks. "You boys might try to win my crowd away from me. You see, you've played right into my hand so far. You haven't paid any attention to my supporters. Now, if you were to go after them the way you do the other girls in the college I shudder to think what might happen to me."

"You mean take them to parties and theaters?"

"Why not?" asked Miss Hicks. "You see, they're only human. I'll bet you could land every vote in the bunch if you went at it scientifically."

"But ——"

"Oh, I know they're not pretty," said Miss Hicks. "But they cast the most bee-you-ti-ful votes you ever saw."

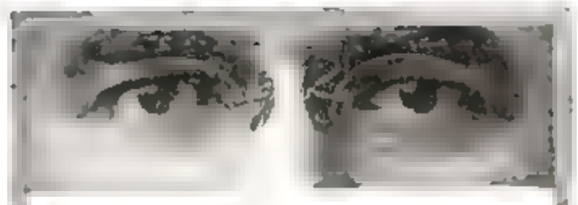
"What you mean," I said, "is that if we don't show those girls a superlatively good time this winter we won't get a look at the election next spring?"

"They'd be awfully shocked if you put it that way," said Miss Hicks; "and I wouldn't advise you to talk to them about it. Their notions of honor are so high that I had to pay for the lemonade for the independent men myself at the last election."

"Oh, very well," says I, taking my hat; "we'll think it over."

"You might wear blinders, you know," she suggested.

"Oh, go to thunder!" said I as earnestly as I could.



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"Come again," she said when she closed the door after me. "I do so enjoy these little confidences."

Honestly, Miss Allstairs, when I think of that girl I shrink up until I'm afraid I'll fall into my own hat. It ought not to be legal for a girl to talk to a man like that. It's inhuman.

We thought matters over for two weeks, and tried one or two little raids on the enemy with most horrible results. Then we gave in. We put our pride and our devotion to art in cold storage and took up the politicians' burden. We gave those girls the time of their young-to-middle-aged lives. We got up dances and crokinole parties and concerts for them. We took them to see Hamlet. We had sleighing parties. We helped every lecture course in the college do a rushing business. We just backed into the shafts and took the bit without a murmur. And maybe you think those girls didn't drive us. They seemed determined to make up for the drought of all the past. They were as coy and uncertain and as infernally hard to please as if they'd been used to getting one proposal a day and two on Sunday. Let one of us so much as drop over to Browning Hall to pass the time of day with one of the real heart-disturbers and the particular vote that he was courting would go off the reservation for a week. It would take a pair of theater tickets at the least to square things.

We gave dances that winter at which only one in five girls could dance. We took moonlight strolls with ladies who could remember the moon of seventy-six, and we gave strawrides to girls who insisted on talking history of art and missionary work to us all the way. When I think of the tons of candy and the mountains of flowers and the wagonloads of latest books that we lavished, and of the hard feelings it made in other quarters, and of our loneliness amid all this gayety, and of our frantic efforts to make the prom a success, with ten couples dancing and the rest decorating the walls, I sometimes wonder whether the college was worth our great love for it after all.

But we were winning out. By April it was easy to see this. The Blanks thawed with the snowdrifts. They got real friendly and sociable, and after the warm weather came on we simply had to entertain them all the time, they liked it so. When I think of those beautiful spring days, with us sauntering with our political fates about the campus, and the nicest girls in the world walking two and two all by themselves—Oh, Gee! Why, they even made us cut chapel to go walking with them, just as if it was a genuine case of "Oh, those eyes!" and "Shut up, you thumping heart." All this time Miss Hicks wouldn't accept any invitation at all. She just flocked by herself as usual, and watched us taking her votes away from her without any concern apparently. I always felt that she had something saved up for us, but I couldn't tell what it was; and, anyway, we had those votes. By the time the Athletic election came around there wasn't a doubt of it.

I must say the women did pretty well during the year. They'd cleaned up the Oratorical debt, and somehow there was about three times as much money in the Athletic treasury after the football season as there had ever been before. But they'd raised a lot of trouble too. No passes. Dues had to be paid up. Nobody got any fun out of the class affairs. They got up lectures and teas and made the class pay for them. And, anyway, we wanted to run things again. We'd felt all year like a bunch of last year's sunflowers. Besides, we'd earned it. We'd earned the Presidency of the United States, so far as that goes, but all we asked was that they give our little old Athletic Association back and let us run it once more.

Miss Hicks announced herself as a candidate, and we felt sorry for her. Not one of her gang was with her. They were enthusiastically for us. We'd planned the biggest party of the year right after the election in celebration, and had invited them already. Election day came and we hardly worried a bit. The result was 189 to 197 in favor of Miss Hicks. Every independent man and every bang-up-to-date girl in college voted for her.

Of course it looks simple enough now, but why couldn't we see it then? We supposed the real girls knew that it was a case of college patriotism. And, of course, it was a low-lived trick for Miss Hicks to float around the last day and spread the impression that we'd never loved them except for their votes. She simply traded

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constituencies with us, that's all. Take it coming or going, year in or year out, you couldn't beat that girl. I'll bet she goes out to Washington state and gets elected governor some day.

I went over to Browning Hall the night after the election, ready to tell Miss Hicks just what everybody thought of her. I was prepared to tell her that every athletic team in college was going to disband and that anarchy would be declared in the morning. She came down as pleasant as ever and held out her hand.

"Don't say it, please," she said, "because I'm going to tell you something. I'm not coming back next year."

"Not coming back!" said I, gulping down a piece of relief as big as an apple.

"No," she said; "I'm—I'm going to be married this summer. I've—I've been engaged all this year to a man back home, but I wanted to come back and learn something about politics. He's a lawyer."

"Well, you learned enough to suit you, didn't you?" I asked.

"Oh, yes," she said with a giggle. "Wasn't it fun, though! My father will be so pleased. He's the chairman of the congressional committee out at home and he's always told me an awful lot about politics. I've enjoyed this year so much."

"Well, I haven't," I said; "but I hope to enjoy next year." And then I took half an hour to tell her that, in spite of the fact that she was the most arrant, deceitful, unreliable, two-faced and scuttling politician in the world, she was almost incredibly nice. She listened quite patiently, and at the end she held up her fingers. They'd been crossed all the time.

No; that's the last I ever saw of her, Miss Allstairs. She left before commencement. She sent me an invitation to the wedding. I'll bet she didn't quite get the significance of the magnificent silver set we Siwash boys sent. We sent it to the groom.

That was the end of women dominion at Siwash. There wasn't a rag of the movement left next fall. But we boys never entirely forgot what happened to us, and it's still the custom to elect a co-ed to some Athletic office. They do say that the only way to teach a politician what the people want is to bore a shaft in his head and shout it in, but our experience ought to be proof to the contrary. Why, all we needed was the little hint that Miss Hicks gave us.

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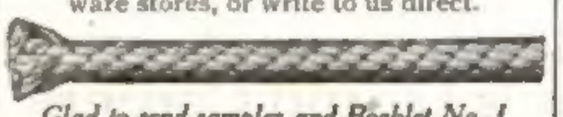

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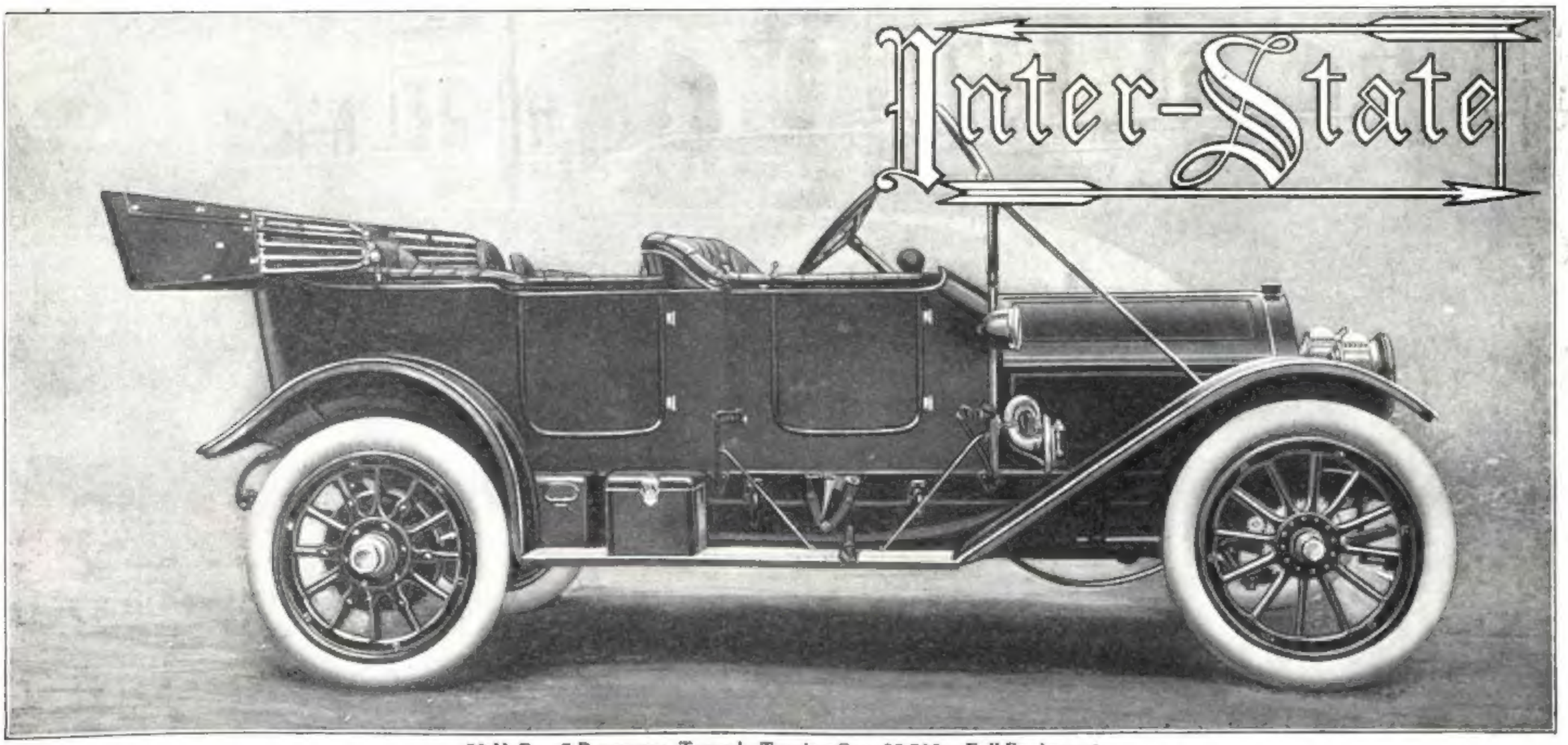

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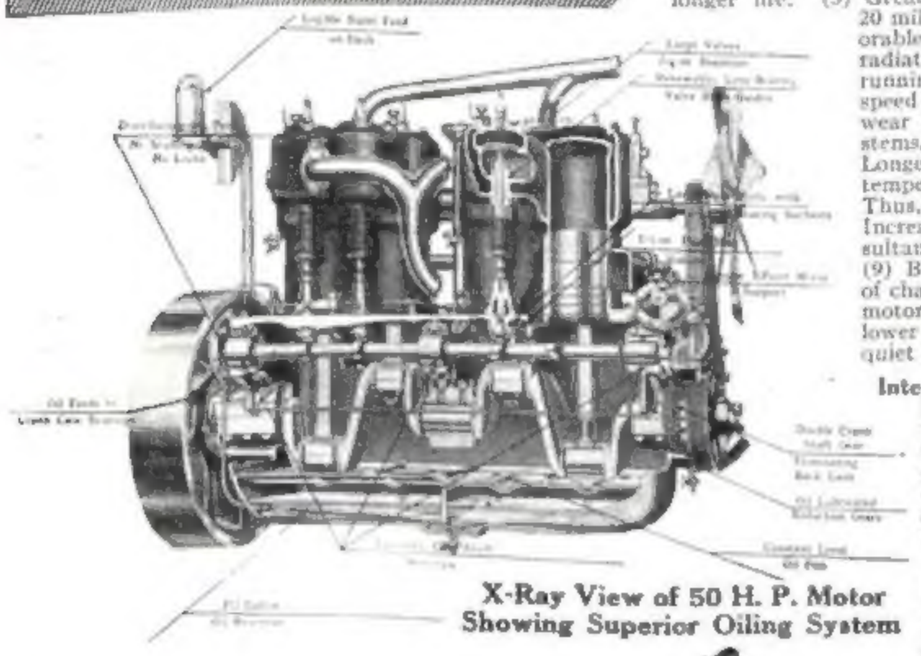

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Exclusive use of eccentric cam and pump shaft bushings, allowing exact meshing of timing gears. Three-point motor support obviates any possibility of twisting stresses from frame being received by motor. Pistons provided with four piston rings of ⅝ in. width. Connecting rods drop forged from best grade open hearth carbon steel—12 in. between bearing centers. Piston pin clamped immovably in connecting rod, with its bearing in the piston. Such construction permits *longer bearings*. Connecting rod bearings 1⅝ in. in diameter and 2⅛ in. long. Front crank shaft bearings 1¾ in. in diameter and 3⅝ in. long; the rear crank shaft bearing 2 in. in diameter and 4¼ in. long. Die cast white brass bearings.

Water pump of centrifugal type with *extra long bearing*, lubricated by means of grease cup.

Oil pump of distributing gear type driven directly from inlet cam shaft, mounted on rear end of crank case; no *stuffing box needed*. Oil supplied to three main bearings of crank shaft. Oil overflows from these into false bottom of oil pan, is splashed over interior surface of crank case cylinders and pistons. (Automobile Topics, N. Y., Feb. 25. "The automatic oiling system used in connection with the "50" Inter-State motor is ingenious and thoroughly dependable.")

Reducing or half time gears provided with spring-actuated device to remove all back lash in gears, giving *positively noiseless timing gears*.

Imported high tension magneto—eliminating troublesome induction coil. *Motor will start with quarter turn of crank when previously run enough to warm up.*

Water connections and intake manifold of *brass tubing*. Only *two rubber connections* in the entire water circulating system; these lead to the two connections on the radiator.

Fly wheel 16 in. diameter—larger than is used for motors this size—*gives superb auxiliary cooling system*.

Enclosure of wiring in fibre tubes, supported by cast brass brackets of handsome design.

Ten-inch diameter multiple disc clutch, running in oil bath; bronze discs, supplied with cork inserts; friction surface, cork against steel, used by highest-priced cars manufactured.

Gearset and clutch, unit construction, two compartments, separated by oil-tight retaining wall, allowing use of different and suitable oils for gearset and clutch. Transmission of selective sliding type; gears of *exceptional strength* and *heavy pitch*; clashing gears of chrome-vanadium steel, *scientifically hardened* to minimize wear. Three speeds forward, one reverse. All gears run on highest grade imported annular ball bearings.

Gear ratios, approximately 3⅛ to 1 on high; 5⅝ to 1 intermediate; 9⅛ to 1 on low speed; 13⅛ to 1 on reverse, giving most practical and satisfactory speed regulations under all conditions.

Rear axle, full floating with differential gears of chrome-vanadium and high carbon steel, so supported in housing as to permit their removal intact. Generously proportioned nickel steel axle shaft. Driving shaft, nickel steel, enclosed in torsion tube. The enclosed shaft eliminates torsion bars and distance rods—positively *insures correct alignment of propeller pinion shafts* at all times. *Every possible adjustment and positive locks* on axle to insure permanency. Front and rear wheels mounted on annular ball bearings, so assembled and provided with bushings that should *bearing ever become defective, weight of car will be carried on bushings until new bearings can be fitted.*

Brakes—*far in advance of general practice.* Both service and emergency brakes internal expanding, *dirt and waterproof type. Noiseless in operation. Either brake sufficient to lock wheels.*

Steering gear *quickly* and *easily adjusted* and designed *with* maximum degree of safety for every possible road condition; provided with large ball thrust bearings to compensate for end thrust.

Vanadium steel springs, front 40 in. long, 3½ in. wide; rear 48 in. long, 2½ in. wide.

Pressed steel frame channel section, heat treated after forming, provided with four cross-members *insuring perfect alignment and yet flexible to conform to every condition* of road service.

Wheel base, 124 in. Tread, 56 in.

Complete Equipment

Silk mohair top, wind-shield, speedometer, clock, black enameled Solar gas headlights of large size. Combination oil and electric side lamps and tail lamp, storage batteries for lighting. Robe and foot rail, tire irons; large, well-filled tool box, extra demountable rim, Prest-O-Lite tank and horn.

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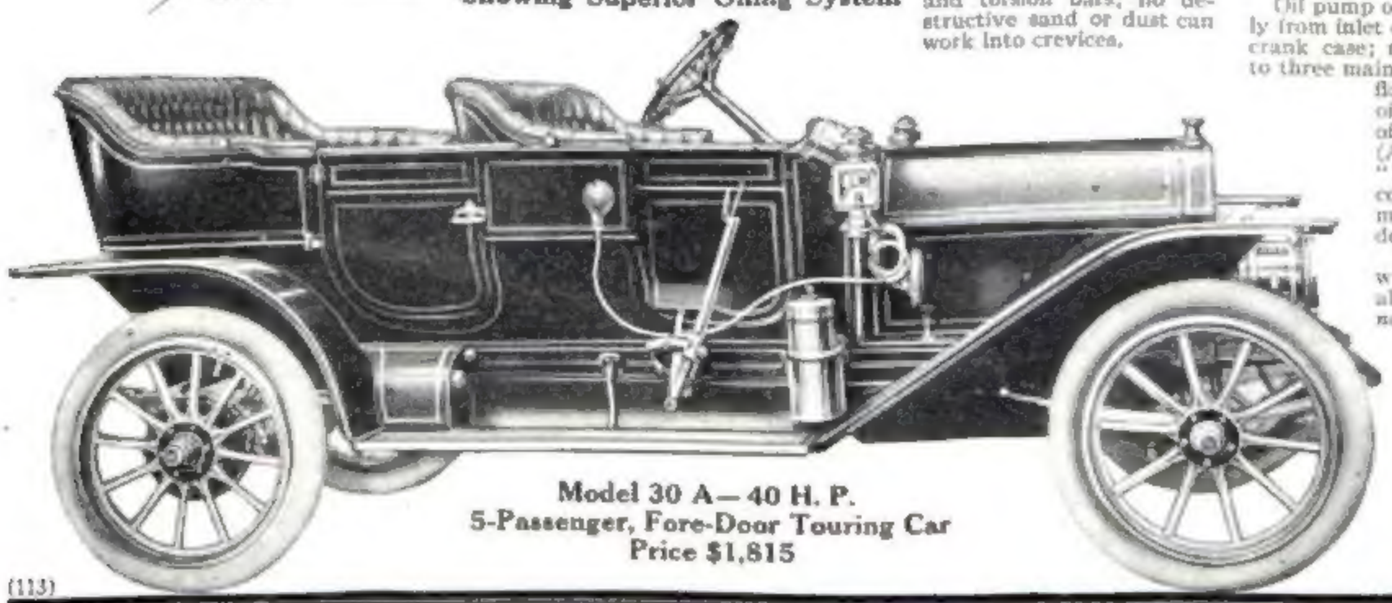

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